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**MARY S. WARE**

From a photograph taken in 1911 in Orange County, Va.



# A NEW WORLD THROUGH OLD EYES

WITH  
REMINISCENCES FROM MY LIFE

BY

MARY S. WARE ✓

Author of "The Old World Through Old Eyes"



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To  
My DEAR NIECE  
ELLEN W. SEARBY  
THE CONGENIAL COMPANION OF MY TRAVELS,  
WITHOUT WHOSE CARE AND GUIDANCE I  
COULD NEVER HAVE UNDERTAKEN  
THEM, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED





## PREFACE

“SIGNOR NITTI, who was recently Premier of Italy and in that capacity worked earnestly for a policy of moderation and reconciliation in Europe has written a book which will be published very shortly. It is entitled ‘The Decadence of Europe.’ The Manchester Guardian has made arrangements with the publishers of the English version, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Limited, by which the most important passages will be published in advance in these columns. This book is dedicated by the author to his son and to all Italians who died ‘in the belief that they were fighting for the liberty of the peoples and for equal justice for conquerors and conquered.’ ”

“Mr. Wilson’s solemn declarations promised equal treatment for victors and vanquished, but the treaties were the negations of the promises made, and the application of these treaties has been a continuous violation of the treaties themselves. If these violations had been of use to the victors they would have been explicable even if they could not have been justified. Great Britain after great efforts in the war has made the greatest efforts for peace, to her glory be it said! She has imposed upon herself tremendous sacrifices and accepted the severest

taxes, perhaps, in Europe, but British industry is prostrate while Europe sinks deeper into intellectual, moral, and economic decadence. Although the vanquished have been disarmed there are today more men under arms in Europe than before the war. Since the present peace by violence has not brought about a condition of vitality, a peace based on justice must be found in order to restore good will among the Nations. The sovereignty of each State should be respected and the absurd indemnities abandoned, which have lowered the moral tone of the victors and reflect on their intelligence. With the idea of making the vanquished pay, the Reparations Commission began by voting its members enormous salaries. Men of no ability, who in their native lands were accustomed to earn only a fraction—an eighth or a tenth of the amounts they have voted themselves, now receive more than the Prime Ministers of their own countries. At the outset men of character and ability sat on this Commission, but these have mostly withdrawn and it now includes only men of extreme mediocrity, whose incompetence is only surpassed by their cynicism. After the war all the vanquished countries were flooded with Commissions of every imaginable kind, who spent enormous sums, often without even a decent pretext. The most voracious war profiteers, civilian and military, poured over the conquered countries, filled with a spirit of greed and violence, like a band of mercenaries, but the day will come when it will be considered a disgrace to have belonged to those Commissions of plunder. Poor Austria has had a Commission imposed on her to ensure the ful-



filment of military, naval and aeronautical conditions when she no longer has the power or the means for anything of the kind. In the occupied territories of Germany sixty school buildings have been seized and thousands of children turned out. Although expenditure, compared to the incredible extravagance of the earlier period of military occupation, has been reduced, yet at the end of March, 1922 it amounted to 5,536,954,542 gold Marks. This sum represents the amount which Germany, with great sacrifices, could have paid as reparations (a gold Mark passes for a quarter of a dollar, but its purchasing power is far greater). The worst example is furnished by the Rhine Commission, which was to have consisted of four members, but has had a membership of 1,300 persons, including seventy-five delegates claiming accommodation and allowances of brigadier generals. The families of German workmen, clerks and officials live on less than the pay of some of the private soldiers of the Allied armies of occupation. The Chancellor and all the Ministers of State of Germany together do not receive as much as two generals of the Entente. The inter-Allied Commission of Control completed its task in May, 1921, but the seven hundred and fifty-two officials have been reduced only to four hundred and fifty. The devastated territories of France could have been reconstructed with the money spent on these armies of occupation. Lord Newton, speaking in the House of Lords of the inter-Allied Commissions in Germany, declared that the sight of those Commissions abandoning themselves to excessive luxury in the midst of a ruined people is one of the

most repugnant spectacles that it is possible to imagine, but the moral decline of Europe is so great that nothing excites indignation any longer."

The foregoing extracts have been culled by me from the first of these articles to appear in the "Manchester Guardian's" weekly edition, December 22, 1922. The whole article is of extreme interest, as Signor Nitti, by his position and known high character, is worthy of entire confidence.

SEWANEE,  
January, 1923.

A New World Through Old Eyes





# A

## New World Through Old Eyes

S. S. *Columbia*,  
March 29th, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

Laura and Dick were perfectly lovely to me in New York, and Livingston Morse gave me a book to read on board, which, as it represents my sentiments, and neither his nor Edna's, I think was very magnanimous on his part. I am now convinced that had Mr. Hughes been elected in 1916 he would have given the world a League of Nations and his great opponent would have been spared for further services and further triumphs, while the fearful demoralization and suffering of these last years would have been avoided. Wilson's success in 1916 was in fact fatal to himself and to the world. Emily sent me a little book which proves to be an able defence of the Jews. It is not alone Jews, however, who need defense but our country as well, our American Democracy whose proud boast has been to offer freedom to every race and every creed. Mr. Ford is a noble soul led astray by designing or fanatical men, in either case equally dangerous.

Ever since I began to read history my sympathies have been enlisted for the Jews, and I cannot believe that any one whose heart is not seared by some form of fanatical hatred can read their story unmoved. Through ferocious bigotry and greed on the part of their enemies the birth of our Savior (a glory to His race and to humankind), became the greatest tragedy to the Jews that any people have ever borne. We Christians owe them a debt of Reparations which transcends in magnitude any Reparations indebtedness ever incurred on this earth. We judge every other race by its wisest and noblest men; we judge the Jews by the least worthy and most sordid among them. Yet they have produced such numbers of great men, men in whom moral and intellectual excellence are most happily blended, for when the Jews are superior men where else do we find such broad vision and such disinterested benevolence? They have been a distinct asset in the public life of England (I do not think of Disraeli in this connection) where they have occupied the highest judicial posts. One is now in India working quietly and effectively to make good the errors and blunders of his predecessors. The Jews were the Kaiser's wisest counselors. Had he listened to them the world would most probably have been spared the agony of the great war. It is a truism of History that Spain, whose pre-eminence survived the expulsion of the Moors, sank into decadence when she banished the intelligence and genius for trade (the brains, in short) of her Jewish subjects. After some fitful struggles a pall of unruffled stagnation settled upon that land. What people, whether primitive or modern,

ever conceived a loftier ideal of religion than that of the old Hebrew prophet: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." It is very possible that posterity may pronounce Einstein the greatest intellect ever born on this planet.

April 2d, 1921.

I fear I bored you stiff about the Jews, but when any person, or group of persons, is unjustly attacked, or we believe that such has been the case, all good citizens should feel that they, too, have been attacked in their rights and privileges. This is a homely morality, but better than any Magna Charta for free men.

A young Englishman on board told me that on one occasion Mrs. Asquith entered a railway compartment in which he sat. She began by saying she had no money and borrowed from the guard to pay the porter. Then she unfolded a newspaper, looked it over and threw it contemptuously to the other end of the compartment. Her manners, he said, were so rude that he concluded she was mentally unbalanced. I read yesterday in the wireless that there were uprisings in the American Zone of Occupation on the Rhine. There can be no victory without arrogance. It was this which destroyed the Germans, and it is inevitable that an army of occupation should be exceedingly irritating to the conquered. Each nation should keep its soldiers at home, and have as few as possible.

There is a gentle, kindly lady from Belfast who came to see me in my room and I fear I have hurt her feelings,



which I deeply regret. It is instinctive with me to believe that the Creator is pleased with any moral excellence to which His earthly children may attain, but I cannot believe He busies Himself with their discomforts, or physical ailments, or with the fluctuations of their worldly fortunes. This she could not understand and when we spoke of immortality and I said: "I have never done anything, nor can I ever hope to do anything which would render me worthy of immortality; I cannot even conceive of felicity without striving toward some commendable end, without a development of the faculties which the Creator has given us," she was deeply shocked.

BELFAST,  
April, 7th, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I came very near arriving in Londonderry in the midst of fighting. Nothing but the fogs, which delayed our ship twenty-four hours, saved me from this exciting experience. There was sniping from the roofs of houses and wire entanglements in the streets as late as Sunday morning, the time we should have arrived. I read the lists of killed and wounded in the Sinn Fein paper. I found the little Hotel, where I waited for the Belfast train, a nest of Sinn Feiners. It was quite cold and I lay on a sofa in front of the fire while the host, his wife and a young man, poured out the wrongs of Ireland to me. I agreed that the Irish had a right to independence if they so desired, for geographically France is nearer to England, and Ireland has the same strip of blue sea of which England is so proud. I pointed out, however, the

great advantages of a connection with the British Empire. But hatred blinds even to self-interest, and it is unfortunately true that governing other races breeds an intolerable arrogance in the alien rulers, so that the good they do is poisoned by the humiliations they inflict. The young man exclaimed passionately: "This is a religious war." Now I think that Mohammedans alone have a sanction for religious wars, for they are expressly enjoined by their prophet to wars of extermination till the unbelievers are converted or pay tribute. The atrocities perpetrated in Ireland resemble the methods of Turks and not those of Christians. A wholesome skepticism would do this country more good than anything else. It would soften their political and religious fanaticisms which are urging them now, like the devils in the Gadarene swine, to headlong destruction.

The hostess kissed me affectionately when I left the little Hotel, so I can hope they bore me no rancor for my plain talk.

I did not send a telegram to announce my arrival to the Morwoods for fear of interfering with some previous engagement, so I was fortunate in finding them all at home, as I drove up in the late afternoon of an almost cloudless day. My welcome was as wholehearted as I could possibly have desired. The children are as dear and lovely as ever, all much grown, Elizabeth, William and James easily recognizable. I left Mary a baby in 1915, and found her a most fascinating little creature, very intelligent too. John, the youngest, I had never seen. Mrs. Morwood looks no older than when I left

her in India. The years sit lightly on both husband and wife. The Colonel takes entire charge of his grounds, the vegetable garden at the back and the lawn and flower beds in front. As he had such hordes of servants at his command in India, this total change of habits seems very admirable to me. Another change in him is, I think, even more remarkable. After so many years passed in India, where drinking among Englishmen is so common, he has given it up entirely here. All this inspires me with an immense respect for him. The house is beautiful and beautifully furnished. It is situated in Malone Park, one of the most desirable residence quarters in Belfast. These Ulster people are dead set against a union with the South of Ireland. They are afraid of excessive taxation and of papal rule. I do not think these fears are justified, because they can make their own terms with the South and because it will not be to the interest of that section to alienate Ulster. With peace the advantages of the Union and the economic interests it fosters, will be more and more appreciated. I do not venture to express my sentiments as freely in Belfast as I did in Londonderry. With Ireland rent by civil strife and labor troubles in England I feel truly sorry for the British people. They certainly have a burden to bear. Our servants are Protestant, they are very quiet, call Colonel Morwood and his wife "the Master and the Mistress" and the boys "Master William and Master James." They are good-looking young girls and hard-working. The cook came into my room this morning to say, with very red cheeks, that I should not send her money each week, that she served me because it



was a pleasure to do so, and she only wished I would stay here all the time. I was genuinely touched by such disinterestedness and could only reply that it gave me much pleasure to be served by two such loyal friends.

BELFAST,  
April 18, 1921.

The weather has turned very cold, high winds with snow and hail. Mrs. Morwood gave her third reception yesterday. At these receptions no one ever mentions the Sinn Feiners, yet I can see from the papers how serious the situation is.

April 24, 1921.

Last Thursday Mr. Rogan came for us in his car, and we took Elizabeth and little Mary with us. We had a beautiful drive through a series of parks to their country house which is charming. I never saw anywhere such tulips. They pulled four for me which I thought almost a crime. There were delicious refreshments but I took only a small glass of port wine. As I have lived so conscientiously under prohibition I had not the courage to drink my wine like the others, but absorbed it in tiny sips. On our return Mr. Rogan asked what drive we should like to take, and Colonel Morwood suggested the town of Lisburn, which is called a suburb, although it is several miles from Belfast. Last September at Lisburn a policeman was murdered in a particularly brutal way, and as usual the murderers escaped, but the townspeople arose in mobs, Protestant and Catholic, and set fire to each others' houses. The damage is estimated at one hundred and



fifty thousand pounds. We had just arrived in the devastated area when two constables stopped us. We did not know that there is an ordinance forbidding cars to be out after eight in the evening without special permit. After the two men and Mr. Rogan had talked for half an hour I got very impatient. It was evident that the police after our arrest didn't know what to do with us. I wanted our kind host to return to his family who would be very uneasy in these unsettled times, when men just as innocent are shot and blown up with bombs daily. The morning papers are filled with these crimes. At length I said to Mrs. Morwood that I was going to beckon to one of the constables to come and speak to me. She and Elizabeth were alarmed at this and urged me not to do so. I waited a while but at last I beckoned to one of the men without asking leave. He came to my side of the car and pulled down the window sash. I knew from my experience in Londonderry that the plain people of Ireland have great respect for the American name. I also knew from experience everywhere (at least in many parts of the world) that men can stand very little talk from an old woman without becoming fearfully bored, with the resultant irrepressible desire to escape. So I told the man that I was an American on a three weeks' visit to Colonel Morwood's family, who had entertained me much in India, that I was leaving on the following Monday for France, that Mr. Rogan, in the goodness of his heart, was giving me a drive to show me the devastated region of Lisburn, that I might write home about it. I answered all his questions and could have told him lots more, but

he waved his hand for us to move on, which I almost regretted. Now Colonel Morwood spoils my story by claiming that the policemen were influenced by hearing that he was a medical man, but I know that I deserve all the credit. We were all tired, I particularly so, as I had eaten nothing since an early luncheon and it was nine o'clock.

I think the British Empire would be stronger without Ireland. How much these conditions are lowering the prestige of England, and now they are undermining her influence in the Council of Nations! It is a running sore and an ugly one. We all know that Ulster is the stumbling-block, but we all know too that when Ireland would have been grateful for far less than she now demands, it was systematically and persistently refused her. Still I am always pro-British and feel sure that the right course will yet be found and adopted. I do not agree that our War of Secession offers a parallel. We were a sufficiently homogeneous people. Lincoln, no doubt, was fighting primarily to preserve the Union, but the South was fighting to preserve slavery. Just fancy the mess we should have made of things had we succeeded, with the whole world set against slavery, a dying institution, and we bound to it, and all the fatal results of a false course once taken. What allies we should have had! Mexico perhaps, marching with us in some possible combination against the North, or a fellow group of states. What a sickening thought when we now have a country whose name alone carries authority throughout the whole world.

A poor, hard-working woman, Kitty Carroll, has just

been shot because she warned the police of the sale of unlicensed whiskey. The Sir Arthur Vickers murder was a dastardly crime.

Mrs. Morwood continues to give afternoon teas. The curfew law makes this form of entertainment popular. The days are long and people want to be in their homes by dark. Yesterday afternoon we had a delightful party here. I am charmed with the Kents. He is our American Consul. Mrs. Kent took me in her motor Friday to Cook's to get my tickets. Cook delayed us very much and then he wouldn't accept a check I had on London, so we had to be driven to Mrs. Morwood's bank. The President of this bank was very polite and full of humor too. I complimented him on his acumen in discovering that I was an American, which amused him I thought, too much, so I informed him that I had been taken for an Englishwoman on one proud occasion, but that I had not been able to live up to this high record. The Kents were here yesterday afternoon. There were twelve guests. At these tea-parties we go into the dining-room and are seated at table, but on leaving it the men remain to smoke while the ladies return to the drawing-room. Now at each of these parties, as soon as the ladies are all gathered together, Mrs. Morwood calls on me for anecdotes of my grandchildren. I am really mortally afraid of boring people. But Mrs. Morwood will have her way, and I have to launch out on a rather perilous sea, for few persons are so deeply interested in other people's grandchildren as to come from the far corners of Belfast to hear about them. The curious thing is that on these occa-



sions no mention is made of the assassinations, destruction of property, the daily rounds of armored cars, of policemen standing in couples at unexpected places, or seated in the street-cars dressed in citizens' clothes, but with ominous indications of being well armed. One never speaks of all this unless I introduce the topic, so perhaps Mrs. Morwood wants to get me off of a dangerous theme and insists on the grandchildren anecdotes. Yesterday afternoon, with some very elegant ladies present, I tried vainly to escape inflicting this ordeal on them, but Mrs. Morwood was so insistent that she had every one at last on her side and I had to yield. Being a truthful person (as truth is understood in this sinful world) I do not like to embroider facts, besides Mrs. Morwood and Elizabeth would detect immediately any departure from the strictly historical narrative, so that recourse was cut off and I had to go through with it. Of course the guests had never heard the oft-told tales. Colonel Morwood has reached the limit of his patience, as you can well imagine, being but a man, (but he was peacefully smoking in the dining-room). In short I did the best I could and ended, not without some encouragement.

April 25th.

The Rogans came in to see us last night. His car had been held up the evening before by a great crowd near the General Post Office where two policemen had just been murdered and two civilians accidentally shot. Besides these crimes two young men were murdered in their homes; all this during one night in Belfast. I cannot see



how, in any near future, the Irish will be able to return to a law-abiding and peaceful existence. I read of much suffering among the striking miners of England. Some of them wrote a most pathetic letter to the Prince of Wales in which it was asserted that they, men with families, had been offered what it costs to maintain one pauper in the Work House, and many of them lost sons in the war, or received them back cripples.

LONDON,  
April 26, 1921.

On leaving the Morwoods I was much touched by the maids, Minnie and Lizzie, who presented me with two fine linen handkerchiefs, neatly embroidered, and much finer than I should have bought for myself. What warm hearts these Irish have!

Mrs. Morwood says that everybody in Belfast goes to church every Sunday so that the churches are much crowded, but I fear that too much hatred fills the hearts of both Protestant and Catholic. Mr. Kent told me he was U. S. Consul in Leipsic when the war broke out. I asked: "When the first news of it came what happened in the city?" "There was a procession of socialists to protest against the war," he answered. "This was suppressed." Those socialists knew more of the misery and horror of war than the Kaiser and all his satellites. They knew too that the principal victims would be the workers in field and factory.

Of all the hostesses who have ever entertained me Mrs. Morwood shines as one of the most charming and most tactful.

VERSAILLES,  
April 29th, 1921.

At the Paris station I put my head out of the window and saw a young person who had the look of John Ware, but I was not sure, for he was far off. When he caught sight of me he sprang forward at such a gallop that I recognized the running of my own grand-son. We took a taxi to the Invalides, where the electric for Versailles starts. Sedley was waiting for us. The Toulmins had arrived that same afternoon, and Sedley of course went to meet them and take them to the hotel where he had engaged a room, with which they were much pleased as they had a private bath. They were delighted with all his arrangements and begged him to stay and take a champagne supper with them, but he left them to escort me home.

I was charmed with the appearance of my children. The little girls I can still call "my beauties." John and Pete are fine. I found Alice Searby and Hallie Porter here. The former looks prettier than I have ever seen her. She has acquired, too, much ease and grace of manner. My bedroom is on the ground floor. They all tell me that the day I arrived was the first warm Spring day they had had. Yesterday Sedley and Alice Ware went to show the Toulmins around Paris. Sedley says he never saw people more appreciative of the wonderful beauties of Paris. Today the Wares and the Toulmins have gone on a picnic to Malmaison. Alice Ware had a rolling-chair ready for me, so yesterday I got into it with Pete and Mary as chairmen. They began by push-

ing me up a very long and very steep hill. I thought there must be a most remarkable view at the top and felt extremely grateful to them for taking so much trouble for their old grand-mother. But no sooner were we at the top of the hill than they turned a sharp corner and began the descent. We flew so fast I thought I should lose my head as well as my bonnet. I implored them to go slowly, but they assured me there was not the slightest danger. I was not only afraid for myself but for the chair, which I thought would be jolted to fragments. Pete said it could be easily mended, things couldn't be expected to last forever, that it was infinitely more amusing for him and Mary to go fast than to creep stupidly along. I realized this fully, but after all I had not expected to enter a racing contest, but had hoped for a pleasant promenade, during which I could converse with my grand-children. Perhaps the jolting did me good, but the wires in my bonnet hurt my head dreadfully. Before I go again I shall have an explicit understanding with my motor power. I felt yesterday that Mazeppa was not more helpless on his wild steed than I, tearing down that long hill at such vertiginous speed.

May first.

It is hard to write when my room is the family resort. Yesterday Sedley took me in the rolling-chair to the Chateau. I never enjoyed that wonderful garden so much; the long overarching avenues of chestnut trees with the April sun shining through the young leaves, were enchanting. Sedley insists that the exercise of push-



ing the chair is just what he needs, so I saw all that Spring beauty and the play of the fountains with great comfort. Madeline has been taking the two little girls in to Paris when visiting her step-mother. You know step-mother is "bellemère" in French. Well, Belle-mère has taken a great fancy to the children, and overwhelms them with attentions. The last time they were there little Alice was so enthusiastic about the visit that on her return she said to her mother: "I want a 'bellemère' and you must tell me how to get one." You may imagine her mother threw cold water on this project. Martha and P. T. came out today to luncheon and the evening meal. They, Sedley and Alice Ware are off now to the Chateau.

VERSAILLES,  
May 9, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

It has been decided to put Mary in a boarding-school in Switzerland, near Lausanne. Mrs. Kent in Belfast recommended this school to me; her daughter is there. When I first mentioned it to Alice Ware she said she did not wish her children separated, and Mary wanted to go home with the others. So I considered the question settled. But Mrs. Kent had written to the principal, and she wrote Alice a nice letter. The afternoon this letter arrived Madeline had taken Mary and Elizabeth to Paris to the theatre. On coming out the children slipped pennies in a fortune-telling machine. Mary's slip of paper said that she was soon to receive a letter which would influence her future very seriously. Elizabeth's paper



was far from complimentary. It accused her of want of discretion and told her all her troubles were caused by this fault. When the children returned Alice Ware handed Mary the letter. The child stood silent with amazement. Already the "fortune" was coming true. She had not dreamed of going to this boarding-school, but she took the letter as a decree of fate and as such accepted it with what resignation and fortitude she could command. She is now growing more reconciled to the idea and even begins to take pleasure in it. Poor Elizabeth was greatly struck with Mary's experience, and when I tried to tease her about her paper she was ready to weep, so I dropped the subject. Not yet ten years of age and already mourning her lack of discretion! I do not think fortune telling should be countenanced for the superstitious immediately bend their energies to accomplish such predictions. In this case, however, it suited us entirely.

Ned Searby comes every Sunday from Fontainebleau to lunch and passes the greater part of the day with us. He says his French comrades in the artillery school are very cultivated men. The thought seized him one day that every girl clerk in the shops seemed more cultivated than he. Thereupon he went to work in dead earnest all the time he could spare from his artillery studies. He took up French literature, history, classic as well as modern plays, and is improving himself wonderfully. He speaks French quite well already. Pete takes me in the rolling-chair for long excursions often through the Chateau gardens which are extremely lovely. Once he took me to the "Petit" and the "Grand" Trianon, where

we fed the fishes. But I cannot endure the fatigue of going over buildings. In Spring nature is so beautiful I prefer it to art. Yesterday being Sunday the Toulmins came to dinner and supper. Mr. Toulmin always brings two bottles of champagne and Sedley buys two bottles of Sauterne, so at dinner we have a fine display of wit, wine and merriment. Four bottles, however, are not a large quantity for a family of fourteen. Yesterday was the fête of Jeanne d'Arc which was commemorated for the first time, but henceforth it will rank second only to the 14th July. We all went to the gardens to see the fountains. Those of Neptune are the most beautiful and the grandest in the world, I think.

May 16, 1921.

On Friday Sedley, Alice Ware, Alice Searby and I went in to Paris to take tea with Cousin Letitia Sands. Cousin Letitia has the most perfect manners, and made us all feel very welcome and at home. Saturday Mme. Lalaurette came to luncheon. She had great trouble finding our house, as does everybody else, on account of the changes in the names of the streets. She took the slow train, too, so I had to wait for her nearly two hours. I was in my rolling-chair, but I had to be very entertaining to Pete, who was hungry and restive, also skeptical as to Mme. Lalaurette's coming. But she did come, and I was so glad I waited. All were delighted with her beauty. She was dressed with great elegance and looked radiant with her large dark eyes, her hair which has a pretty wave, her very fine teeth and healthy color. All were also

charmed with her simple grace and sincerity. M. Lalaurette is now one of the French Residents in Cambodia, and although his state of health requires repose the Residence is generally filled with tourists, en route to the ruins. There is no hotel and distinguished visitors expect to be entertained. M. Lalaurette has not yet recovered from his war experiences. He wrote me of being wounded when a great shell dropped into a group of officers, doing fearful execution among them.

Sunday, yesterday, the Toulmins came with bottles of fine champagne, as usual. I had disapproved of this extravagance, but yesterday I was glad of it because Sedley had asked M. Miliukoff to our Sunday dinner. Martha was greatly rejoiced to hear she was to see him at last. At dinner she told him that whenever she related her Russian experiences she always ended by saying: "*And I came very near seeing M. Miliukoff!*" This amused him greatly. I told him I had two other nieces who had waited thirteen years to meet him. He asked, "Where are they?" I answered, "One in New Orleans, the other in Virginia." He said he would try to meet them when he returned to America. I told him of our visit to the Duma in 1908, and he asked the same question that the German delegate did in the St. Petersburg tramway, and I gave the same answer: "These young girls wanted to boast when they returned to America, that they were present at a session of the Duma." And I added that Americans had taken much interest in that first attempt at constitutional government in Russia. After dinner we had many questions to put to him, Martha and I especially, which



he answered very good-naturedly. In the case of Poland he is more in favour of Lloyd George's attitude than that of France. He says French politics in Poland are calculated to estrange the Poles from both Russia and Germany—that is, to make enemies of two peoples which are bound to be very powerful in the future. I asked if Lenin would shoot him were he to return to Russia. He answered without hesitation, "Certainly, if I did not bind myself to serve him." I said I had read that in the Polish insurrection of 1863 Alexander the Second had confiscated the estates of the Polish nobles and had divided them among the peasants, thus producing great prosperity in that part of Poland. He told me that Alexander had done this very partially. He had conferred the great estates on Russians and on his bureaucrats, the peasants getting but a small part. I asked if he were in favor of England and the United States making treaties of trade and peace with the Bolsheviki. He in turn asked me if I had read Hughes' report on that subject. I said yes, that I found it logical and strongly written, but I did not agree with him. He asked why, I said human beings are not governed by logic, they are very illogical, and we should not punish a whole people for the sins of their rulers, that the best way to promote trade was to permit it, and the best way of overthrowing an impossible government like Bolshevism, was through trade. Besides, I added, Lenin has never ceased to assert that all Bolshevik failures in Russia came from the blockade, and to let down the bars would disprove this assertion. He then explained the status of Russian par-



ties, but into that labyrinth I shall not go. He said the influence of the Tzarina had been fatal to the Tzar. The Russians had believed that a granddaughter of the English Queen would counsel democratic concessions, but the Tzarina was more imperial than her husband. M. Miliukoff, too, had trouble in finding our house and was late for luncheon. The French change the names of their streets pretty often. That ought not to remind me of the little cemetery at Zermatt, but it does. While visiting Zermatt some years ago, I strolled into that little cemetery. The sextons were vacating all the graves. The poor bones were loaded into a wheelbarrow, and trundled off to a little shed, falling along the route in the path of the wheelbarrow. They were making way for new occupants, and everybody understood the necessity, and everybody was satisfied. But changing the names of streets produces annoyance. This Avenue du Maréchal Pétain was formerly Kronstadt. The street leading into it is now General Foch and there are many other changes. The cab drivers won't take the trouble to inform themselves, which leads to great confusion. We shall soon move to 3 rue de Fleurus, Paris, which street keeps its old name.

Yesterday Madeline returned to Paris with our guests to spend the night with Bellemère. The Toulmins bought first-class tickets, Madeline and M. Miliukoff, second class. But they were put in the first, and had a lively conversation the whole way. At Paris the Toulmins took a taxi. Mr. M. turned to Madeline and asked: "Where do you go?" She: "To Montparnasse." He:

"So do I." She: "I take the subway." He: "So do I." Arrived at Montparnasse, he asked: "Where do you go now?" She: "I have a transfer for Belfort." He: "So have I." At Belfort he asked: "Where do you live?" "At 54, rue St. Jacques." He: "So do I." "Do you walk or take a taxi?" "I walk." "So do I." In short he lives with his wife and grown son in the same house with Bellemère! M. Miliukoff edits a Russian paper for the émigrés, and adds to his income by giving lectures.

Ned came out to dinner yesterday with Alice, who has been staying in town with the Hunts. Alice has been doing too much and had temperature yesterday. Last night I went upstairs to see her, for I think I can massage better than anyone else. At the top of the steps the children gathered around me and said I should not walk up the second flight. I had thought Alice was only one flight up. John, Pete, Mary, even Elizabeth and little Alice, all undertook to push me into a heavy upholstered chair in which to carry me up the steps. I had much difficulty in freeing and throwing myself on a heavy chest which they could not move. From this point of vantage I lectured them about taking care of their health and strength, and told them that a badly-strained back could never be mended. I believe I convinced them, as I had terrible incidents to relate, and I added that if one of them were injured in serving me it would make my last years very miserable and would hasten my end. The children never looked so beautiful to me, the little girls freshly bathed for bed and the boys so eager to carry Granny upstairs. I told them that when I took my time

and had no one to hurry me, I got upstairs very well indeed.

May 23d.

Yesterday afternoon Sedley and I accepted an invitation to a tea at the home of M. René Vallery-Radot. I went in the rolling-chair. They live in an elegant house near the Chateau. We found quite a company gathered, no introductions, but M. Radot talked a good deal with us. He took us over the big reception rooms and showed us all the portraits and busts of the famous Pasteur. Madame Vallery-Radot is a daughter of Pasteur and is strikingly like him. We discussed Pasteur's genius, the great things he accomplished and his character, the most salient traits of which were his modesty and goodness. I said I felt sure that France would consecrate a day to his memory like the one just celebrated of Jeanne d'Arc, that governments were forced to wait till all contemporary rivalries had been extinguished by death, or otherwise, before granting posthumous honors. M. V-R told me an anecdote of Pasteur when he went to the Queen's jubilee. He was requested to permit himself to be introduced to the Crown Prince Frederick of Germany. He begged to be excused, but the Crown Prince came forward, and with the tact and kindly feeling for which he was distinguished, the introduction took place. M. V-R agreed with me about the good heart of this Prussian prince. I spoke of the docility of the German masses, to show that they too were victims in the world war, which horrified Sedley. He does not agree with me, and wanted that



subject avoided. In the elegant suite of rooms were many costly and interesting gifts made to Pasteur by all classes of society, Crowned Heads and peasants alike. Those of the latter were paid for by innumerable subscriptions of ten centimes each.

Hallie has taken Alice Searby to the American Hospital at Neuilly for a complete rest. The French think it so strange that Americans put their wives and daughters in hospitals, a thing never done in France, they assure me. But I reply that American hospitals are built for that purpose, and that the Neuilly one is ideal.

It is a pity we must leave Versailles just now when everything is so beautiful. Every garden is filled with nightingales. I regret too a little girl who plays with our children. Her name is Jacqueline and she is seven years old, is pretty and has charming manners. Her father is an architect. You will be surprised to hear of the usefulness of an architect in this country. Sedley thought one of his plumbing bills was exorbitant. Someone said: "Why do you not take it to the architect just across the street?" That was something new and worth a trial. The bill was reduced by one hundred francs. Had Sedley employed this architect at first the work would have been much better done. Sedley had been begging Alice to go with him to call on this family, but she is always so busy. I knew it was not my place to represent the lady of the house, but in answer to Alice's appeal, I went with Sedley yesterday evening and we had a charming visit. Of course you know the latest comer makes the first call here. I praised little Jacqueline to her mother and Sedley



heard war experiences from the architect, who served through the war.

May 30th.

This is my last letter from this beautiful little town of villas. The trunks go today and the family tomorrow, except Sedley and Alice. They will have to remain a day longer for the inventory. No house is rented out in this country without an exhaustive inventory embracing the most trivial articles, such as small pen-wipers, pin-cushions, and the like. On giving up the house everything has to be accounted for.

We shall not live as well in Hotel Fleurus as here. Cook Marie is very skilful. She buys the best meat in the market but not a morsel is wasted, for she makes it over into something tempting. We have a Jewish family living near us who have an only child. He loves to play with our children, but a few days ago he told them that all Protestants were pagans. Perhaps he got this idea from some ignorant servant. It hurt the two little girls very much but their humiliation was not complete until a few days later when Madeline took them to see the procession of the first communion children. On their way they passed Aunt Hallie who was about to take the street car. She called out, "Are the little pagans going to see the French children on their way to their first communion?" The children were deeply mortified. Elizabeth said to Madeline: "Now all the people who heard what Aunt Hallie said will always believe that we are pagans." They were tremendously impressed with the beautiful

dresses of the little girls, in snowy white from head to foot, and with all that Madeline told them about the sumptuous dinners awaiting them at home. Madeline says the fête of the first communion is the most important event in the child's life here. For weeks beforehand the dressmakers are kept busy making costly toilettes for the mothers and all the female members of the family. All the seats in the churches are reserved for these families, and the beauty and elegance of the toilettes are worth seeing. Wealthy ladies take special pleasure in fitting out the children of the poor for this occasion. Alice Ware had been noticing for some weeks ladies of the upper classes accompanying girls of the very poor to Paris and did not understand until Madeline explained. Every article must be new and snowy white. When the children returned from the procession they were not in an enviable state of mind. Little Alice said: "I want to take that first communion too." They refused to understand why they should be excluded from all that feasting and glory, but Cook Marie, mindful of the sacred character of the day, rightly judged that the occasion demanded a feast, so she had prepared a delicious luncheon with a fine cake in addition to our usual dessert. The little girls felt in a measure consoled, but "pagans" remained a bitter memory still.

Madeline's bellemère spent a whole day with us last week. She says she hears the most beautiful music coming from the apartment of the Miliukoffs, who have a grown son living with them. I shall invite them to luncheon when we go to rue Fleurus. Alas! the food will

not compare to that which Marie gives us. When I was alone the other day Marie came to my room, and I asked her to tell me of the entry of the first French troops into Strasburg. Marie is Alsatian. I had read about it at the time, but I was much more touched at Marie's account. She said: "I could not cry 'Vive la France.' I tried to but the words would not come out of my throat. I thought all the time of the poor old soldiers of France who fought through that other war, all now in their graves, and I wanted so much to see those graves open so that those poor old defeated soldiers could witness that day of restitution; and so I cried all the time over those thoughts." She seemed to be genuinely sorry for many of the German families. She saw the wives in deep grief, saying they knew not where to go after so many years in Alsace. I could not help saying: "The French passed through this bitterness in 1871." Yet one cannot help feeling pity for all the innocent who suffer, as no doubt many did in the territories taken back.

Ned Searby appreciates very keenly all the advantages our Government is giving him over here. He says the French are ahead of all other nations in the art of war. I tell him I take no interest in the art of war. I expect the League of Nations to keep the world at peace, and I think, considering its state of infancy, it has functioned remarkably well, especially as the United States has played the rôle of malevolent fairy at the christening. Ned's one fear is that he may have to be sent back to the United States, to "God's Own Country."



RUE DE FLEURUS, PARIS.

June 6, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY :

All the Wares moved into this hotel last Tuesday except Sedley and Alice who remained for the inventory. I had heard more than once of a French inventory, but I always discount so heavily for exaggeration that I now and then get "picked up," but not so often as to discourage me in this habit of mind. I remember in Seville when I went to my first bull fight I had refused to believe what people told me about it, and there I grossly deceived myself. In the case of the inventory it was simply a test of physical endurance, and of patience under great injustice. Sedley did not rent directly from the owner. He had a sublease. There were two agents, one representing the owner, and the other the lessee. There was also a woman, who may have been a volunteer, with Argus eyes for slight defects. For example, two vases had been locked up and never brought out except for this inventory. Yet she discovered a colored line under the base of one of them which was set down as a serious injury. Each pillow, mattress and piece of covering was subjected to the same rigorous scrutiny and every stain of years' standing put to the debit account. Two hours were spent in the pantry, and fine china which had never been touched, never taken out of its cabinet, was examined in the same manner, and all old chips and cracks and stains set down against the Wares. Sedley showed them all the bills he had paid. More than three hundred francs for kitchen utensils, with various plumbing bills, others



for bedding and furniture, which had disappeared, to the surprise of the Wares, and which were doubtless stored safely with the missing cooking utensils in the sunny room, the loss of which was also an unpleasant surprise. Nothing was allowed on any of these bills. No credit side in their book-keeping. The idea of the two agents would appear to be to reimburse their employers for their salaries, and in the case of the lessee to increase materially his rent. I presume the woman gets a reward as her activities were very remunerative. Sedley and Alice did not get to Paris till ten o'clock that night, exhausted by their long and trying day. When they had finished the recital of their trials, I asked Sedley what he would have to pay. He said he didn't know, but added: "I wouldn't take anything for the experience." This was said, however, with such a tortured expression of countenance that one would have thought he was swallowing something extremely repugnant.

I enjoyed my rolling-chair so much in Versailles that I rented another here. The family take turns in rolling me about the Luxembourg Gardens which lie at our door. They are very big and beautiful and are continued by the long avenues of the Observatory. Yesterday our family went in the afternoon to Sevres to attend one of Tom's concerts. I met two lovely Scotch girls from Kashmir. The father of one is British Resident at Srinagar. Both girls have fresh and charming voices. When I complimented any of the singers they always answered: "It is due to M. d'Aubigné's method. He is such a wonderful teacher." Alice Ware says every one of the singers she

talked to was enthusiastic about Tom's method. A fine feast for the large company was spread in two downstairs rooms opening on the beautiful garden. Virgie sang a duet with Tom exquisitely. All went off finely until we seated ourselves at the table. Then the two servants, the cook and her husband, took what is called over here, "English leave." Tom's two gardens are full of superb roses. It seems to me he has some very talented girls in his villa. The big concert room is as beautiful as ever but his handsome portrait has no tender decorations such as I saw in 1915. A married man cannot expect everything.

PARIS,  
June 13, 1921.

Madeline and Mary took me in the rolling-chair to see the Miliukoffs. We were not expected but we found them at home. They live in the same house as Bellemère, rent an apartment of five rooms in the entresol. They pay for this furnished flat 550 francs a month, which is surprisingly cheap for Paris, as it is on one of the broadest avenues. He fears his landlord will raise the rent in October but people here have much compassion for Russian refugees. He told me how the peasants took possession of the land when the Bolsheviki gave it to them. They held their village assemblies to determine what to do with the landowners. Sometimes they carried a conveyance and informed the owners that they must leave immediately, otherwise it would be their duty to kill them. Sometimes they allowed their former masters an allotment on the estate, telling them they must work it themselves

just like the peasants. This was the most lenient method they employed. When they decided to kill the family in the great house, regarding it as a duty to their class, they burned all the household belongings because they looked upon theft as a crime. This peasant class, oppressed and kept in ignorance for centuries, knew nothing of compromises: their decisions were of the simplest kind. The owners must be got rid of. Kill them, or if they were not too obnoxious, pack them off with a little hand luggage.

The Miliukoffs dined with us yesterday. She has charming manners. Their only son was an aviator seven years, fighting the Germans first, then the Bolsheviki. He is now studying a profession in Paris. Mme. M. evidently keeps no servant as she left her dinner table to open the door for us when we called. They lost a son during the war. I had refrained from asking about their children fearing some such loss. He says Russia will always be grateful to America for not recognizing the Bolsheviki. This is, of course, according to his point of view, which is not mine. It is the innocent Russians who suffer from the boycott. The guilty, the Bolsheviki, enjoy all the luxuries of life.

PARIS,  
June 20, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

We have had a good deal of company this week. Nellie arrived from California the day Tom and Virgie dined with us. We had a most delightful evening together. One of Sedley's friends, a very elegant French gentleman,



and his wife, dined with us another evening. The wife is very tall and handsome. One of the sons is so tall that they will be obliged this summer to heighten a fifteenth century doorway in their country home, which has served all these generations without causing inconvenience till this son reached his extraordinary height. This reminded us of Charles the 8th killing himself by striking his head against a low-arched doorway at the Castle of Ambroise. We discussed the struggle between Church and State in France before the war. I think M. Mouton was rather restrained in his talk by the presence of his wife, who is a very sincere Catholic. He said the conduct of the clergy had been so admirable during the war that there was no longer any kind of antagonism between Church and Government. It has certainly lost in its intensity, but I heard, only a few days ago, of a Protestant officer who said that in his town the Protestants and Catholics disliked each other so much that but for the neutrals (the sensible people), they would come to blows. He said, too, that when his superior officer is a devout Catholic it is very unpleasant for him. The Catholic Church is powerful in France because the people love it. It takes them as children and forms indelible impressions, many of them very beautiful and touching. I noticed last evening tears in Mme. Mouton's eyes when her husband was praising the clergy. The children could scarcely be driven to bed. They were so interested in the conversation. Little Alice makes wise observations. I had said that if the Bolsheviks made people happy, I should be willing to become one, and give up the private ownership of property for

the public benefit. But the fact was they carried misery and starvation wherever they got the upper hand, and it was for that reason and their cruelty that I detested them. Little Alice said later to her mother: "Granny says she could be a Bolshevik if they made people happy. I could never be one because they are wicked, and I could never be wicked." She has taken the most violent fancy to the children of the concierge next door. There is a large court-yard between the two buildings where the family spend most of their time. They have a fine black cat which Alice adores, and two little girls of nine and eleven. These are at school until late in the afternoon, but that does not deter Alice from spending her time with the mother. She follows her about, watches her cook the meals, and sees that they are eaten, too. She never has any tales to tell of them, but when I asked if she helps the mother, she said: "Oh, yes, I peel the potatoes and shell the peas." I fear there is a great waste in the peelings as she certainly never did anything of the kind before. I told the concierge to send her home when she was annoying, but she answered: "She is very nice. She doesn't worry me at all." I sometimes hear little Alice reading aloud to the assembled family, for in this fine weather they live in the court-yard, which lies under my window. Concierges are treated very shabbily by architects and houseowners. As a rule their small apartments have no outside windows. Lucky those who have a big court-yard. When the little concierges come from school they pull out a small table and the children sit around it and sketch, which Alice loves, or read, or play games.

Sometimes they go into the Luxembourg Garden to jump a rope. Nellie is fascinated with little Alice and says many things in her praise. But the youngest child always comes in for an undue amount of that.

Last night Nellie and Alice Ware rolled me to the Miliukoffs'. Alice had to come back at once to put the little girls to bed, for Madeline has left us to pay some visits before sailing on the 25th. She is supremely happy. She will never find any one so indulgent as Alice Ware, whose theory with those who serve her is to leave the performance of their tasks to their own sense of duty, while she treats them with the most considerate indulgence. We had a delightful evening with Mme. Miliukoff; her husband was absent. While not young, she is pretty with a lovely expression and perfect manners. She began at my request a history of the eventful episodes in her husband's life, and her simple recital was such an indictment of the old Russian Government as no denunciations could have equalled. As a professor of history he dared not mention the word 'Constitution!' She was just approaching the subject of the Revolution when the bell rang and Sedley Ware appeared. She then, in spite of my remonstrances, went to the kitchen to boil water and make tea, ransacking her sideboard to find everything that could be offered to eat, cakes, crackers, preserves, while that shameless couple, Nellie and Sedley, did not attempt to discourage her. I really felt provoked, Nellie accusing me of being an ascetic, and all laughing at my disapprobation of their "gourmandise." I told Mme. Miliukoff that I was the only member of my family who



did not approve of giving other people all manner of trouble to prepare things for them to eat, which they did not in the least need and which were actually bad for them, though they maintained that this was the only way to please those unfortunate friends whom they victimized. Mme. M. quoted a Russian proverb that one could not know people until one had eaten a 'pood' of salt with them, nearly forty pounds. She and her husband are to dine with us Saturday. She told us how badly Gorki had acted, deserting his friends when the Communists began to show strength, and now trying to change again when they seem to be on the point of losing. I think he is doing good, whatever his motives. He has made a moving appeal to Europe and America for those starving intellectuals. The Miliukoffs think fate will overtake the Bolsheviki in a few months. They, the M's, have very high ideals. One perceives this in all their accounts of Russia, though they never attempt to make that impression.

Nellie leaves soon for Switzerland, to my great regret. She is wonderful company. Her enthusiasms are contagious. Bill is on the ocean now. The fleet will land first at Norway, then at Lisbon. His last letter was the happiest he has ever written. To be first classman at the Naval Academy with all the privileges attached thereto was a sort of intoxication to him. He confessed to all sorts of eccentricities of conduct just to spend his high animal spirits. That boy has the happiest disposition I have ever seen. Nellie says if the United States Navy was not made for Bill he was certainly made for it.

PARIS,  
June 27, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

Nellie left us yesterday. I miss her very much and wish she could always be with me. She did too much while in Paris, was going every night to the theatre or the Opera, and during the day to the galleries or museums, where she took great pleasure in recognizing her old favorites of the time when she was here with me, over thirty years ago. Especially was she appreciative of the Luxembourg at our door. I have been there only once, as galleries are too fatiguing for me. The two Lodors came on Wednesday, and we are so pleased to have them with us. Ned Searby invited them to the event of the season, the races at Longchamps for the Grand Prix. He took them out in style and they had a lovely afternoon. All the fashionable and diplomatic world was there, no doubt, as it is the custom for the President and his wife to be present on the occasion of the Grand Prix de Paris. Little Sue is quite fascinating. She neither paints, nor powders, which pleases me greatly, not that I am prejudiced in the slightest degree, but I consider it a crime for young girls to disfigure themselves when Nature has made them so pretty. You never see ladies of the upper classes over here paint and powder, or disfigure their faces in any way. That is the prerogative of the demi-monde. We have a wonderful musician in the house, a young Pole. I had Newton Arps to dinner last night and asked my Polish acquaintance to play for us. Newton, though not a performer, understands

music well. He was so enthusiastic in his admiration that it gratified me very much. He said: "Americans and English cannot compete with these races who have the genius for music born in them." I never had an ear for music but just learned to love it, though without understanding, when I lived in Germany years ago. Our Polish musician was ready to play Beethoven or any other of the great composers and without notes. Finally we asked for Chopin's Funeral March, where those exquisite strains of hope and consolation break through the gloom, which however claims us again as we approach the open grave. I could not refrain from falling into a reverie, to the accompaniment of that immortal music, a reverie of the martyrdom of Poland, a land which had produced such musicians, such painters, such writers! One hundred and fifty years or more, under the military dictatorship of Russia and Germany, who undertook to suppress a people of forty millions, and one so richly endowed, by taking from them their language, their nationality, their religion! With that accompaniment of Polish music the crime of this martyrdom appeared to me in blacker colors than ever before, and its folly as great as its wickedness. Perhaps it cannot be proven that there is no great statesmanship except that founded on justice and magnanimity, but to me it is a fundamental truth.

Before Nellie left Paris she visited the famous battlefields and her descriptions were graphic and thrilling. Lettice Delafield told us of a young Englishman whose last letter to his parents contained these words: "We go into the battle tomorrow at break of day. We shall



thereby furnish a show place to Cook's tourists for years to come." This young officer was killed and, though we feel the bitterness of his words, we must not reason thus. Not to visit the scenes of so much heroism would imply indifference on our part. We return awed by the greatness of the sacrifice of those who fell on those fields in all the freshness of their youthful prime, harvested too soon by death. Those of our family who have gone have returned in this spirit. I wish I were physically able to do so.

PARIS,  
July 5, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

On Thursday we all went over to the Sorbonne to see John receive his diploma. It was a course in French civilization got up for foreign students in Paris. John was the youngest; all, or most, of the others had University degrees. His marking was 86 out of a possible 100. Only one American lady, with a degree from Columbia and six years of University study, received 100. There were not many who ranked higher than John. It is true he underwent an examination in only one of his two courses.

The two Sue Lodors are here, also Hallie and Annie Marye Porter. Hallie leaves tomorrow for the U. S. At the last minute the agent told her the price of her ticket had been raised by three hundred francs. Her passport and papers showed that she had worked in France for the Red Cross and later for the Rockefeller Foundation. This caused the agent to drop the demand.

Nellie is now in Switzerland with Alice Searby. Hallie never tires of telling us of the fine fare she and Alice had in Switzerland, where their landlady was a perfect cook and spent her whole time devising and preparing the most alluring culinary surprises. She begs me to go there, but what would I do in those lonely mountains? They are filled with flowers and Alpine glows and marvellous scenery, but my rolling-chair would be of no service, and merely food attracts me nowhere. It would add the gout to my other infirmities and be equally bad for what I am pleased to call my intellect. The fare in this hotel has been affected by the drouth which has lasted since early Spring. The earth is cracking, and the farmers in despair. As I have been a farmer, they have all my sympathies, though I know from experience that their normal state of mind is usually one of despair. I have a bottle of red pepper from which I make a sauce at each meal. This gives both appetite and digestion. I remember when I traveled in Spain years ago, I had a similar bottle, which on leaving Coruna was left on the hotel table. Sedley ran back to get it and threw it into my lap. The cork fell out. The weather was frightfully hot, the diligence small. A worthy Spanish priest, his female relative, Sedley and I filled it. The air became red hot with the finely pulverized pepper. I was very humble in my apologies but the circumstances were aggravating. I thought too of how I was imperilling the reputation of my compatriots. Among the American students in this hotel is Dana Durant. His father is employed by the Polish Government as Food Administrator.

I met Mr. Durant in the Luxembourg Gardens and we had a pleasant talk. Naturally he is loyal to the government he serves, and when I inquired about Polish pogroms against defenceless Jews, he said the accounts had been grossly exaggerated. Dana had already informed me "that the Jews had only pretended to have been assassinated and their belongings looted, in order to rouse the sympathies of the world." His father said that only about one hundred had actually been killed. He didn't mention the number wounded and impoverished. I naturally thought that if one hundred Americans had been murdered and their possessions carried off in wagons, which had arrived in anticipation of the event, that the civilized portion of the world would have been overcome with indignation and horror; but people have a way of talking and thinking of Jews as though they, like the eels, are accustomed to being boiled. Dana is one of the finest and most intelligent boys I have ever met, not yet seventeen, speaking fluently several languages and as entertaining as a man of twenty-one, which indeed he appears to be.

Last Saturday we had the pleasure of entertaining at tea, Mrs. London and her two daughters, Mrs. Heym and Alexandra. I love to entertain Hannah's friends, especially those from Birmingham. We went into the Luxembourg Gardens from the tea room, I in my rolling-chair, and after seeing some of its beauties, we all sat in the shade and had an animated conversation. It is pleasant to entertain in the Luxembourg Gardens in summer. Little Alice keeps up her intimacy with the little



concierges. Indeed she is very friendly with all the little concierges of the neighborhood. Pete has written to the Atlantic Monthly to offer his articles as a favor to that journal. The editor wrote a few words courteously recommending to him the more popular magazines. Pete considers this recommendation as a testimony to his merit and as an introduction to the said magazines. I did not appreciate the value of the letter, and unfortunately lost it. He is much upset, but I have promised to search every corner of my room till it is found.

Mrs. Lear sent Alice Ware from Sewanee some very fine bacon. As we are boarding we had no use for it, so I wrote to Mme. Gallien, my dear Ellen Bagbby's protégée, to come for it. She came with Ellen's godson André, the unhappy André, who cannot learn "calcul." He is very silent and impassive. If he has emotions he conceals them. Mme. Gallien was so anxious for me to visit the school where she works, that I agreed for her to come for me yesterday afternoon. It is a kindergarten called by the French, "mother's school." The principal was most cordial and said many things in praise of Mme. Gallien, who while making the most agreeable impression by her refinement and good sense together with her modest dignity and pleasing conversation is solely employed in scrubbing the floors, sweeping and washing the courtyard, making the fires in winter, and doing other chores. It is true she is without instruction except of a most rudimentary kind, but what other working woman, except one of that class in Paris, could unite such qualities as these? I think it is because the French are a truly democratic

nation and the working classes are thoroughly conscious of their own worth. The children brought up their work to show me and I pleased them by praising it, making only one mistake. The rabbit a dear little boy had drawn, and which had earned him the encomiums of his teachers, I mistook for a cat, but I made it all right by praising the expression he had put in the eyes. The children were dear little things, so submissive. They learn this in the long hours in the school, which I deplore always. When I parted from Mme. Gallien she asked if she should bring André to see me again before sending him to the country. Now I have had two long visits from André, which I am sure he did not enjoy; besides he is Ellen's boy and not mine, so I advised Mme. G. kindly but firmly not to bring him again. However, I have the greatest respect for anyone who has learned the multiplication table. André assured me he had. With this aid, he can practice "calcul" in private, and may yet go far.

Sedley went to the bank today to sell a check for me. He took little Alice with him, the pride of his heart. But on leaving, being engrossed in thought, he forgot her. The child, finding herself abandoned, asked a lady in the bank what she should do. The lady wisely advised her to remain quietly till her father should return. When Sedley waked up to the fact that he had lost his youngest child, the baby, he was filled with consternation, thinking she might have tried to follow him, and had found it impossible in the throng. He was afraid to come home and acknowledge that he had lost her, nor did he know where he had left her, as he had visited another bank after leav-

ing the first. He found the child waiting patiently for his return.

What a piteous picture that last Leipzig trial presents! Poor wounded Frenchmen begging for their lives and that brute furious with his soldiers for hesitating in their obedience. I believe the German soldiers learned to hate their officers when they saw themselves forced to commit crimes. It was the conduct of the Kaiser and his military chiefs which lost them the reverence and devotion of the soldiers. The common German is kindly disposed and has clear ideas of duty and religion. The Kaiser must have known what he was doing when he ran away from the army.

PARIS,  
July 12, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

Sedley has paid the inventory and is trying to forget it. Any American landlord would have thanked him for all he spent on the house and readily excused some common plates and glasses broken. But these inventories are a regular means of extortion. In spite of the unexpected demands of the inventory, life in a Paris hotel with a family of eight is more expensive than the delightful home we all enjoyed in Versailles. The eight have been reduced to seven since Madeline's departure, as I do not count myself, of course, among the dependent members of the family. Sedley will be glad to get his flock back to Sewanee. On our return Wednesday night from a charming dinner-party at M. Mouton's, Sedley found on



looking into the little girls' room that Mary was not there. Elizabeth told him that she had left a note in his letter-box. Filled with dismay, he plunged downstairs to the office, found the note in the dark, for lights in office and hall are extinguished at eleven. He then stopped at Annie Marye's room in the entresol, knocked and called out: "Have you a match? Mary has disappeared!" Now the match was intended for reading the note, as he was too uneasy to wait till he had gone up two other flights of stairs to his own room. Besides he feared to break the news to his wife. Annie Marye and I teased him unmercifully next day. The whole mystery consisted in the fact that Bellemère had come after our departure, to take Mary out for the evening and give her a good time, after which she spent the night at Bellemère's. Mary was fourteen on the ninth of this month.

Mrs. Catherine Baker Houston called a few days ago, and I found that I had met her at her parents' delightful home near Hot Springs, Virginia. On leaving she took John and Annie Marye away with her, and under John's guidance they had a royal time. John's course in French art at the Sorbonne, during which he studied the collections and monuments of Paris, has made him an excellent guide. Tom came to see us Sunday, and was amusing as usual. He told us a very funny anecdote about an American tourist, to whom he had been showing Paris. She wanted to see the night life here, but on returning from these expeditions would always say with a sigh: "Paris has been greatly overrated. I saw nothing unusual this evening, everything perfectly tame and respectable."

One night Tom did not accompany her, but one of his girl pupils did. They went to Maxim's. Tom says he often went to Maxim's but had never been shocked there. Still it was a place, where all the conditions being favorable, things might very well happen. On this particular evening, Miss C. sighted a table at the other end of the big room. She had to wind her way among the guests already seated. In accomplishing this, she put her lorgnette to her eye and began to scrutinize the occupants of the tables, on either side, rather superciliously. All at once one of the men lifted the hem of her garment most deftly and pinched her sharply on the leg. She could not suppress a cry, springing upward and forward at the same time. This was the signal for fun, and each table gave its own peculiar pinch as the lady passed on with alternate springs and cries. The next day the young singer could scarcely go through with her lesson for laughing, but Tom did not dare allude to the respectability of Maxim's in Miss C.'s presence.

Sedley took me in the rolling-chair to see the Senegalese soldiers. They made a bayonet charge, then separated in squads under the trees of the Tuileries gardens and danced their war dances to the beating of tom-toms. They are extremely black but not so much so as the Sudanese whom Sedley and I saw at the First Cataract in Egypt. Their dancing was very primitive. One very tall young man walked around on his hands with his legs over his head. I talked to them and would have been interested in their replies, but the noise was great and I too deaf to hear. They said: "France was the front in

the war, and we fought everywhere." This with a big sweeping movement of the hands. I asked if they wanted to go home. "Now see," said one to me, "if your father and your mother were down there, wouldn't you, too?" They spoke French, but poorly. It is very hot in Paris and the drought has become a national calamity.

PARIS,  
July 18, 1921.

We had a telegram from our boy Bill yesterday from Lisbon, saying he would not be allowed to visit us here, so we shall all be off tomorrow for the seacoast. Tom and Virgie invited the two Sues, Annie Marye and our two boys yesterday to a luncheon at their Sèvres villa to be followed by a picnic excursion to Versailles to see the fountains and fireworks. I sat up quite late last night waiting for their return. The luncheon passed off well, they said. The twenty-two young people were to be conveyed to Versailles in a great van with hampers containing the superb cold supper. But in the midst of the general pleasure two of Virgie's servants departed leaving an immense amount of work behind them. Virgie is, however, a woman of wonderful energy and resource and, fortunately for the family, a devoted and capable Aunt has recently come to live with them. The excursion would have proved a grand success had not a heavy downpour of rain come just as the company were seated and ready to enjoy the fairylike spectacle prepared for the immense concourse of people in the Chateau gardens. The rain was so hard and persistent that our section of



the party took refuge in a café, where they dried themselves partially with towels. They took coffee and cognac, considering themselves justified by the cold deluge. They all agreed that the fireworks over the fountains were the most marvellous ever seen.

Sedley had to get a separate Swiss passport for Mary. He has been traveling thus far with a family passport on which is pasted the interesting photograph of himself, surrounded by wife and children. But this neither touched nor satisfied Switzerland. Mary, who is just fourteen, could not be trusted by that plucky little Republic, without a separate passport, for the world over here is really passport mad. Did this madness seize it when the U. S. refused to join the League of Nations? I got John to go to the Dutch Consulate for me, providing him with a full supply of documents. He has a cool business head very necessary at this time of crazy suspicions so hard on honest people, so entertaining, I imagine, to thieves. John got on very well till he was asked to name two persons in Holland who could guarantee my good conduct during my visit to The Hague. He was forced to return, a little apologetic, to get this information. He found an American at the Dutch Consulate in much trouble. This man had written in his document that he wished to remain a fortnight in Holland. The Dutch Secretary copied this as eight days. The American did not understand French or Dutch, but he could read the figure eight. John translated for his countryman but the Dutch Secretary was unwilling to admit that he did not understand the word fortnight, maintained that it meant

a very short period of time, and that eight days was a liberal allowance for such a period. The American, on the contrary, said he could not possibly transact his business in eight days, that he needed a genuine English fortnight. John deferentially intimated that he had always understood the word as meaning two weeks. The American sent his card to the head man, enthroned in an inner office, with the request that the eight be changed to fourteen. But this request had to be made through the secretary whose vanity had been so cruelly wounded, and naturally his "Chief" stood by his subordinate. So the eight-day passport had to be accepted, the American raging the while. But John has been seized lately by a mania for being reasonable and he adopts any theory which he considers to be so. He maintains that the American should have had his papers made out in French, as the employees of a Consulate cannot be expected to understand any other foreign language than the one where the Consulate is situated. But might not such an attitude of mind prove subversive of the respect due to the greatness of our Republic?

HOTEL DES BAINS, ST. PAIR SUR MER, MANCHE,  
July 25, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

Our eight hours' trip from Paris here was both pleasant and restful, for we were not crowded and I was able to lie down the entire time. Our Paris proprietor provided a fine lunch which with a few additions, was most satisfactory. A French couple, our fellow-travelers,

made themselves both useful and agreeable, so we arrived in fine spirits. This little village watering-place is charming; and not being a fashionable resort, we feel so much freer. The hotel is primitive in some respects, but so is the entire village, which has no running water. All the water we use has to be brought up from a pump in the back-yard. The beach is perfectly safe for children. They wade out far in low tide and are much entertained by anything they happen to find. Sedley and the boys take a swim early every morning, dressing and undressing in the hotel. We have never had such luxurious fare as is given us here. The cook is the proprietor, who doubtless served as "chef" in some fashionable resort before undertaking the hotel business himself. He certainly knows how to cook and how to market. He gives us fresh lobster with mayonnaise and the tenderest of fowls twice a week each. His fish salads are something exceptional in the perfection of the fish as well as the accompanying sauces. In fact, we seem to have come to a land where cheapness and plenty reign. I took two pieces of the most delicious pastry at the midday meal yesterday and consequently did not go to dinner last night. The food is extremely tempting and it is doing the young people good, but I shall have to exercise self-restraint.

The afternoon of our arrival a fire occurred in the little village, near our hotel. As soon as I had finished my toilet I went out to look on, finding a seat before a little restaurant threatened by the fire and temporarily out of commission. As there is no public water a double chain of people had been formed from the sea, below the



hill, to the villa, which was burning from its top story. Everyone in the chain was provided with a household utensil, a pitcher, a bucket, a pot, or a kettle. The fancifully-dressed tourists, out for a promenade, were impressed as well as the natives. Sedley, Alice Ware, Mary, the two boys, and even Elizabeth and little Alice, were put to work, the two latter for one hour in the empty bucket line. Alice Ware was so exhausted and sore next morning she could hardly drag herself out of bed. Annie Marye worked till she was tired, for her knee is still somewhat stiff. While she was talking to me a gentleman of very decided mien and energetic air came up to her and said: "The rule is to work or go home." I explained that she was not entirely recovered from a compound fracture of the thigh bone, and that she had already served in the chain gang; but she thought it more prudent to retire to the hotel. We had already seen the arrival from Grandville of a few firemen, but the water they used had to be brought up from the sea in a large barrel hauled by a single horse. When the barrel was tilted so as to permit the water to run into the buckets, the band under the horse's body was drawn up so tight as nearly to deprive the poor beast of breath. As I have already said, there were two lines of people in the chain gang, one handing back the empty buckets, the other forwarding those containing water. When the hard workers became exhausted, they were admitted into the ranks of the empty buckets, and those who were rested took their places. I saw a funny scene which I did not understand till John explained it to me. A lady tourist, dressed for

the evening promenade was engaged in a heated altercation with a gentleman. She returned to the hotel and brought back her husband to point out to him the man who had insulted her. John said she got small sympathy from the workers, for she had refused to take her share in saving the town. One of the working women, to whom the husband appealed, struck at him with an empty canvas bucket. We were much amused at this scene. Elizabeth and little Alice, after their hour's service, were so afraid of being impressed again that whenever anyone approached, having the appearance of authority, they would run around a corner and hide. Next day the Mayor sent a man with a drum around the village and to the beach to thank the tourists and the inhabitants for the valuable assistance they had rendered. I had been greatly entertained by the very leisurely way in which the fire, the firemen, and the population conducted themselves. The fire burned gently in the top story of the villa, sending out discreet flames to show where it was to be found, and accommodating itself entirely to the methods of the inhabitants. The stone houses of French villages do not offer spectacular conflagrations.

Annie Marye leaves us tomorrow. Her tourist life has done her a great deal of good. She is so interested in all she sees that it forces her to walk a great deal, and that has been a great service to the thigh and knee muscles. She now walks quite normally. She takes the boat tomorrow for Jersey, thence to England to finish her visit there. She and John spent a day last week at Mont St. Michel and were most enthusiastic over everything

they saw. Sedley will take Alice one day next week. I saw it well long ago and remember it vividly. The day Annie Marye and John spent at Mont St. Michel the rest of us took a drive in a motor-bus through some of the villages bordering the sea. All the members of the party who could walk climbed a steep hill whence they had a fine view of Mont St. Michel and the whole coast. The walk down was slippery over the parched grass, with thorns to tear the hands of those who fell. I, of course, stayed in the motor and had a chance to lie down.

We leave here on the 31st. Sedley takes Mary to Switzerland on the first of August so as to return on the second, the day his "billet de nombreuse famille" will have to be renewed. John will then be eighteen, after which, instead of a reduction of fifty per cent on his traveling expenses in France there will be one of forty per cent. This reduction has been a great help to the family. It is certainly very generous in the French Government to allow a foreigner to profit by it. It has enabled Sedley to take his boys to many places of interest, to the battle-fields and to famous cathedrals.

HOTEL DES BAINS,  
July 31.

DEAREST FAMILY:

We are all leaving St. Pair today at ten o'clock. I shall begin my weekly letter and finish it in Paris. We leave here with many regrets. Friends have been made and there is much to amuse the young people; a casino



nearby where they dance every afternoon, sea-bathing, movies and a theatre where French comedies are acted. Elizabeth and Alice Marye have good friends in a French family with three very small children and no nurse. Our little girls are amusingly motherly to these little ones. I saw Elizabeth, as I was leaving the dining-room, washing their hands and arms in the back hall. One evening at the casino I saw Alice Marye in every dance, winding in and out among the grown-up couples, teaching these children to dance, entertaining them and their parents hugely. She and Elizabeth regard them as big dolls and never tire of playing the mother to them. The parents are completely won over and take our little girls on beautiful motor drives. One warm afternoon on the beach, a gentleman organized a big game to include all the children present. Their peals of laughter, the screams of delight and excitement, resounded very pleasantly over the sands. Another late afternoon when the tide was full, Pete, in his bathing-suit, jumped into a life-boat and, standing on the high rim of the stern, dived fearlessly into the walls of water as they dashed foaming against the shore, striving vainly to rid the sea of him and his craft. All the promenaders were soon gathered together to look at him buffeting and baffling the waves with so much coolness and skill. At one moment his feet only could be seen, sticking straight up in the air. In this way he amused the crowd and his own admiring family for a long time. I had no idea he could be so thoroughly at his ease in such a surf.

The news of Lenin's evolution toward capitalism is

highly interesting. With forty million famine-stricken people on his hands, besides his other problems, I trust he now sees the folly, at least, if not the crime, of his course. But the world will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Russia for having tried out that stupendous experiment of Communism to its inevitable and fatal end of self-destruction, and that wholly, or almost wholly, at the expense of its own people. The Russians will also owe to the Bolsheviki that they put the land where it rightfully belongs—in the hands of those who work it. They will also inherit from them a “table rase,” politically speaking on which the people will have an opportunity to erect something far better than Tzarism, and most certainly better than Communism. In short, private ownership has triumphed, human nature has re-asserted its fundamental rights against a fanaticism which ignored them. What people, after this, will dare a second attempt at communism?

Are you interested in Spanish affairs in Morocco? Ever since those two years I spent in Spain, before the Spanish-American War, while Sedley was at Oxford, I have been interested in Spanish colonial enterprises. I have re-visited Spain once since then. It was a most happy riddance for that country when the United States relieved it of its burdens in the Philippines and in the Gulf of Mexico. But we did not relieve it of those fanatical Moslems the Riff tribesmen of Northern Morocco. If Spain would relinquish her shadowy claims to govern them to France or England or to the League of Nations, she would be able to provide schools for her Spanish

children. When I was in Spain the poverty of the public school teachers was a standing joke in the popular theatres. Their wretched salaries were some years in arrears, and their indigence so great they were regarded as comic characters by the people. Yet during all this time wars were being waged in Morocco, in the West Indies, and the Philippines. While hearing the Spaniards at the hotel table boast that they had the only army in the world which could fight and win battles without being fed, I was reading in the daily press of defeats inflicted by the Riff tribesmen. They were not called defeats but one had no difficulty in recognizing them as such. If the Spaniards had traded with their colonies and abandoned the costly and ungrateful task of governing them, Spain would have been a prosperous nation, but the glamour of military glory is still the most powerful influence with the governing classes in that country. Did they not maintain that the pork packers of America could never vanquish the chivalry of Spain? But if pork packers feed their armies and chivalry does not, who can doubt the result? Another subject of much boasting by Spaniards when I was in Spain was that they only had a distinctive national sport. If one wishes to see this national sport at its proudest moment let him attend the first bull fight of the season at Seville. He will "sup full of horrors," but he will not fail to see the wealth, the beauty, the aristocracy of Spain assembled.

I read this morning that Hoover is to commence feeding one million Russian children. I believe he has saved more human lives than any other man who ever lived.



The Kaiser enjoys the unique distinction of having caused, by this world war, more deaths than any other scourge of the human race. It was meet that Hoover should have been raised up as a counterpoise.

I began this letter at St. Pair, that lovely little fishing port, and am now finishing it in Hotel Fleurus, Paris. As we left St. Pair our children were surrounded by their friends to bid them goodbye. All are now planning to come back some day to Normandy to spend a month at least at St. Pair where we were treated so generously, and the children were so happy. If we do we shall certainly write beforehand to secure a tent and a cabin, as these were all that was lacking to our happiness. We had to half bury ourselves in holes in the sand, which was really not at all unpleasant with our rugs and umbrellas, but all the same we felt like pariah dogs, and it made us humbler in our attitude toward the world in general than was altogether pleasant. We were timid, too, about making and receiving advances. However, at the casino, the young people made many friends, went to the theatre in parties and had such a good time that they are all eagerness to return. Think of a theatre where to hear a French comedy they paid only three francs, less than twenty-five cents, a very good and cheap French lesson. Indeed, at St. Pair we had no need of a French governess for the children.

We were very glad to see the two Sue Lodors on our return here for they have endeared themselves to all of us. We have pictured the delights of Normandy to them till they are enthusiastic about going there with us to spend some time, a whole summer, perhaps. Newton

Arps is back from his Swiss trip, and paid me a visit this morning in my room. He wanted to talk over with me a tour in England.

These inventory agents are ever pressing fresh demands on Sedley. They have empoisoned his existence since he fell into their hands. To free himself from their importunities, he has already paid various sums since the settlement, and now that woman agent fancies that she has been overlooked in the shower of bank notes. Sedley still says with a tragic grimace: "It is an experience."

THE HAGUE,  
August 7, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I left Paris last Tuesday the 2d of August. I was able to lie down on the train with my air pillow most comfortably. Mrs. Scheepens had written that I should recognize her by a bunch of red roses in her hand, but of course I forgot all about the red roses in the difficulty of finding a porter. Just as I had found him I felt myself suddenly seized and warmly embraced. But as a means of recognition, the large bunch of handsome red roses was thrown away on me. I am not in Mrs. Scheepens' home. She has no guest room, nor any means of making one. I sleep in a nearby house and go over at twelve o'clock every day to remain till after the evening meal. Someone always comes for me. First it was "Wims," now fourteen years old, but he has been ill with cold and fever and so the interpreter comes in his place. This is a

friend of Mrs. Scheepens whose husband was a Scotchman, from whom she is supposed to have inherited the English language. She told me he did not permit her to speak English with him as he wished to be entirely at ease in the language of this country. He was a good husband, and died in her service fifteen years ago in the Dutch Indies. I was just a little impatient of her presence at first, feeling sure I could make myself understood, and not entirely appreciating the situation, but I have been completely won over by her rare goodness and efficiency.

There are numbers of retired Dutch colonial officers living here. Such a family lives on the floor under the Scheepens' apartment and the gentleman and his wife asked permission to call on me. They could speak English and their conversation was very entertaining. They declared that if women had voted there would have been no war. I said women believe what they are told, and when the Kaiser informed the nation that Germany was being attacked, that bombs had already fallen on Nuremberg, the falsehood was believed, and the women were more eager perhaps than the men, to defend the Fatherland. These Dutch people were astonished to hear that Germany had furnished weapons to all belligerents in former wars, that it was she who had furnished England with munitions to fight the Boers, though she loved and sympathized with the latter and hated England. I have no idea the Germans were ever permitted to know that their beloved Boers were conquered by German weapons in English hands.

I did not intend to relearn the Dutch language, but I



cannot refrain from reading the Dutch papers, with a dictionary, of course, and the words naturally come back. I read a little English every day with Mrs. Scheepens, which she enjoys, and she learns very fast too. Then I speak French with Wims who is a dear boy. We took that lovely drive out to Scheveningen the other day. The beach is fascinating with its gay throngs; the children always busy building sand fortifications. The big round-topped chairs where hundreds sit sheltered from wind and sun give it a singular appearance of bumpiness, as seen from above.

Colonel Goldman has been to see me, and made himself very agreeable. It was he who took charge of me in Sumatra. I have had other visitors too, among them a charming American woman, married to a Dutchman, Mrs. Dewaal. She told me she was a writer. She is very bright and agreeable. I have not yet mentioned the hostess of my sleeping apartment. We became intimate from the first day, and she asked me to call her Harriet. As I did not know her name, this was very convenient. One of her great cares is to get me to bed at night as early as possible after I return from the Scheepens'. She then tucks me in, shuts every blind and curtain, leaving only about a couple of inches of open window. The room is big, however. She speaks no English, and her French is so imperfect that when she gets me to understand some fragment of a phrase, she kisses my hands and cheeks rapturously. Her children are married and do not live at home. I have heard all about them and as I am always interested in children, I enjoy this part of our conversa-

tion. But the interpreter has children also, married and living away from home, and unfortunately, I have got them so mixed in my mind that I have to be very cautious when this interesting subject is under discussion. When I discovered that a parlor was to be my bedroom, my heart sank within me. I like to feel at ease in my room and not be surrounded by all sorts of "bibelots" and parlor ornaments. Besides the heavy crimson cut-velvet chairs are hard to move, while the light from the windows is obscured by shades and two sets of curtains, all requiring careful attention for fear of rain and sun. Into this scene of elegance has been introduced a common washstand with a monumental pitcher and basin, so heavy that I cannot lift them. I must go to the bath room even to wash the tips of my fingers. My bed is in the far, dark end of the room, so one day I spread papers on the floor near the windows and, propped by pillows, was reading and writing, very satisfactorily to myself, when Harriet saw me. She immediately had a very nice lounge brought in (during my absence), and enjoyed my surprise and pleasure immensely. I told her that neither the Queen of England nor that of Holland or of Belgium had any greater luxury than mine. After that she could not resist coming in from time to time and she would bring visitors to peep in at me from the door, so pleasant was the sight of me on this luxurious lounge to her kind heart. I had to assure her repeatedly that no luxury I had ever experienced approached it. Before the lounge arrived, I had made up my mind to stand this parlor treatment as I should a spell of smallpox or scarlet fever,

till Friday the 12th when I should be freed from this gilded captivity.

THE HAGUE,  
August 11th, 1921.

I am leaving tomorrow and though it is earlier than my writing day, I shall begin my letter and finish it in Coblenz. I have really had a very charming visit to Mrs. Scheepens, but I shall be glad to give up my parlor bedroom with its heavy windows which I cannot raise, its big potted plant in front of them, the many curtains and heavy cut-velvet furniture. I want to get into a bedroom where I can open a window at night. Harriet was certainly very good to put such a comfortable lounge in her parlor for me, and I have been very grateful ever since, though I fear I hurt her feelings the other day. She came in my room bearing one of the large shoes of her other lodger, a very tall Dutchman, and one of her own little white slippers, to show me the amazing contrast. Without, for the moment, noticing her naïve satisfaction in her small feet, I told her the young man's shoe was none too big, that small feet generally betoken in a man a narrow intellect. Certainly so when there was evidence that the shoes were too small, which I confess was not the case with her lodger who, if there be any truth in my mode of judging, is entitled to a giant understanding. I added too that small feet in women were nearly always deceptive, that it was the shoes which were small and not the feet, and that to gratify their bad taste and petty vanity, women suffer far more than the Creator intended, though here too I confessed that I knew ladies who really



had very small feet, and who wore loose shoes, yet strange to say I had never heard the subject of feet mentioned by them. Poor Harriet, who had expected to enjoy my amazement over the striking contrast between her lodger's shoe and her own, left my room most painfully disillusioned, and my repentance was swift and profound. I tried afterwards to entertain her a long time when I was most anxious to read the morning paper. I began even to sympathize with her weakness. I thought of the many humiliations poverty brings with it, which this little innocent vanity may have helped her to bear, and which caused no suffering to others, only to herself, so I blamed my cruel zeal greatly, and ever since I have been very patient with Harriet, though we have not mentioned feet. I fear I let the same impatience wound my good friend the interpreter also. Every time we went past the Queen Mother's house, the interpreter would insist on my looking at it. When we went to Scheveningen the carriage was required to draw up before the Queen Mother's house both in going and coming, so that my eyes could be gladdened by the sight, and my imagination revel in all the associations of royal grandeur which such a house inspires in devout worshippers of royalty. But alas, my imagination was too feeble for the effort, and I felt no fires of enthusiasm kindle in my soul at the sight of the old lady's abode. Then each time in the tram cars, which we take every afternoon for the air, the interpreter would not spare me. "Look! Look! There is the Queen Mother's house!" And when I didn't look at it, but preferred to look anywhere else, she was sure I had not

heard, and would speak louder. I got so tired at last of the Queen Mother's house, that I exclaimed impulsively: "My dear, I don't care a farthing for the Queen Mother's house. Indeed I believe it is ugly. I know it is too big for one old woman. Why cannot the Queen Mother live with her daughter, or with her German son-in-law and her granddaughter Juliana? No doubt they have a house big enough to take her in. Why should one old woman have that big house all to herself? Are old women so precious in this country?" This outburst was unpardonable, but Mrs. Scheepens laughed so much that the interpreter was obliged to laugh too, and now every time anyone mentions the Queen Mother, Mrs. Scheepens laughs while I feel very guilty. For the interpreter has been most useful to me. She has attended to my passport, bought my railway ticket, and sold my English money most satisfactorily. Mrs. Scheepens has a good deal of company in the afternoons and evenings. She always has something to offer them. Colonel Goldman came twice to see me and his wife spent an evening here, bringing a superb bouquet. The Goldmans tell me things have changed much in Sumatra since I was there. No longer are the natives required to work eighty days in the year for Government service. You remember I wrote you from Java that a very puritanical administration in Holland forced native children to attend Christian schools. This started a zealous Mohammedan campaign among the people who had previously been very tolerant in religious matters. A new administration gave orders to reverse the unpopular course, but the secret societies

and organizations against the Dutch had gone too far; the people had learned the advantages and strength of union, so the ball rolled on, gaining all the time in momentum, till now there are no more eighty days of obligatory service in Sumatra, and many other things are changed. I am told that it is even difficult for the Dutch to get carriages at the stations, the rule being to serve natives first and then whites. A Dutch gentleman told me he was in Java two years ago and "had to threaten the hack driver with his walking cane" before he was allowed to get in. Rescinding bad legislation brings unexpected consequences among subject races.

I cannot but envy the Dutch their fine digestions. I have often proposed to go out as late as four o'clock so as to allow time for acquiring an appetite for refreshments, after our one o'clock dinner. But I am always told that it is too late, so we get off at half past two, and everybody is then ready to take any kind of food with pleasure and profit to themselves. What enjoyment all this means! To be able to pause at any hour of the day's or evening's occupations and eat something you are fond of! There is no use denying that this capacity for digesting choice foods adds enormously to the sum of human happiness. Mrs. Scheepens' table is delightful, but poor I, with my American stomach, have to exercise great self-restraint. Either the climate or a kindly dispensation of Providence has favored the Dutch immensely in this respect. I read the Dutch papers and could re-acquire a speaking knowledge of the language, but my ten days' stay here will end tomorrow.



COBLENZ, Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE,  
August 15, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY :

I left the Hague last Friday morning. My friends accompanied me to the station. Although I had written Colonel Goldman not to see me off, he went early to secure me a place, as seats could not be reserved. Mrs. Scheepens put up a delicious lunch with a canteen of tea. Then Harriet brought a box of marvelous fruit, so luscious that it must have come from a hot-house, an enormous bunch of perfect black Hamburg grapes, delicious ripe peaches and bananas; a costly gift which she should not have made. When I took off the lovely flowers on the top of the box, I was astonished, and deeply touched, that she, poor as she is, should have spent so much on a lodger of ten days only. The train was crowded and soon the Dutch passengers got off, and for some hours I was alone. Then some very nice Germans came in, a mother and grown son. They sat opposite me and I began a conversation. I asked the young man which was the best German paper. He was reading the Berlin paper I used to take, but the print is so bad I asked for the name of some other liberal journal. He said: "Our papers are all partisan." I asked what he thought of the Frankfurter Zeitung. "Oh, that belongs to the Radical Left." "Well, if it is not Bolshevist it will suit me, for I am an American and of course democratic." I saw that neither he nor his mother was liberal, perhaps they were monarchists, for most Germans believe the Empire can only be held together by a strong central government.

Then I asked, with hesitation, if the Kaiser had many friends in Germany. They said they didn't know. When the League of Nations was mentioned, a gentleman in the far corner said that a league of nations had existed, was existing, and always would exist, and, rubbing his fingers together, continued: "This is the bond which binds nations together. It is money, money, money." I said: "As money represents labor, it is a very good bond, perhaps the very best, if honestly earned." This excited him. "Yes, if honestly earned! Look at the City of Frankfurt. It is full of very rich people, war profiteers, and yet they would not feed the starving children of their own city, but appealed to the world to feed them. Was that honest? Was not that a shame?" This he repeated in various words, finding it hard to express his indignation against the city of Frankfurt. Of course I could not condemn that great city unheard, undefended, against a man so full of prejudice. I could only say the world was right to send help. It is a crime to let children starve. But I hurried to give him some of those luscious grapes. This attention quieted him and soothed his feelings. I also shared my fruit with the others, and soon we were all good friends. They asked where I came from, so I had to give an account of myself, winding up by saying that I was on my way to visit some good German friends of nearly forty years standing.

Philip Bagby and Mary, his wife, met me at a station near Coblenz in the staff auto. I had to wait a few minutes for them and my German friends on the train were much concerned about me. Philip is on General Allen's

staff and enjoys a very fine reputation here. I saw his wife for the first time and am greatly pleased with her. They wanted to take me home for supper, but I had eaten enough and preferred to come here and go to bed at once. The Bagbys invite me to take luncheon and dinner with them every day. Their beautiful home is most attractive. They have two guests already, two charming American girls, Betty and Margaret. Each has secured a young American captain as her captive. They are good friends of mine, for I am always ready to praise the fine appearance of their captains, handsome, stalwart young Americans. Finding me so congenial, they have confided their love affairs to me, of course with reservations, so that I find myself suddenly plunged into the rosy atmosphere of romance. While I do not read fiction, living romance is full of interest to me. The suitors arrive on week days at five and remain till twelve. On Sundays, they come at three and remain till twelve, but letters are interchanged during the dull intervening hours, and each has a prolonged telephone call daily.

The Bagbys occupy the first and second floors of a beautiful house on the banks of the Rhine. The owner lives in the attic. As I caught a glimpse of him, hurrying out of his front door, his very attitude seemed to betoken humiliation, so I felt very sorry for him. But when I was told he was an old bachelor, I withdrew my sympathy, for I consider that he has evaded the most manifest duties of life. His big reception rooms have beautiful oriental rugs on the floors. Philip and Mary gave me a lovely drive up to the rocky fortress of Ehren-



breitstein. We crossed the Rhine on a pontoon bridge, and after admiring the exquisite view from the top, with the junction of the Rhine and Moselle at our feet, we descended and drove between the vineclad hills of the Moselle. Of course I get no idea of German sentiment in Coblenz, where I am identified with the Army of Occupation. The Bagbys have three fine servants and live in what we should call great luxury. They have two children. Little Philip, three years old, is a wonderful child, so bright and handsome. He talks, too, in a remarkably interesting way. Mary is a most judicious mother. I am very comfortable in this hotel, now a Hostess House. It has been raining and the furnace is lighted, but my window is wide open, thank Heaven! I am glad not to be in my parlor bedroom at Harriet's. I got used to her ways and became fond of her, and learned to appreciate the real goodness of her character, especially when I began to understand her conversation. One day Harriet needed ten gulden, but she was afraid to ask me for the loan until she found out whether it would inconvenience me. So she opened my bag and was examining its contents, when I entered my room. She shut it and said nothing. That evening when I returned from the Scheepens' I laid it on the bed, with my watch in it. Soon after I wanted to see the time, but couldn't find the bag. Presently Harriet came in and put it back on the bed. I asked: "Who took my bag out of the room?" She answered naively: "Moi." And next morning she asked me to lend her the ten gulden, which I owed her anyway, and more too. But it was all owing to her fear of

inconveniencing me which led her to adopt such odd methods. She was singularly naïve, with much real kindness.

Did you ever read anything quite equal to the Russian famine sufferers? Pushed on by hunger from behind, they press onward to neighboring lands more fortunate, and are met by a wall of bayonets, bristling bayonets! I do not dare to let my imagination picture such a tragedy as that of Russia under Bolshevism. I shall send my contribution to Hoover. I have unlimited confidence in him.

COBLENZ,

August 21, 1921.

I did not mention in my last that in coming here I passed the great industrial region of Germany, the Ruhr, which was occupied, not very long since, by the French. On every side were chimneys pouring out smoke, engines moving and all the signs of intense activity. The people I saw were all well dressed. A boy came into the train, and people put money in the box he held. When he went out I asked what it meant. "A collection for the Upper Silesians." Here in Coblenz there are signs of activity on every hand also. This is a wonderful people, to turn to work as a panacea for defeat as well as for the most terrible money conditions.

The Bagbys got me an invitation to a ball at General Allen's house Friday night. You will exclaim "you surely did not go!" But I did! I rested, lying down most of the time, till Philip came for me, at eleven o'clock. As

I had given away my evening dress, I had nothing to wear. I felt, however, that I had to do something unusual, for going to a ball is an absolutely novel experience for me. I could think of nothing better than to change my evening bath from a cold sponge to a real Japanese steaming hot one, in fact a regular parboiling. But in lying down in this super-heated water, I got my hair wet, and could not make it look even as well as usual. But I felt I had done the right thing! I then went to bed to prevent taking cold, but was thoroughly heated up for the whole evening. I certainly did not expect the slightest enjoyment during the hour we were to spend at the ball: I went simply out of curiosity and partly also to astonish my friends at home. Well, I enjoyed every moment of the time. Mrs. Allen is a gracious and charming hostess. Philip put a comfortable armchair near the doorway leading into the ballroom, whence I could see the dancers; then he remained at my side. Mary also was with me when not dancing, and they introduced me to each of the guests as they filed by to the dance. A pleasant lady was seated at my side. Of course everyone must have wondered why that pallid, wrinkled old creature should have been in that throng of young life. I was so deaf too, that each person had to bend down and scream in my ear. The Commissioner, when I said to him: "I hear great complaints of your commission from the peasants," had to lean over me as he pronounced loudly and emphatically, "They are all true, Madam." "Let me specify," I retorted: "They say the commission will not give licenses to carry weapons, and only a few permits to



shoot game, so that the wild boar are destroying their crops and young trees." The Commissioner: "I have been very anxious to kill a wild boar ever since coming here. My friends have taken me to their haunts, but I have never seen one." "I got my information from a taxi driver and his friend seated beside him." It is difficult for me to hear in a crowd, particularly where there is music and dancing, so I had to let a number of nice people acquire merit by devoting themselves unselfishly to me for a few minutes. The ball was given in honor of Lord Hardings whom, however, I did not see in the throng. He was very popular in India when I was there, and I see they are erecting a memorial of some kind in his honor at Bombay. His wife died while I was in India, and I felt her death, because it was through her that I got invitations to the native courts. As I believe that remarriage is the most sincere compliment a man can pay to his dead wife, I hope he has married again just to prove what a good wife the first one was. Carlyle rises to my mind, though his case is not exactly relevant here. He was at the height of his fame and intellectual vigor, had just made a famous speech before the students of Edinburgh when his wife died, and from that moment he became an utterly broken man. He could never see a fault in his Jane, though she mentions casually in a letter that she had thrown a cup of coffee at his head. Many sentimental women have grieved a lot over Mrs. Carlyle, whose bitterness arose from the fact that she had a husband who outshone her in aristocratic society. A good wife would have been proud of him! and recognized that meeting

literary celebrities at the Ashburtons' was of inestimable value to him as a writer. But her egotism, like her temper, dominated her judgment.

When I returned from the ball, not having my evening ablutions to attend to, I tumbled quickly into bed, and soon slept profoundly. But I can never escape entirely from regrets, or remorse, as the case may be. When we arrived before the Allen residence, an officer entirely in white with a gold cord ornamenting the front of his jacket, stood to receive us. Believing I had never seen this imposing personage before, I was afraid to look at him, and turned to Philip to help me out. Then while sitting at the doorway of the ballroom, the same dazzling young officer stood before me for some time, but except for a glance of curiosity at his handsome face, I did not notice him, only wondering why he was not presented to me. Now it turns out that he was no other than Betty's conquest, whom I had seen daily at the Bagbys' and with whom I had taken lunch only a day or two before. Still I had not the faintest idea who he was. No doubt he thought I was taking this fine occasion to cut him, a thing I have been accused of before, but in all my long life I have never felt it incumbent on me to cut any human being. This unfortunate singularity of not being able to recognize persons, whom I wish particularly to please, has been one of the trials of my life. I go daily to the Bagbys'. Of course, seeing so much of those two girls, Betty and Margaret, I have joined wholeheartedly the band of their admirers. Little Philip is always entertaining. He is not self-conscious and is therefore natural

and at his ease. Like the ancient Greeks, I look upon children as miracles.

Mary Bagby is to take me to Mrs. Allen's this afternoon to see her wonderfully beautiful home. The reception rooms downstairs are numerous and spacious. There is an elevator and I hear that the twenty-one bedrooms are each furnished with a private bath. I never had the pleasure of knowing Philip Bagby before and find him an exceptionally fine man, most highly esteemed by his brother officers and the men. But we avoid talking politics, as we do not agree there.

CONSTANCE, BADEN,  
August 28, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I left Coblenz last Monday after a delightful visit. That dear Philip got a permit for his car to go alongside the train, which saved me a considerable walk. Then he put me in the military compartment as far as Mayence. I could have lain down the whole time, but the panorama outside was too entrancing. I had to look out at the winding Rhine with its castled crags and nestling villages, whose names were so well known to me long ago. There were some distinguished French passengers in the same coupé, so the time passed rapidly. They left at Mayence and it was my luck to be followed still by romance, when a young couple, fresh from the altar, came into the train. We were alone in the compartment, and I was very discreet; I lay down covered with my steamer rug and kept my eyes shut while they cooed the hours away in low



murmured vows. I dared not even look at the lovely scenery, so afraid was I of embarrassing them. We arrived at Constance at ten o'clock that night. Magda, Frieda, and the maid were all at the station to meet me. When the joyful greetings were over, I turned to ask for the carriage. They said the way was so short they had not ordered one. The night was lovely with a full moon and the air fresh, but I found myself deluded as to the distance, and had to sit on the curb to rest before we got to the house. Under my window flows the Rhine, where it leaves the lake. I can get a view, too, of the lake by stretching out my head. Opposite my window is a wonderful old tower, entrance to a former bridge. The picturesque Insel Hotel, a former monastery, where Sedley and I once stayed, is very near here.

How can I tell you of our heated discussions in those first days? We resolved and re-resolved not to mention the war, yet fatally we came back to it. They all hate the Kaiser, at least Magda and Frieda assured me of that. I told them, alas, many home truths, and Frieda said, with deep sorrow: "You are always against Germany." "Frieda," I said, "how can you judge of the conduct or of the causes of the war, when you had no free press in your country?" We talked until I would become perfectly exhausted, but there was no use. The faith implanted in them lives on in spite of evidence, as all faith does. They maintain that Germany was attacked and that England did most of the devastation in France. The English, I learned during my railway journey through the devastated regions, had destroyed one town

when sorely pressed by numbers. This was sufficient to warrant a belief among the Germans that it was, after all, the English who were most guilty in the devastation of French territory. These people have suffered so much that I haven't the heart to combat them any further. Their money purchases so little, their food is so plain and coarse, so different from their former choice and generous fare. They eat mostly soup made of beans or cabbage, or some kind of macaroni. Magda serves special dishes for me and I am ashamed to say I feel forced to accept them. I pay board in German money but the equivalent of dollars, which appears to them almost munificent. Poor Magda, to whom I had never paid board before, hated dreadfully to take it, though I am sure her husband's salary is very small for I overheard her say it fell short some months of their expenses. She does all the cooking, but has an excellent maid of all work to whom she pays a dollar and a half a month, and thinks it is extremely dear, though the girl begins her work at six and keeps it up until half-past eight in the evening. Magda's husband has changed more than either his wife or daughter. He used to be so strong physically. In the Autumn he went shooting a great deal and at that season always had the choicest game on his table. They had bought a beautiful villa in the suburbs of Strassbourg, Frieda told me. Her father never doubted that Germany would win. I could not help exclaiming: "What! When America went in? And every able-bodied man was conscripted?" She went on without, apparently, noticing my interruption: "When the end came,

he was completely overwhelmed. Then he was expelled from Strassbourg, and his property sequestered." Herr Geheimrat told me that for months he never had one night's sleep, only a kind of confusion in his thoughts, a momentary unconsciousness, and then wakefulness again. It was when, at last, he got work here in Constance, that he began to improve and had natural sleep. The doctor tells him his heart is bad and that he must be very careful. He is a completely broken man, speaks softly and moves about very slowly. He no longer appears tall as formerly, and the skin of his face is drawn, dark and tanned, so unlike his old freshness and vigor. Frieda tells me of her experiences in Berlin. She says in the winter of '16 and '17 it began to be very bad there. The snow was not cleaned from the streets, for people were beginning to suffer too much from cold and hunger, and she thinks, perhaps, too many men were drafted off to the army. Everybody had cards for everything. She had to stand in the melting snow and wait for a small portion of bread and potatoes. She also got a small piece of butter, but this she gave to little Felix, as did her old servant. The succeeding winters became worse and worse. They had to live mostly on turnips, planted for cattle, which became so nauseous that she could hardly swallow them. The potatoes were often spoiled and uneatable. She thinks she would have starved to death had not some friends smuggled in provisions from the country, which were, however, dreadfully dear. The woman who delivered her newspaper had five children and was often so weak from starvation she could not come, but



lay in bed, cold and hungry, with her children. Frieda says she herself was literally always cold and hungry in winter, could think of nothing but food. In summer it was better. She could then find something at the market, but the winters were fearful. Then came the news of the Revolution, one prince after the other losing his throne; and at the market the women were crying out, "Now we can get something to eat! Now we shall see butter and eggs again! Now we shall no longer starve!" And there was great rejoicing among the poor. Magda says the Kaiser has no friends: the people hate him because he was such a coward. He came to Berlin and was afraid of his people there. Then he returned to his army and finally ran away from his soldiers. I do not talk much to Herr Geheimrat. He looks so sorrowful and subdued. I haven't the heart to thrust any more home truths down his throat. He has had enough bitter medicine, but I sometimes allow myself to speak as though quite casually of the wonderful effort of the American people, of men who had made great fortunes, working for the Government for a dollar a year, and performing the most splendid services. I say this and more too while Magda listens in quiet sorrow. I tell her and Frieda that they cannot judge of what has occurred, because they were kept wilfully deceived. I tell them also of my deep conviction that one day Germany will be far greater than ever before, but not through militarism. Her glory will lie along the pathway of literature, music, art and science. She will then love those she now hates, and this will be brought about quite naturally by her gifted sons and daughters.

Witness the reception of Einstein in England, where one of the foremost men of that country declared him to be the most remarkable man born into the world for the last five hundred years. I said the suffering people of Continental Europe reminded me of those unfortunate animals which some cruel human brute tied together. The poor creatures in their torment blamed each other for their woes and fought till all were killed. Such is the tragedy of these peoples whose leaders have led them astray. Peace alone which promotes fruitful intercourse between nations will bring mutual understanding and good will.

I notice in my paper that an English professor has been lecturing in the United States about the true historical Lincoln, and I think from the fragments reported of his lecture, that he has overlooked the real greatness of the man, and that his criticism is unworthy. The great moral excellence of Lincoln lay in his wonderful humility, and in his single-minded desire to serve his people, his whole people. His high office inspired no thought of grandeur or of display in his heart which was mostly torn and tortured by anxiety. Would to Heaven there were some of the Lincoln brand of statesmanship in our Senate to-day! Might not ignoble motives wither in those pure rays? and would the world be still waiting in vain for its deliverer? What did the professor charge him with, after all, except that he laughed at coarse jokes? Did not Shakespeare do likewise? I told a rather coarse joke myself to Felix last evening at supper, and to hear that poor old sorrowful Geheimrath laugh so heartily did me

good. I told Felix of the first letter I ever wrote. My Mother ordered me to write to my Grandmother, whom I had never seen. It was a hard proposition, and when I implored her for something to write about, she merely answered, lightly and carelessly: "Tell her I am as great a hog after fruit as ever." So I wrote conscientiously and laboriously: "Dear Grandma, Ma is just as great a hog as she always was. Your grandchild, Mary."

CONSTANCE,  
Sept. 3, 1921.

I had hoped to hear some account of Frieda's husband, of whom I knew nothing except that he had been killed very early in the war. But I came too late for that theme. Frieda is engaged to be married and the ceremony will take place in October. She is to marry a Dr. Behr who owns a sanitarium in Kissingen, a widower with one child, a girl of fourteen. Frieda will make an excellent stepmother because she is both just and indulgent. She has gone to Munich to buy a trousseau. I gave her one thousand marks to help in this. They cost me only fourteen dollars, but she declared it a princely gift. Dr. Behr saw Frieda during her married life and was so impressed with her fine qualities that he could never forget her. When she was left a widow, he began to write to her, but she did not answer his letters. Patience, however, and the manifest advantages of marrying a fine man who was well able to support her and little Felix, won the day for the doctor. (Frieda would doubtless say that



love won the day.) I am sorry she had to leave us, as she has developed into a most capable and intelligent woman, very strong physically, too. I miss her very much but I shall be leaving here soon. I have had a letter from the Dorpowskas at Weimar. Hedwig writes that they will have a room for me. I boarded with them a whole winter in Berlin, and we corresponded for some years. The three sisters are highly cultivated, interesting and very unselfish. I can never forget the disinterested care they took of me. The old Excellenz was then living. She waked me every morning at five (and five is very early in Berlin in winter), when she began to polish every article of furniture in the adjoining dining-room, a folding-door between. In fact my room was a parlor, which, though disguised, preserved all the inconveniences, including many potted plants in front of the windows. That five o'clock furniture polishing was torture. But in spite of this terrible nuisance I would not leave a house where everything else was so agreeable. Nellie is to join me in Weimar and accompany me to Constantinople.

I shall not see Frieda again. Her happy marriage ought to be a consolation to her parents. It is sorely embarrassing to me to have separate dishes at table, but there is no help for it. Yesterday they had a thick bean soup which I tasted and found very unpalatable. There was nothing else for the family except a dessert of risen bread, sweetened, made by Magda. She says this fare is so much better than it has been that they are satisfied. Once a week they have a little beef from which soup is made, then the meat is minced into a paste and converted

into croquettes. Magda is a very fine cook and these croquettes are excellent. The piece of meat served me is always the choicest of its kind. I eat most sparingly so that it lasts me two days. My breakfast is a cold roll and very weak tea. I do not share the half past ten o'clock snack with the family nor the four o'clock coffee. The latter looks like a substitute and is drunk without sugar, the milk thin and blue. Magda dries the peelings of the apples she stews for me. We have lettuce often but I cannot detect any oil on it.

Last week I took an excursion with Felix as a companion, and he carried my steamer rug. He is only seven, but very intelligent. He bought the tickets and brought back the right change. The weather was ideal. We could see the snow mountains of Switzerland and the air was still and clear, the lake wonderful. I told Magda on my return that I found it impossible to satisfy Felix's appetite. She laughed heartily over the amount he had consumed and his constantly recurring hunger. Magda never gives Felix any sugar in what he eats, not even on his oatmeal in the morning. I believe we give our children too much sugar. It must disturb the sugar factory which nature has provided within us. For supper we have a very simple white cheese, rice or potatoes, but no one has white bread but me. Everybody has butter for supper. Today Herr Geheimrath and I had each a cup of good soup for dinner. The others had nothing but boiled potatoes and carrots, no dessert. Sometimes Magda varies the sweetened risen bread with pastry, made by her, for dessert at dinner. I

have dwelt so much on food because this family formerly lived in luxury, especially of the table.

The plain people of Germany are wonderfully good-hearted. The landlord and his wife at the landing where we left the boat were most attentive to me. It was a very beautiful spot with such a wealth of flowers in the garden bordering the lake. I wish we could get a few of these fine German servants, who work from six to half-past eight in the evening, which is not looked upon as a crime in this country. On September first our good Theresa left us. I put a twenty mark note in her hand. She left the room without looking at it. Then she returned to say she did not have a right to so much, that it was far too much. She had served me faithfully for ten days and the marks had cost me thirty-one cents! I explained my munificence by saying she was to be married and that she was a good girl for whom I hoped much happiness. Our new girl happens to have the same name, Theresa, but I miss the old smiling one. This one always looks so serious. She lost her fiancé in the war.

If the Disarmament Conference in Washington this autumn turns out as successful as it promises, I shall become a Harding admirer. I think America should set the example by recalling our troops from Germany. I am, always and everywhere, opposed to troops being quartered on an enemy country. Do the Allies really hope to extort a huge and unlimited indemnity from Germany while overwhelming her with the financial burden of a great army of occupation, the expense of which the German Government must pay in gold? It doesn't look



like sincere politics to me. The great popular demonstrations everywhere in favor of the Republic, occasioned by the assassination of Erzberger, will have, I hope, a good effect in foreign countries. The German people understand better than the upper classes the inferior moral and intellectual type of their Kaiser. I remember the words of that German I met in Bangkok: "I fear the Kaiser will lead Germany to ruin." Some of the leaders of the Proletariat seem to be very able men.

WEIMAR,  
Sept. 9, 1921.

Before I left, Magda in her talks with me mentioned again that the English had devastated France. As it was my last chance to reason with her, I could not refrain from saying: "In the heat and pressure of battle when villages and towns are destroyed, the world can understand. But when defeated armies are evacuating a land they can no longer hold, then to devastate whole regions and provinces, flooding mines, carrying off everything portable, after having driven the wretched inhabitants from their homes to dynamite and burn them, this is both hard to understand and to forgive. Yet this is what the German armies were forced to do by order of their officers. Were there no officers in those armies to foresee that Germany would be forced to pay for that destruction? There certainly was no statesmanship among them." Magda had never heard this. I see so much now in independent newspapers about the immense pro-

paganda of hate and falsehood carried on in each country during the war, that I see that universal deception was practised as a necessary war measure. I am now hearing from the Germans of so much cruelty inflicted upon their soldiers, which is, in a measure, corroborated by Americans I have talked to, that I am forced to believe that all these horrors are a necessary consequence of the brutalizing effect of war, especially when the men are fed up with accounts of atrocities perpetrated by their enemies.

All the family accompanied me to the station last Monday, the Geheimrath, Magda, little Felix and the good servant, Theresa. I traveled second class, and was in a coupé with only a young girl. I could have lain down the whole time but the views were too entrancing for that. At Stuttgart, I had to get out to take the sleeper. The young girl was loath to see me leave and I was sorry too, that I had engaged a sleeper. We were in a coupé for ladies only, and there seemed no prospect of anyone else joining us. But I had to get out, bag and baggage, and stand some time waiting for the other train. I thought I was to be in a first-class sleeper and was disappointed to find my reservation was for second class. The compartment was scrupulously clean, but I had to share it with another lady. She was a good woman, however, and I soon got interested in her. The train arrived at 4.57 next morning, but it did not stop. It was the Berlin express and I was the only passenger for Weimar. The conductor rushed out with all my belongings, then he seized me round the waist and pulled me out, running

fast with me before we could stop. I had promised him money, but I was so confused and dazed and the poor man in such a hurry to regain his train, that he got nothing. I was really inconsolable for a while, for he deserved a good fee. Two of the Dorpowska sisters were waiting for me with a carriage, but when I reached the narrow exit and the agent demanded my ticket, I remembered that I had forgotten to ask for it and the conductor of the sleeper had not returned it. I was then told formally that I should not be allowed to leave the station. I explained the dreadful hurry of my arrival and, when that failed to move him, I told it all over again, and continued to do so, with added details, until he was willing to give me some sort of advice. He then referred me to higher authority, which I reached at the top of a high flight of steps. Once up I told my story to several officials, all of whom seemed interested. I described myself and the poor conductor, flinging ourselves out of the rushing train, and asked how we could think of tickets in such a moment. Then I said: "I am willing to explain all this as long as you care to listen, but please give me a seat for I am dead tired." Then the highest official offered me a very comfortable chair in his office. My good friend, Hedwig von Dorpowska, was with me, gentle and patient, for she has suffered much. The official seemed interested and willing to listen indefinitely, till I said: "I am not only nearly eighty, but I am an invalid with a weak heart. It might be embarrassing for you to have me die on your hands." This point of view gave him a means of escape, and he very politely and gladly got rid of me, we having



given our address so that if any other official wished to hear the sad story, he could take the deposition in my bedroom. We then hurried home and I got to bed. Hedwig brought me hot oatmeal with milk and sugar.

I am taken every care of by these unselfish and devoted sisters. They tell me that at the end of the war, Fred Werlein of New Orleans, by sending packages of provisions, saved them from starvation. They are very grateful to her. I had no idea where they lived; besides the papers declared it was not true the Germans were in such dire straits. No one knew what to believe. When Alva Blaffer collected for the starving German children, I contributed without knowing with certainty whether the need were great or not. It certainly was, from what my friends here tell me. They suffered from continual hunger, and the coarse field turnips became nauseating to them. They all believe the war was forced on Germany. They have no love for the Hohenzollerns. They despise the Kaiser for his cowardice. When they speak of the French, it is with the utmost bitterness. I assure them the French are actuated by intense fear of Germany. I say: "You should blame the United States for refusing to promise protection to France in case of wanton aggression from Germany, which would have benefited Germany even more than France, would, in fact, have eliminated most of the wars and a great part of the military expenditures of Europe since the Armistice. Nor would it have cost the United States one more dollar, or the life of one soldier." They refuse to say anything against my country. I made them laugh heartily by describing how

ignorant the Americans used to be of European politics. I told them that when I arrived in Germany in 1883, I found general indignation prevailing against the United States, and even Americans living here were ashamed of their country. A Socialist deputy of the German Parliament named Lasker, undertook a tour of America, where he died. When the news reached Washington, one of our congressmen arose to announce the fact, and proposed to send a letter of condolence to the German Chancellor, Bismarck, regarding the moment as highly opportune to do honor to the German Empire in the person of the dead deputy. Congress approved entirely of this cheap manner of honoring a great nation. A document conveying the sympathy of the United States was duly despatched to Bismarck. Now Lasker was his most detested and bitter enemy in the Reichstag. The whole of Germany had watched the duel between these two great protagonists of autocracy and socialism. Bismarck didn't know whether the letter of condolence was serious or intended to mystify him. This was much discussed while I was in Hanover. Of course, I was silly enough to take the matter seriously. It was simply funny, and only showed how innocent we Americans were. I told my friends, also about the Reinsch affair. The Kaiser himself instituted exchange professorships. Our authorities thought it a fine compliment to send our well-known German professor, Dr. Reinsch, to Berlin as exchange professor. Dr. Reinsch had distinguished himself in the United States and was also an English scholar. Now professors in Germany, however famous abroad, were not received



at court. The Kaiser, however, felt himself bound to invite Dr. Reinsch and his wife to certain court functions. Thereupon the Berlin professors sent in a strong protest. Dr. Reinsch was a University man and a German: so were they. Why then, this discrimination against them? They could see no valid reason for it, nor their wives, either. So some exceptions had to be made and certain representatives of the University had to be invited, but this could not be extended to their wives. There was much heartburning which could have been avoided, perhaps, had an American of distinguished merit been chosen. I created much merriment also by asking the Dorpowskas if they had ever heard of Einstein, their countryman. Herr Geheimrath had never heard of him, nor Magda. I said I thought it amazing that Germans had never heard of a man who was proclaimed by scientific men of other lands "to be the greatest intellect born on earth for the last five hundred years." I told them he was a Jew and asked if they were not thoroughly ashamed never to have heard of him. They only laughed at this, for Jews are hated in Germany. I read the following in an editorial of the Paris "Matin": "When the memories of the Great War shall have faded into the background, the theory of Einstein will appear as a lighthouse at the entrance to this sad and small twentieth century."

These sisters are spoiling me dreadfully and it is very embarrassing too. I have the tenderest partridges, smothered in butter, and other delicious things, not even desired by me. But the more I protest, the more they do for me. I can find no way to stop their extravagance.



WEIMAR,  
Sept. 17, 1921.

Nellie arrived last night just at supper time, and produced some commotion in our little household. The three sisters are too poor to pay for service. They do everything themselves. They had to drag another bed into my room and make it up. You cannot imagine the dire poverty of all those whose incomes are fixed. The working classes have their wages increased from time to time and also the officials. What I have been paying the Dorpowskas is, I hope, a help to them and I have advised them to save as much as possible for the winter. I really do not know how they are to get along if prices continue to rise as they must, for Germany is forced to buy gold for her foreign obligations with paper money. I was never taken better care of in my life, for these sisters are very conscientious and unselfish. They beg me not to pay them so much and insist that they are robbing me. We have the most delicious pears I ever tasted, so sweet and tender, fine vegetables too, and stewed fruit. So you see they do more than earn what is paid them. But the great service is that they roll me, every day, in a chair I have rented, around these beautiful parks, which are very near us. I said, and did, all I could to induce them to hire a man for me. They insist on doing the work themselves. Were this chair like the one I had in Paris and Versailles, which almost went of itself, all would be smooth sailing, but this old veteran is stiff in his joints. It is moreover of a very old pattern, with much iron in its anatomy. It takes two of the sisters to push it. I get

out and sit on the benches in the park where we have long conversations. I get out also when the path or street is steep, and walk slowly up. Goethe laid out this beautiful park. Day before yesterday we stopped to see the little children exercising under the supervision of their teachers. I have never seen such beautiful exercises for children of six years, and was told that the one I admired so much was taken from the opera of Hänsel and Gretel by Humperdinck. He has composed music for the children's songs of Germany, and I want to buy the book to take home to my grandchildren. We went along the river Ilm which flows through the park. There we came to the statue of Shakespeare, ordered by Goethe. Perhaps the latter advised the sculptor as to the attitude, the age, and so forth. A gentleman and some ladies stood before it. I was deeply moved by the beauty, the vigor, and thought represented in this work of art. The sun had gone down, but the statue is strikingly white and clean, as though just from the hands of its maker. It seems that during the fury of anti-English war propaganda, a band of rowdies had blackened it completely. It was difficult to free it from the black paint, but success was attained. The gentleman, with whom we spoke, expressed surprise at my coming so far at my age, but I said I was determined to see Germany again before I died. He exclaimed with much feeling: "And what a Germany you have come to see, and what a Government you find here! Oh, poor, poor Deutschland!" I exclaimed, "Can you expect much from a Government which you, the cultivated classes, refuse to sustain, and expect it to put offices of trust

in the hands of those who combat it with every weapon, legitimate or otherwise? We Americans associate Imperialism with war, and we are dead set against another war. It was your militarism which united the world against you. Give that up and you have everything to gain." I added that "Germany undoubtedly would yet lead the world not only in art, literature and science, but above all, in progressive government." I was glad to lead the conversation into other channels, for cultivated Germans regard their proletariat Government as a dreadful humiliation. When we parted, the gentleman shook hands and said: "I shall repeat your words to my friends."

These charming excursions in my rolling-chair give me immense pleasure. Weimar is such a lovely little city. The sisters have taken me around the old and new castles near houses made famous by Goethe, Liszt and distinguished painters and writers. The avenues are beautiful. In one of them stands the house of Admiral Scheer who commanded the German fleet at the battle Jutland. The Germans call it Skagerak. Some months ago, the Scheer family were gathered in their sitting-room, awaiting the maid with the afternoon coffee. She did not come, so Mrs. Scheer went downstairs to learn the cause of the delay. As she did not return, the young lady daughter went in search of her mother. The Admiral, thinking no harm, remained quiet for some time, when he too started out to investigate. His wife and the servant lay dead in the basement. His daughter was terribly wounded, while the assassin lay dead not



far from his last victim. Seated in my rolling-chair before this house, and hearing this story, which I had read at the time in brief newspaper notices, was thrilling. That night I locked my door for the first time in Germany, but I have not done so since. I must tell you of the telegram which Admiral Beatty sent to Admiral Scheer. He began by addressing him as the victor in the great naval battle where so many noble ships, with their thousands of men, went down. Then he expressed his deep sympathy for the bereaved man. Now was not that magnanimous? We all who speak English have a right to be proud of such a man. It was Hedwig who told me of this telegram.

Nellie has of course won the hearts of the sisters completely. She was extremely entertaining last night over the supper table. She had met on the train a German lady who lived twenty years in China and spoke English perfectly. So she and Nellie threshed out various questions on which they held radically different views. At last the lady, fearing she had gone too far, and wishing to atone, said: "Of course I know there are many fine Americans. For instance, I met an old lady traveling alone around the world. It was in Nikko. She had already made the world tour many years before with her son," and so forth. Nellie listened in astonished silence, recognizing her old aunt. But the German lady, eager to make amends for what might well have been construed as rudeness, endowed me with such wonderful qualities and attractions, that though Nellie promised her I should write and answer the card she sent me, I have

no desire to do so, and shall certainly get out of it. I shall make Nellie write. She is to be my "Harris" on this trip, do the sight-seeing for me; and as she met this over-flattering lady and told her she was coming to join me, she can very well be trusted to tell her that I am a poor old wreck, deaf, feeble of vision, memory impaired, and all the rest of my infirmities.

5 BUCHFARTER STRASSE, WEIMAR,  
Sept. 17, 1921.

The great sin the Germans accuse their Government of, is extravagance. The sisters had a visit a few days ago from a friend who received the same pension as old Excellenz von Dorpowska. The Government pays the three daughters a much smaller sum than to their mother, and the Hungarian bonds, which represent the greater part of their fortune, bring them nothing. This friend has no children, no human being dependent on her, has besides quite a large private fortune. Yet her pension has been greatly increased to meet the high cost of living, while the Dorpowskas, who are in such great need, are still paid the pre-war rate. Now the friend, knowing all these circumstances, bragged greatly about her house-keeping, said she gave her servant the best butter, and no oleomargarine, and continued her boasting during the entire visit. Martha von Dorpowska, who related this to me, said with deep feeling: "This friend always makes us sadder after her visits. Why does the Government give so much to the rich who do not need it, while the small pensions are not raised?" I wish I could send

boarders to them. They spend so freely upon us, that I have to protect them against their too generous instincts. Martha is a very fine and experienced teacher, speaking both English and French.

Nellie has this moment returned from a visit to Goethe's house. She is so enthusiastic over everything in Weimer it is a joy to have her here.

ASTORIA HOTEL, LEIPZIG,  
Sept. 24, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

We had to tear ourselves away from Weimar. Nellie was perfectly enthusiastic over her visit to the dear Dorpowskas. Hedwig went with her to Eisenach to see the Wartburg Castle where Luther was imprisoned and where he translated the Bible. She came back overflowing with admiration for all she had seen. The big hall in the Castle is reproduced in the Opera of Tannhäuser.

The sisters work very hard. They do their washing little by little every day. In winter they bring in from the street their snow and ice-covered wood and coal, to store in the cellar. I fear the supply will grow less and less. Their food is very plain, their coffee a substitute, without sugar or cream. The fate of those with small fixed incomes is terrible under this régime of worthless paper money. Their best dresses were all sent them by Fred Werlein. Clothing over here is far too dear for their income. I hear that the peasants, though they have food, suffer for the lack of warm clothing. Nellie pushed me



in the rolling-chair more easily than the two sisters together. I enjoyed the rides in it through the parks more than I can tell you.

We are here in the best hotel and pay for everything included, less than \$2.00 a day each. Nellie left me for a trip of two days to Berlin. She returned last night with the liveliest accounts of her many adventures. We talked till late in the night. She wants to write a story called "Seven days a millionaire." Traveling, board, sight-seeing, tipping, carriages all included, under twenty dollars. We always take the express train, and each of our trips has been a long one. The express is a good deal dearer than the slow train. It is three hours to Berlin by the express. Nellie made the acquaintance on the train to Potsdam of a girl who guided her over that place. The girl had lived there for years but had never been inside those palaces, couldn't pay the fees. She was charmed to go about in a carriage and have all fees paid for her. Then the bedroom with breakfast cost only twenty-three marks, but she paid thirty, because she heard the wife say to her husband: "She can't pay the price of our best room!" Nellie wore an old traveling dress and spent like a millionaire, in the opinion of these poor people, who still regard their marks with something of the old respect. The cost of twenty dollars for a week's extravagance included the trip from the Swiss border in the far South to Weimar, and from Weimar here, with go and return ticket to Berlin. When she is with me she travels second-class, which is excellent, but when alone, she travels third. As there is a fourth which

many well-dressed people now take, second stands for aristocratic in this country. Nellie insists that those who travel second in Germany are dreadfully "stuck-up," and that she prefers third-class railway society. I should not object to third, but being obliged to lie down I must have cushioned seats, just like a bloated aristocrat.

While Nellie was away, I undertook to tackle the thorny question of passports. Every one of these little nations is indignant with the United States for making their compatriots pay \$10.00 to enter our country. So they not only collect ten dollars from visitors but from all those who traverse their lands. This would entail, between Leipzig and Constantinople, five passports for each of us. I went first to the Czechoslovak consul and explained to him that the United States was simply trying to exclude labor competing with our unemployed millions, whereas we American tourists came over here to spend our money. Another consideration being that travelers are kept out whose sympathetic reports might help in a measure to mould public opinion in the United States favorably to the people over here. I then said that I was too old and too infirm to travel alone, that it was I who paid the passports, and I regarded the charge as excessive and unjust for our hurried trip through so many countries, especially as I was making the tour for the sole purpose of reporting conditions to my friends at home. Well, he reduced the charge to less than one-half, and had you seen our parting you would have concluded that we were life-long friends. This was already a precedent when I went yesterday to the Austrian consul.

The Austrians are so needy I feel dreadfully sorry for them, but keeping out tourists is not the road to prosperity. He finally agreed to the same terms as the Czechoslovak consul. I shall rest on these successes till I get to Vienna. Nellie and I had to go to police headquarters this morning for permission to leave Germany. It was a tedious business. I stretched out on four chairs while Nellie went hither and thither with the documents. Nellie agrees with me that the Germans are the most warm-hearted people in the world, that they are almost like children in their impulsive warmheartedness, but when she, encouraged by these alluring qualities, undertakes to prove to them that the Kaiser brought on the war, she meets with the most stubborn incredulity. In vain she marshals her facts against them. They repeat in sorrow; "No, no, Germany was attacked by Russia and France, then by England." They are worse than Wordsworth's little maid. We are in the "swell" hotel of Leipzig, consequently we speak to no one, sit at a small table all to ourselves. Blue-blooded aristocrats love this isolation from the common herd, but we do not. I said to the Austrian consul: "We are in the Astoria Hotel and we have not spoken a word to anyone except to bell boys, maids, porters and clerks. Please give me an address in Vienna of a good hotel, but one that is 'gemüthlich.'" After some telephoning, he secured an address which we are going to try. We parted with warm handshakings. What good people these are when not misled by a crazy Kaiser and boundlessly ambitious captains. Nellie and I shall carry our mission of persuasion from the Germans



to the Czechs who no doubt will be more amenable to reason, especially as to the Kaiser, but it is cruel to these heart-broken Germans, who are suffering for the necessities of life, to add to all the shame of defeat that of guilt. From the cradle to the grave they have been carefully enveloped in an atmosphere of falsehood. How can we blame them? I mean the masses, not the leaders.

VIENNA,  
Sept. 29, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

As usual, I was able to lie down as much as I needed between Leipzig and Prague. There was an interesting lady and her husband, also an intelligent German, in our compartment. The lady was going to a sanitarium for lung trouble. The husband looked very unhappy. Nellie had been struck with the beauty of the two children who bade their mother goodbye at the station. I lay down and paid no attention to any of them, Nellie, in the meantime, carrying on an uninterrupted conversation with our fellow passengers. Finally she stirred me up to say the lady wanted me to write to her cousin, a banker in Galveston, to ask him to aid her with the heavy expenses of the sanitarium. The lady said her cousin must be very wealthy, because "he had lost two millions!" I promised to write to him, though it is a fixed principle with me never to ask anyone for money for any purpose whatever. I shall write, simply stating the case and nothing more. She was a singularly attractive person, with a smile which penetrated to one's heart. Nellie had

also a heart to heart talk with the German. He said the English army of occupation was absolutely blameless in its conduct to the population and government of the occupied districts. The French, he added, gave no reasonable grounds for complaint, but the American soldiers, he said, were a drunken, undisciplined lot of men.

I was immensely relieved, on arriving at the Prague hotel, to find that a room had been reserved for us. All hotels seem to be eternally crowded in the cities we visit. The Prague hotel was rather primitive but comfortable. It was recommended to us as the best in the city. Next morning we took the electric tram to visit the Royal Castle on a commanding height in the suburbs. Our guide took us first to the ancient cathedral within the enclosure of the Castle. I no sooner got into this venerable Gothic pile than I lay down on a bare bench at full length. Nellie had to do the sight-seeing for me. She came from time to time to say that it was a most marvelous church, and well worth seeing. At last she came to announce that the tombs of fourteen Polish kings were there, side by side, ever so old and wonderful to behold. I told her to look at them for me, wondering at the same time how on earth fourteen Polish kings had got themselves buried in the Bohemian Royal Palace Cathedral of Prague. But it was a mistake, they were the monuments of fourteen Bohemian kings. From the Cathedral we went to the Royal Castle where there were so many steps to climb that I left sight-seeing to Nellie. I charged her not to miss the "definistration" room, where

the governors were thrown from the windows, which started the Thirty Years' religious war of 1618-1648. None of the governors was killed in spite of the height, for they landed on a monumental pile of garbage! Sedley and I were particularly interested in this room when we visited Prague years ago. The concierge, at whose office I waited for Nellie, told me that Dr. Masaryk was expected that evening and that he resided in the Castle when in Prague. Next day we took a carriage early for the whole morning. The sun was shining in a deep blue sky, the air crisp and cool. Prague looked beautiful. We visited a small and very ancient Jewish temple in the Ghetto quarter, which is said to be the oldest temple in Europe. The old graveyard nearby, with the dead buried one above the other in the crowded space, offers visible testimony to the sufferings of this persecuted race. The Ghetto hospital was removed only a few years ago. Thus the sick, the dead and the toilers in this unhealthy beehive were ever together, the Ghetto their living tomb. When we reached Wallenstein's house Nellie suggested that I go on in the carriage to the Castle and ask for an interview with Dr. Masaryk. I did so, but the time could hardly have been worse chosen. The President had been called to town the evening before because of a change of ministers and was at that moment receiving the new cabinet. His secretary seemed very sorry that I was disappointed and offered to answer any questions to the best of his ability. But next day when we took the train, we got acquainted with such a cultivated and interesting man, one so superior in intelligence to the



Secretary, that I prefer to give you later the substance of his conversation. When I returned to the Wallenstein house, Nellie told me it would interest me extremely. As I had read Schiller's three plays with him as the central figure, also much about him in history, I was more anxious to see his house than anything else in Prague. But the woman guide was at dinner and would not admit another party until two o'clock. So I again had to be satisfied with Nellie's description. That night, in reviewing the events of the day, Nellie went into fits of laughter over my manner of sightseeing, recalling how I had spent my time in that superb Gothic cathedral of the fifteenth century, stretched on a bare bench, and then on four chairs in the concierge's office, while she went over the palace. I joined in the laugh and agreed with her that it was an odd way to see the memorials of a long-buried past. I observed, moreover, that it was pleasant to think that she had made her first visit to Europe with me and was probably now making her last one with me, after an interval of more than thirty years. We took our midday meal each day at the largest and best restaurant in Prague, and each time we had a pleasant conversation with some one at our table. One charming gentleman was from Slovakia. He told us that before the war the Hungarians were very intent upon introducing their language into the schools of all the different nationalities under their rule. They began at first with high schools, colleges and so forth, but later the primary schools were also brought into line, so that in the end Hungarian was forcibly introduced into the whole system

of education of the various peoples under the rule of Hungary. The poor little Slav children had to learn a language different from any other in the world, which could not possibly be of use to them outside of Hungary. He had been obliged to study at a Hungarian University, had to learn his profession in Hungarian. "But," I said, "I hear the Slovaks are discontented with the Prague government." He answered: "The Hungarians are passionately devoted to the Catholic Church, and so are the Slovaks. The new church formed in Bohemia, which has thrown off the authority of the Pope, abolished celibacy of the priesthood, and holds its services in the Czech language, has been used as propaganda against the government among the fanatical adherents of the Catholic church in Slovakia." This new church is not, however, connected with the State in any way, he assured me.

VIENNA,  
Sept. 30, 1921.

We left Prague at 7:05 A.M., necessitating a very early breakfast. On the train was the gentleman to whom I have already alluded, with his son and daughter. When I said to Nellie: "I am going to ask the gentleman near me at what hour we are to reach Vienna," Nellie made her usual answer: "No, you are not to speak to him. The conductor can give us all the necessary information." As I can do so little sight-seeing and must trust to the people I meet to give me information, I replied: "Nellie, you invariably forbid me to speak to people on the train and in the restaurants. And yet after I do so, you do

by far the most talking, in fact, you become enthusiastically friendly with them." This was so true she had to laugh. Our new acquaintance turned out to be one of the ministers of the Railway Administration, and without doubt was the best-informed man we have met. He has a country-place with a very big orchard, and cultivates fruit trees with passionate interest. He asked Nellie about Burbank and the fruits of California, about which they had a long talk. He took down his suitcase and brought out a large box of home grown fruit, beautiful apples and prunes, which he shared with us. His prunes were delicious to eat fresh, which the German prunes are not. He told us he belonged to the new church which they call "national," because, he said, the movement for it is really national. I said: "I thought Bohemia was intensely Catholic." He replied: "We have never forgotten how cruelly our population was exterminated during the religious wars. Catholicism was forced on us then and we were fearfully oppressed. This is a national movement in memory of those bitter persecutions. I am a member of the new church and my wife is also, but our children are Catholics." I expressed my surprise. He said: "It is because of the schools." I told him what a gentleman had said to me in Prague, "I was born and brought up a Catholic and I shall die in that church." The last gentleman seemed a very fine man too, but perhaps he had not read so much history. It was truly surprising to me that the Catholic Bohemians should still hold in reverence their Protestant heroes, Huss and his followers, and that they should still resent the war



of extermination waged against them so long ago. The charming gentleman from Slovakia whom we met in the restaurant, told us also that the portraits of Wilson and Dr. Masaryk were to be seen in almost every home in Slovakia. He said Dr. Masaryk was loved and respected by all parties, even by those in political opposition to him. I asked our new acquaintance about the tales I had heard of the persecution of Mrs. Masaryk and her daughter by the Austrians during the war. He said the Austrians regarded Dr. Masaryk as a traitor and, not being able to seize him, they interned his wife and daughter. They were not furnished with the proper food, and all intercourse with the outside world was denied them. The peasants, however, managed to smuggle food into their house and his own brother-in-law had succeeded in bringing money to them. He was amused when I told him of the unpropitious moment I had chosen for an interview with Dr. Masaryk, when the automobiles stood thick before the door and the ministers were there, not only for a change of premiers, but for a change of policy with Hungary. I had just read about it in the morning paper. He knew them all, and his conversation was so interesting that we felt great regret when he left us. Meantime a Viennese gentleman had come in, with whom we soon began a conversation. He said: "We should have won the war but for you Americans." I assured him that we thought so in the United States. Then we threshed out the old question of those guilty of bringing on the war. I said: "Whoever brought it on, the Kaiser brought the United States into it."

When we took the carriage that afternoon under a blue sky, the sun still shining, I thought I had never seen Vienna look so beautiful. Nellie was in an ecstatic state of mind over it, as it was her first visit. This hotel is near the center of the city. We drove through streets on which stand some of the most imposing buildings of the world, and Vienna in her misery is still clean and tidy. But we feel oppressed with the thought of this unhappy people so hopelessly burdened with debts they can never hope to pay, and which shackle their every movement to better themselves. It seemed to me that every face was mournful. Our first night in this hotel was spent in an inside room which was very depressing, but next day we were given a large sunny front room. The restaurant is very fine and reasonable.

Yesterday I called at the Hungarian Consulate. The Consul, Count W., received me in his private office where I found him alone. The whole Consulate, with its two big Hungarian guards in front, looked lonely. As there is war between Austria and Hungary over the Burgenland this solitude is not singular. I was glad to see the Consul show a decided disposition for conversation as that is about all I am capable of now. He began by saying: "Tell me about Wilson. I hate him and his fourteen points." Although I was not there to enter the lists for Wilson, I said: "Perhaps you do not know that for two years before Wilson retired from the White House he was politically powerless." I then explained why that was and continued: "I regretted at the time, and have done so ever since, that he did not accept the

compromise of the Senate on the League of Nations. The important thing in this world is to get things born, just as it would be to get a child born, who was to be a future ruler. After that all-important and necessary event we can trust the child, or the League of Nations, to grow and develop according to the changing environment. I think, in short, that Wilson was too uncompromising. Yet no doubt he felt himself bound by pledges." We then came to speak of my last trip around the world. He asked when I was in China. I replied, "In 1912." He: "Oh, I was there that very year. Who was your ambassador?" I saw I was being catechized and for a moment Mr. Calhoun's name escaped me. But I recovered my memory, thanks to the well-known name of Calhoun. I related that I had had an interview with Yuan Shi Kai owing to Mr. Calhoun's influence. I said those three years in tropical lands were spent in visiting the colonies of all the great world powers and that my letters had been published. He expressed a desire to read the book. I told him I should gladly give him a copy but that all were sold. I added, for fear of appearing a braggart, that only one thousand copies had been printed. I tried to catechize him in return: "Can you tell me the motive for that horrible assassination of Count Titza, and if his murderers were ever punished?" He then went into a long discourse against the Jews, and as it is usual in Austria and Hungary to impute all unacknowledged crimes to that unhappy race, he believed the assassination was a plot of the Jews. He made a long ingenious plea to that effect, but unconvincing to me.



Still I believe each nation has Jews of the character it deserves to have. I did not want to be pusillanimous and desert an unpopular cause, so I began to defend them, but was more than willing to talk about something else. The Count asked me why I wanted to visit all these cities in Central Europe. I replied, "My countrymen do not care one farthing for the people over here. They are engrossed in their own affairs. I want to use my influence, among my friends, at least, to awaken in them an interest in the sorrows and sufferings of this part of Europe." I was interested in his account of Titza's assassination. An enthusiastic girl, a connection of the Count, was living in the Titza family. She threw herself between the assassin and his victim and a ball grazed the side of her forehead. I asked what he thought of Count Apponyi. He said he had been opposed to his course immediately after the war, but that he now had a far better opinion of him, that he was a very strong man. I felt the interview had been long enough, and rising, was conducted by him to the room I had first entered. He then explained that the Hungarians had two forms of passports, a high-priced and a very low-priced one, that he would allow me the benefit of the latter. I was overwhelmed by the generosity of this proposal. A messenger was sent to change my marks into Austrian money, and when I gave him one hundred kronen I thought he would never stop bowing. I was equally happy, and on my short walk back to the hotel I sat for a while among the flowers and trees, everything so beautiful around me.

The food in this hotel is delicious. We had today a beautifully cooked dinner with more fine beer than we were willing to drink, and it all came to less than twenty-five cents. We have fine bread and butter, a tea substitute which I drink because it is hot and innocuous, but very little sugar is given. When I wake in the night I think of the plight of this great city, so beautiful and yet so full of misery, and I suffer for all its people who toil for such wages. Nellie spoke to a gentleman and his wife in St. Stephen's Church about conditions here. The husband turned away as if mortified, but the wife said, with tears in her eyes; "We with fixed incomes do not know what is to become of us." While Nellie was in the church a remarkable wedding took place, in the highest princely society of Vienna. The bride was resplendent in diamonds and pearls, the most beautiful woman, Nellie asserts, she had ever seen. "A real fairy princess," she says, "marrying a real prince."

I had such a scare this afternoon. I thought I had lost our passports. Nellie was not in the hotel and I waited for her in agony of mind. As she entered I called out: "*Do you know where the passports are?*" "Yes, I have them." But it was some time before I could recover my composure. The Bulgarian government does not demand excessive rates for visas from Americans, but is quite moderate. The employee to whom I talked in the office this morning made me very sad by his grief over the loss of their port on the Egean Sea, Dedeagatch, which Greece refuses to give up. Ferdinand led that unfortunate country into this war,

and now they are mourning for their losses, and I sympathize with them. How strong is love of country! It is, I believe the strongest of human attachments, for a man will send his sons willingly to die for their country, and a mother, who has lost them all in battle, can yet say with mournful resignation: "They died that France might live." But really I could never have believed that a sob would have choked my voice and a tear would have dimmed my eye over a place with such an outlandish name as Dedeagatch, but that Bulgarian's grief touched me deeply. I can see no solution for unhappy Austria unless in a Customs Union of Central Europe. There are indeed few if any economic ills which the sincere collaboration of classes and peoples could not remove. But Armaments must cease, for they maintain a state of mind which makes force alone the arbiter in human affairs and contemns as weakness the methods of conciliation and justice. I cannot but feel that France, with the first military talents in the world, is lacking in statesmanship. As a whole people cannot be exterminated (only the Turks have undertaken it in modern times, not to mention that it would be ruinous economically) it is manifestly better to make friends of enemies and earn their gratitude. Whatever the difficulties may be in applying literally the precepts of Christianity in our personal contacts with the criminal class, they certainly offer the surest basis for a righteous and lasting peace between nations. And this is simply because individuals only can be guilty, whole nations never.

Everybody here seems depressed, but the waiters are



eager to buy and sell kronen. The fluctuations in price produce a mania for gambling. We heard today that trains no longer go through to Budapest. We shall have to take the Danube boat, which is a longer but a pleasanter trip. I could get no reduction at the Serbian Consulate though we are to remain in Belgrade only three days. Nellie has a theory that any city in the world can be thoroughly seen in three, or at most, four days, and she puts an almost superhuman energy into realizing this theory. Now and then I get her to promise, before arriving at some capital, that we shall remain there somewhat longer than her schedule time, but when the three days are up, she declares emphatically that the city has been properly and thoroughly seen, and off we start, for she can pack for both of us while I am looking for my spectacles.

BUDAPEST,  
October 4, 1921.

During a drive we took the day before we left Vienna I was so favorably impressed with the driver that I engaged him to come next morning at six o'clock to take us to the Danube boat. We were promptly in front of the hotel at six, saw others depart, but our man did not appear. The hotel employees, to whom I appealed, said I should have engaged a carriage through the hotel, seemed to think, moreover, that I needed punishment, and were by no means anxious to get rid of us either. An auto was there waiting for other guests, and I at length persuaded the chauffeur to promise me to return

for us. He did so, but after we were well on our way, we discovered that two pieces of hand luggage had been left behind. So we had to turn back, most reluctantly on the part of the chauffeur, who seemed to doubt our ability to pay for overtime. When we at last arrived and gave him his one thousand kronen with three hundred extra for the two bags, his satisfaction was great. As the trouble between Austria and Hungary over the Burgenland has completely interrupted railway service, the Danube boat was so crowded we couldn't get a porter, and Nellie had to carry our three suitcases on board. I was dreadfully uneasy about her and suffered accordingly. The day, however, was perfect, the river put on its pleasantest aspect for us, and our guide-book made every town and castle interesting.

I tried to recall all that Sedley had told me, during a former trip with him on the Danube, of the hard-fought battles between French and Austrians on those wooded islands and shores we were passing. As I looked on the ruined Castle of Pressburg I remembered that still earlier in that castle, so near the river bank, Maria Theresa had thrown herself on the protection of the Hungarian magnates, her baby in her arms, and heard their shouts: "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!" A chivalrous race, these Magyars. They were misled no doubt by the evil examples of Russia, Austria and Prussia into the harsh treatment of their subject nationalities.

On the boat Nellie secured for me a bench immediately behind the smokestack, shielded almost completely from the wind. With my rug and air pillow and a cloak over

me, I lay most comfortably. It was a glorious trip on a wonderful day, but we had one more narrow escape. Nellie went quite casually down to the gangplank at one of the landings, just in time to rescue our three pieces of luggage. An officious boy, without the slightest authorization, had already put one suitcase on the wharf and was loading off the two others. There appears to be such an effervescence of war energy in all classes here, that this boy obviously felt impelled to do an extra amount of work for his country's sake. We had our luggage brought to the upper deck under our eyes. There the customs' officials examined it. We found that tickets had to be secured for the midday meal, so Nellie went for them. But not until three o'clock could we get this meal. So many passengers were ahead of us. We had not been able to get into the breakfast-room that morning. Luckily I always take food of some kind with me. Nellie went to the kitchen herself and secured two cups of tea. It was so good she tried to get more but was refused. All our tribulations were forgotten, however, as the Danube unfolded its many windings, decking itself under the shifting clouds with many-tinted hues. We found a University professor to talk to and his bitter resentment against the dismemberment of Hungary was poured out to us.

I asked that charming gentleman, Mr. Pedlow, of the Red Cross, yesterday if he understood Hungarian. He said: "No, Hungarian is not a language. It is an affliction which these people are born with, and which they cannot get rid of, like measles and whooping cough, but



must carry through life with them." Think then of the injustice of forcing such a language on other peoples. I believe it is universally true that subject peoples are everywhere held in contempt by the conquering race. The worst form of this is seen in the Pariahs of India. It is the same here with the Hungarians, who have a saying, "A Czech is only half a man." It was the same with the Austrians when they misgoverned the northern part of Italy, and further back, the Spaniards had a cruel contempt for those they conquered. The Germans, after 1871, had a contempt for the French, the English for the Irish and East Indians. It is, in fact, this ill-disguised contempt implying always, "Of course we are here because you are unable to govern yourselves," which is the hardest of all for subject races to bear, harder than taxation, harder even than differences of religion. All this is bad for rulers as well as ruled. Should not then the Irish be freed from any but a voluntary connection with England? I am intensely pro-British, but I want her moral prestige to stand high. It is that, in this stage of history, which should and must count most.

Well, we didn't reach Budapest till eleven o'clock that night, and we were the last to leave the ship, because I couldn't stand in the crush of people with suitcases in their hands and trunks on their shoulders. When at length we presented our passports and tickets at the gang-plank we were pushed back unceremoniously and had to endure a shower of talk in an unknown tongue. Unenlightened, we strove to land, to be again thrust back with more and more verbal vehemence. Now I should

have informed myself whether there were any formalities to be gone through with before quitting the ship, for I had had an excellent opportunity for doing so, while that struggling mass of humanity was working its way slowly over the gangplank. Instead of this I was calmly talking to a distinguished looking lady and giving her advice about her son, an abnormally tall but handsome youth. Hoping to do him good, by reason of the vanity inherent in men, I said to his mother: "I have noticed your son all day. He is so afraid of butting his head that he is absolutely ruining his fine figure by stooping." From the corner of my eye I could see the youth straighten up and get very red in the face. I knew therefore that I was doing him good. As I had sent an urgency telegram to the hotel, I felt no uneasiness on that score, but Nellie now came to say it would be very imprudent to wait any longer, and it was then that our troubles began. Rudely thrust back and with no one to translate for us, we stood silently till every other passenger, even the dogs, had been disposed of, and then I was led like a criminal into an inner office where two very weary men were bent over their books. They understood German, but were loath to speak it. It was almost twelve o'clock before they designed to notice me. I took a seat and waited patiently. Then after paying the price demanded, my passports were viséed. But "Where was that other person? Why did she not appear?" I explained that she had to stand guard over our luggage. They were too tired for any more delays, so the passports were at length delivered in proper form. I was at

last free, and it refreshed my soul to see one Cerberus, who had thrust me back so ruthlessly, laugh as I took the papers, for I can understand laughter in all languages. The hotel had two rooms reserved for us, one on a clean, quiet courtyard, and one with the marvelous view now spread before my eyes. The Danube is under our windows. Opposite lies the town of Buda in a narrow valley; on either side castle-crowned heights with gardens about them. The river is spanned by a noble suspension bridge, its waters reflecting the shifting clouds, and furrowed by all kinds of craft. It makes one idle to watch this pulsating traffic: the commerce of all middle Europe seems to pass by here, so busy is the scene. This is the best hotel we have been to, in many respects, fine cuisine, music every night, with officers in clanking sabers and spurs. We seem to have got into a perfect whirl here, Nellie especially, for she sees everything with her observant eyes and we laugh over what is not tragic in our evening talks. We have already entertained some guests in the promenade restaurant of the hotel. We are to receive on a larger scale this evening in the same place. Mr. Pedlow, President of the Red Cross, is coming for us this afternoon in his car. We went to a very pleasant tea yesterday in a private family, our hostess charming. The lady who introduced us here is Mrs. French of California. She and Nellie have many friends in common and she has done everything possible for us. We have a dear little Hungarian friend with an unpronounceable name who takes the downfall of her country very tragically. She accompanies us sight-seeing. We saw a



great deal yesterday but I did not always leave the carriage. There are many refugees here from Transylvania, the care of whom is a great burden to the city. I had a visit yesterday from a lady from Transylvania. She tells me a Roumanian General has seized her property and keeps open house night and day in her home. He left for Roumania on business which enabled her to come here to appeal to whomsoever will listen to her cries for justice. She feels deeply wronged and I pity her sincerely. Defeat is very bitter to the Hungarians and with that human instinct for laying the blame of their sins as well as their misfortunes on others, they have found a scapegoat in the Jews. Before the war Jews were welcomed in Hungary. The great land-owners found them reliable administrators of their huge estates. The learned among them were highly esteemed teachers in universities and colleges while, owing to their genius for trade and commerce, thriving industries sprang up, which increased greatly the prosperity of Hungary. But evil days came when Bela Kun introduced Bolshevism into a country profoundly discouraged and depressed by defeat. In addition to the Jews long-settled in the land, and identified with its inhabitants, hordes now poured in from Russia and Austria, escaping from massacre and slavery, fleeing from the enforced ignorance and squalor of their past lives, in search of freedom and opportunity here. Many of these latter were active in the Bolshevik régime as tyranny naturally creates revolutionaries in any race. When the red terror had been finally suppressed a white terror followed which fell with indiscriminate

fury upon the Jews whether innocent or guilty. Hungary has now deprived herself of industrial and intellectual leadership from which the nation is bound to suffer. The Hungarians affect now to despise commercial industry which is, however, one of the main pathways of modern progress.

We are soon to leave for Belgrade. Our Budapest friends exclaim: "Serbia is the last place on earth we should wish to go to." I answer, laughing: "If my countrymen had descended on that devoted land, destroyed its capital, ravaged it of all its grain, its livestock, its machinery, indeed of everything portable, I, too, should avoid going there." I hear that Serbia has recovered marvelously. Its inhabitants are full of energy and hope. But it was on the right side during the war.

BELGRADE,  
Oct. 7, 1921.

I could never find time to finish this letter in Budapest. Capt. Pedlow, head of the American Red Cross, came to take us to the Jewish hospital for blind children. We were there informed that it was his birthday. There were many speeches made to him, quantities of flowers offered, the American National Hymn sung, and a deputation came forward, each of whom shook the Captain's hand with his eyes more or less moist, as he enumerated the blessings bestowed by Americans through Captain Pedlow on the suffering mothers and children of Budapest. We were all filled with enthusiasm and deeply moved, for before Captain Pedlow arrived, no united

action had ever been taken by the different groups of the population. But on this occasion several Sisters of Charity were present besides various dignitaries of different religions. We heard some fine singing and fine playing, then the Captain distributed bonbons to the children. A blind, deaf and dumb girl was brought forward, who tried to talk to the dear man, repeating, "Capitano, Capitano." He folded the unfortunate one in his arms. Then he stooped to kiss the hand of a poor crippled hunch-back who does needlework for the hospital. Nellie exclaimed to me: "Captain Pedlow could have kissed the hand of every pretty woman in the hall, but he stooped only to the humblest." I was told that all over the town his birthday was observed. He had not time to return with us but he sent us back in his machine. He joined us later at tea where we had a numerous company. The drive to and from the hospital was through a beautiful part of Pest. Our tea was a great success, according to Nellie, but I hardly thought so. In fact, as usual, I made mistakes. I had a private conversation in the writing-room with a Catholic dignitary whom I mistook the whole time for a Jewish rabbi. I was sure Captain Pedlow told me so. But it was a mistake and the interview unsatisfactory. Nellie has secured a photograph of this dignitary but it does not do him justice. He is so homely that he looks distinguished and the photograph fails in emphasis on these two qualities. Our little Hungarian friend, whom we call Nadge, told me that she had spoken of us to the Duke of Hohenlohe who said he would be glad to see us. He was leaving town



on Thursday, the day we left, but said he would see us on Saturday. I do not know what connection he is of the Prince Hohenlohe who published his memoirs a few years before the war.

Our hotel in Budapest was wonderfully comfortable and reasonable. Nellie took the sorrows of the Hungarians deeply to heart. Indeed one cannot help grieving for them. One of the professors at our tea told me the reason why there were so many Jews in Hungary. He said the Hungarians were born to privilege and consequently idle. By birthright they were officers and functionaries, were therefore not impelled by necessity to make strenuous exertions in order to earn an honorable living. The Jews were hard-working for success with them depended upon knowledge and efficiency. They flocked to Hungary where their services were needed. The day before we left the murderers of Count Titza were sentenced. The accounts of the trial were very dramatic. We hated to leave our newly-made friends in Budapest, where we were most delightfully situated. Mrs. French is greatly beloved there. She has done a great deal of philanthropic work both in California and in Europe and is loved by all those who work with her. I am regretting now that I had so little conversation with the one professor whose learning and intelligence were equally great. I thought he showed so much common sense and fine judgment. But we had so many at our reception that I could devote but little time to each.

We left Budapest at midday and arrived here at twelve at night. I had room to lie down on the train. There

was a German in our compartment who was taking some machinery to Bulgaria. He made himself quite useful to us so that we were delighted with him. He is from Hamburg and is no partisan of the Hohenzollerns, but he, too, grieves over the misfortunes of his country. He exclaims: "We Germans only ask to work, yet obstacles are continually placed in our path." He continued: "Many Germans are buried near Belgrade and I am told there is an inscription over them which reads, 'Wanderer, when you return to our native land, tell them there that we lie here obedient to the best of our Fatherland.'" I said: "That of course recalls the Greeks who fell at Thermopylæ, but remember the Greeks fell on their own soil, repulsing a foreign invader. You Germans fell invading foreign lands." He was very sad over present conditions in Germany. Nellie told him I had published a book of letters and mentioned the name. He replied: "I read about it in my socialist paper in Hamburg," and then he repeated the rather flattering words in which it was recommended to the readers of the paper. Quite an odd coincidence. When we reached Belgrade we had to go to police headquarters to recover our passports taken from us on the train. Those passports keep a host of officials, as well as my mind, very much occupied. I stayed in the carriage. Nellie said the official in charge was so ignorant he could speak no language but his own, had never heard of Denmark, about which two young Danes were trying to enlighten him. When she said we were Americans the light of grateful recognition flashed into his eyes. As we had had no answer to our prepaid

reply telegram, we had no idea whether we should find rooms, or be forced to spend the night, as we saw others doing, under the open porch of the station. We were relieved to be shown our telegram and our names recognized, but we had to take a room two flights up. This morning we were moved down to the first floor. Nellie caught a very bad cold in Budapest and I felt dreadfully uneasy about her this morning. I thought it best to write a note to our Minister, Mr. Dodge, asking him to call, and I sent it by special messenger. I tried in vain to keep Nellie in bed but she would get up and go out. After some hours she returned to say she had engaged some interesting persons to call on us that afternoon and next day. Miss Gardiner came first, a volunteer nurse during the war and continuing her activities since then among the women and children in and around Nish. During the war she nursed at Etaples, on the north coast of France. When the air raids were endangering them all, wounded and nurses, many of the nurses were sent into the forest to sleep. They carried rubber sheets and blankets with them, and made their beds under the trees, but soon they heard the sound of men working in the woods. Some Australians were employing their resting-time in cutting and binding fagots, with which they built a wall around the nurses. Over this they put poles and branches, covering all with thick bundles of fagots. They told the nurses there was nothing like fagots to keep off shrapnel. Miss Gardiner worships these brave young Australians who worked for the safety of the nurses instead of sleeping. She says they could turn their hands



to any kind of work. She told me a great deal, but this and her description of her home interested me most. I always love the picture of a modest, happy home where work and rest succeed each other in due proportions. Her home is in the South of Serbia among those peasants to whom she seems a sort of providence. She and another nurse have rented a small house with a large garden of fruit trees and vines. They are watching over the children of the neighborhood. She tells the boys they can always find a bed and something to eat at her house. They do not impose on her, and this saves them from actual want. Her relatives in England are rich and do not need her, and she loves her Serbian home where she feels herself useful. A hundred and fifty yards from her door, boiling water gushes from the rocks. Here the peasants go with potatoes or eggs or anything else to be cooked. They put a bag containing the food into the boiling water where it is soon prepared and ready to eat. All the way along the rivulet, below this hot spring, gypsies do their washing. She and her friend make their tea there on evening picnics. She invited us to visit her and I wish we had time. She lost her fiancé during the war, and her useful life must be her happiness now.

Then Mrs. Campbell came. She is a Californian working with Dr. Reeder. He provides schools in the devastated regions. She says his child-welfare centers are also public health centers, improving the neighborhoods where they are situated. Dr. Reeder broke up an orphanage which cared for 250 orphans, and with the funds so employed, now helps at least one thousand children and

four vocational schools. Could there be a greater proof of sound, practical sense? Also, remark the testimony thus furnished against asylums for children. I have never approved of them. He is serving with rare intelligence the Serbian Child-Welfare Society of America, which places from three to four thousand orphans in family homes. The poor little outcasts had previously picked out their homes as a stray dog would a shelter. The people were so poor they worked the orphans for all they could get out of them. Clad in rags, without shoes in winter, sleeping on straw, eating what they could find, their plight was pitiable. Dr. Reeder has changed all that. Money is paid for their keep, clothes furnished, and school attendance exacted where schools exist. All this and a thousand other things are done by this busy and marvelous man. He had no time to call on us, worthless tourists, but I heard all about him. He works in conjunction with the Serbian government and gets all the self-help out of the people that is possible.

Nellie's activities relieved my anxiety about her, and perhaps did her good. Mr. Dodge wrote he would be out of town that day, but would call next afternoon. Of course I was sorry I had written to him. At nine o'clock Nellie went to bed and I was in the act of following her example when the Minister's card was brought up. I found him a most pleasing and elegant gentleman. Next day he sent his motor to take us to the station, a very kind attention.

Captain Pedlow is an Ulster man who went to the United States when he was twenty. When he told me he

was from Lisburn, near Belfast, I remembered that the police had arrested me there. He related to me the trouble he had during the war with his American girl workers, who danced nearly all night and nursed or worked all day. Consequently they were constantly ill in the Hospitals, 50 at a time, so he limited the dancing to twice weekly, which seemed very hardhearted to those young creatures. But their health improved marvelously.

SOPHIA, Oct. 11th, 1921.

The view from our windows in Belgrade was of ruined houses being rebuilt. In the hotel, said to be the best, we heard nothing but the ox-wagons carrying their heavy loads, the cries of their drivers and the noise of the builders. Our Belgrade landlord recommended the Palace hotel in Sofia, to which we sent a telegram. We arrived very early in the morning and after the usual delays imposed on travelers over here began our search for that hotel. We drove for hours till at last we would have accepted any decent lodging. At one place we both left the carriage. When we returned our driver had disappeared with cab and luggage which I never expected to see again, but after a long time, and much painful excitement on my part, he reappeared very cheerful and talkative in his unknown tongue. I presume he had seized the opportunity to eat his midday meal. He then took us to more and more dismal haunts until I got a passerby to tell him to drive us to the American Consulate. When we saw the American eagle great was our relief and joy. I went in and met Mr. Graham Kemper, our Consul.



When I told him our plight he looked extremely unhappy, for it seems he has to deal with such cases very often. He left me to consult his wife over the telephone. On his return he said she invited us to lunch, after which counsel could be taken. We came therefore to their home and no sooner had we entered the parlor than Mrs. Kemper asked: "Is this Aunt Mary Ware?" I stood dumb with amazement. I had never seen or heard of this charming lady before. As I had passed so many years in Europe this was only natural, but to find her here, a friend in this far off city, under such circumstances, was like the happy dénouement in a play. She was Aubrey Cowan of Vicksburg, cousin of Martha Toulmin. She and Nellie have many mutual friends and acquaintances. We were made to feel at home at once and have been staying here ever since. But for the thought that the Kempers have so often to take in travelers like ourselves, and that we must not abuse such generous hospitality, we should be very happy. Yesterday Mrs. Kemper and her husband were engaged to dine out, but they asked Mrs. Count, wife of the Methodist Missionary and her Mother to dine with us here. Our dinner was exquisitely cooked. These servants are most capable, and eight o'clock dinner after five o'clock tea seems to be the rule. Mrs. Count is an eloquent advocate of the Bulgarians. There must be something very attractive about this population of small farmers, for every American here has borne the same testimony. Nellie says she would love to have those dear American and English friends of the Serbians, whom we met in Belgrade, meet these defenders

of the Bulgarians and overhear their conversation. The hatred between these near neighbors is very passionate. I feel sure that all these people are simply suffering from the sins of their rulers and the politics of the great powers. Mr. G. of the Legation called. He has the same admiration for the Bulgarians. He came to Sofia from Roumania, and like everyone else whom we have met here, has the same opinion of the Roumanians, that they are the most immoral people in Europe. I hate to accept unproven testimony, of such wholesale character against any nation, but if Nellie and I were to go to Roumania to investigate these charges of immorality, our experience would no doubt be similar to that of two of my very dear friends who went forth to a foreign city on the same quest. As they both go to bed at nine o'clock every night their report was entirely optimistic, and doubtless correct. People are always so much better than the reputation their enemies give them.

October 13th, 1921.

I got our Greek passports viséed yesterday, no reductions. I told the Consul about the Greek peasants who refused to accept pay for their grapes when Sedley and I rode through Greece years ago. But Sedley took a different point of view, and put the money in the middle of the road, after which we rode on without turning our heads. The Consul said the peasants could not have acted otherwise. I have retained a very high opinion of those peasants ever since. From the Greek Consulate we went to Mrs. Count's to a tea, where we met Mr. and Mrs.

Thompson, he, secretary at the Legation. Mrs. Count is a very agreeable woman, with a mind broadened by travel, and very kindly in all she says. A trifle less so perhaps toward the poor Serbians for she is naturally in sympathy with the Bulgarians among whom she lives. Our dear Mrs. Kemper is lovely in every respect. Nellie and I are already devoted to her and admire Mr. Kemper, who is always so moderate and reasonable in his judgments, and inspired by such a high sense of duty and honor. We have been most fortunate in making such friends in this far-off Sofia. But as we have the ever present fear of being a burden, Nellie has gone each morning to try to find rooms in a good hotel, but without success.

The Kempers were in Erfurt during three years of the war. They were well treated and lived in comfort. One day Mrs. Kemper went to her pastry shop to buy cakes. Over the door she saw in big letters "Gott strafe England." She looked at it fixedly on entering and on leaving. For a week she did not return, but when she did so the sign had disappeared. I forgot to tell you an incident Captain Pedlow related to me. On one occasion he had to receive some prisoners from Germany. He gave them some excellent chocolate but it made the Englishmen violently ill. Their stomachs were so weakened they could only digest the most diluted forms of nourishment. The French were in better shape. We had proposed to visit Adrianople, but hear it is an impossible place, by reason of dirt and other discomforts. Mr. Kemper says we might go to Constantinople by way of



the Black Sea. The disadvantages are torpedoes which have destroyed ships in the last few months. This kind of adventure does not appeal to me particularly. Death on land appears far preferable to me to the most heroic one at sea.

PERA PLACE HOTEL, CONSTANTINOPLE,  
Oct. 21, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

The Kempers accompanied us to the station in Sofia and gave us an introduction to the consulate here. Nellie was filled with enthusiasm as we drove in the late afternoon through Stamboul, over the new bridge and up the steep hill to Galata and Pera. The lights on the water, the tall minarets and the street scenes were all perfect. The throngs in the streets were greater than I had ever seen them. Nellie went early next morning to the consulate. The Consul-General was out of town, but our Consul, John Randolph gave her a note to the bank, which enabled her to get a check cashed. We invited him to tea immediately, and to dinner. He is very entertaining. Mrs. Claiborne and Miss Claiborne have been to see us. She is a New Orleans lady of Creole family. The daughter is charming and beautiful. Nellie went to the great Bazaar with them. I warned her not to buy anything there. I have no confidence in these traders. Sedley and I paid that "Faraway Moses" enormous prices for very little value received. But Nellie came back with two treasures in the shape of two heavy candlesticks. She and Mrs. Claiborne met an American naval officer, who

knows perfectly the value of the objects sold in the bazaars. He saw an end of one of Nellie's treasures sticking out, and said: "Those candlesticks are worthless. They are not brass, and cannot be made to take a polish." That good Mrs. Claiborne had her servant work on them for two days, and gave them up as a hopeless job. I saved Nellie in Sofia from investing in so-called Oriental rugs, which can be bought in London from honorable dealers for less than the sum demanded for these spurious articles here. Any inexperienced buyer who dreams of making a bargain with these wily Orientals is deluding himself. However, if this delusion makes him happy, I have no objection, but as I take the overflow from Nellie's luggage into mine, I prefer not to load it down with heavy imitation brass candle-sticks, entirely adapted to devastate in transit my simple wardrobe. As soon as the Consul-General, Mr. Ravndal, returned, he called to see us; the Kempers are his friends. Mrs. Ravndal came also to invite us to Sunday dinner. The Ravndals are very attractive people, he very tall and handsome, and she pretty, with charming manners. Miss Woodsmall came in her car yesterday afternoon and invited Mrs. Ravndal, Nellie and me to visit with her the two houses over which she presides in Pera and Stamboul. As I was not feeling quite equal to climbing steps, I sat in the office of the Stamboul house where the secretary was very busy with her accounts. Presently I said: "I wish you would come over here and talk to me a little." She came, and I asked: "Are you a Turkish lady?" "Yes." "Do you read the papers every day?" "Certainly, every day."

"Are you really interested in political questions?" "Most certainly, very deeply interested." "Are you a Mussulman in religion?" "Of course, we Turks are never converted. We never give up our religion." "Is no pressure put on you in this Y. W. C. A. center, to make you change your faith?" "None whatever. The Turkish women thought at first that this organization would try to convert us, but now I go among our people and persuade them to send their girls here, where they have a social center and can learn English, French, typewriting, athletics, etc." "What do you think of the war now being waged against the Greeks?" "Why even the women are fighting the Greeks. We shall never cease to fight them till they are all driven from our country." I just managed to reach this point in our conversation when that good Miss Woodsmall and our party came down the steps and I was obliged to return to the hotel.

The first acquaintance we made in this hotel was a Greek lady whose father and brother were murdered a few weeks ago in Samsoun. I was in Samsoun in the Autumn of 1895 when Sedley and I returned from a trip through the Caucasus as far as Tiflis. We took an Italian trading ship at Batum which stopped at every port on the south coast of the Black Sea. At Trebezond a guide conducted us over the city which appeared perfectly peaceful, but next morning early when I went on deck I found it crowded with miserable refugees. The Turks had risen in the night and plundered the houses of the Armenians. The little Greek lady is dressed in deepest mourning. She and her husband invited us to their



room as they say the hotel is a meeting-place for spies. I have never seen a man so intimidated as the husband. He thinks he has been put on the list of proscribed Greeks and that he may be killed at any moment. This may be true. He has valuable property at Samsoun but dares not go there. He asked if it would be possible for us to speak to the Consul about protection for him. But this is not possible, because these Asiatic Greeks are Ottoman subjects and there is war between Greece and Turkey. When Greece, which has been misled into this war of aggression, shall have made peace with the Turks, there may be arranged some sort of protection for them.

I got into conversation with a Greek diplomat who defended the Greek atrocities in this war. But do they not thereby place themselves on the low level of Turkish civilization, or rather barbarism? I know the fearful wrongs they endured in the Great War, the calculated, wholesale extermination of their people. But reprisals, besides falling on the innocent, are also unwise. The world exclaims: "We see no difference between Greeks and Turks," and leaves them to their fate. The Moslem religion is one of ferocious warfare. All its conquests were made by the sword. It is a religion of Militarism. Ours is one of mercy and peace. I mentioned to the Diplomat the proposal to give Cyprus to Greece in lieu of Smyrna. He bitterly opposed this compromise saying: "The Greeks of Cyprus are only a few thousand while those of Asia Minor are still numerous. They peopled the Mediterranean coasts long before the birth of Christ and have occupied them ever since. Turkish

conquests came centuries later, and the Greeks during all this time have been forced to live under a race greatly inferior to their own. The Greeks of Cyprus are happy under the mild rule of England. They are prosperous and free, nor do they wish to change their status, but it is different with the Greeks of Asia Minor. After their age-long servitude and after all the promises made them during and subsequent to the great war, is it just to abandon them now to the tyranny of the Turks? Can they hope for more security than in the past?" I felt that his argument was historically correct. The Christian races and the Jews, so superior in intelligence, have been in bondage to the ignorant and barbarous Turks for many centuries, during which the only qualities of mind by which they could preserve their lives and property were cunning, and all the arts of dissimulation and corruption. Bondage is certainly not a school for the manly virtues, but it is the misfortune of these peoples and not their crime. The crime is that of the Christian powers which sustained the rule of the Turk through all those centuries.

Admiral Mark Bristol, American High Commissioner, called for a few minutes this morning. He is a man of distinguished appearance and young-looking despite all the responsibility resting on his shoulders. He says when he has time, he can convert me to his views about the Turks. But as long as I know that if fanaticism commands, they would cut my throat without the slightest hesitation, I cannot become their admirer, though the Koran does inculcate truth and keeping faith.

Nellie and I went this afternoon to see the Whirling Dervishes, but they did not whirl with the same ardor as when Sedley and I saw them in 1895, a few days after the massacres of many Armenians. An old man, too old to whirl, walked with slow and measured steps among them, performing many genuflections when he passed the Mullah, who stood at the head of the hall on a bit of carpet. The old man seemed to imbibe holy influences, wandering slowly among those young and vigorous whirlers. I soon got tired, not being sustained by holy emanations. Nellie went from there to the Howling Dervishes, whom Sedley and I saw in Scutari when they were under the influence of great religious exaltation after that horrible massacre of a few days before. They trampled on babies or men indiscriminately. Fanatical fathers placed the poor babies on the ground at the feet of the holy men. Nellie saw all this somewhat modified by charlatanism.

October 22, 1921.

Nellie went off this morning with Mrs. Ravndal to take lunch at the girl's American College, now called the Constantinople College. Then she was to go to Robert College for the afternoon. She would not modify this program, though I received a telephone message this morning that Dr. Gates, President of Robert College, would send an automobile for us Tuesday afternoon. It will give me much pleasure to revisit that noble American Institution which has spread culture and kindly feeling among all these different and warring races.

A few days ago, two ladies arrived in this hotel, who



made the trip in the same train with me in 1912, from Peking to Hankow. It was on that occasion that I remarked casually to a young American, Mr. Warfield of Baltimore who was sitting near me in the car, that a missionary acquaintance of mine was in much trouble, having lost her ticket, and that the conductor insisted on her paying full fare a second time. Mr. Warfield put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a first-class ticket, and asked me to give it to her. It was an odd coincidence that his sister, at the last moment, had renounced the trip. He was traveling at that time with these two ladies, Miss Herron and Miss Ruth Harrison. They are quite agreeable and play bridge wonderfully well. Herbert Spencer would say they play it too well, as indicating wasted time, but the evenings are intended for recreation and whosoever infringes this salutary rule too persistently loses his eyesight for his pains. We play a game in the evening when there is nothing better to do. Nellie, who shines so in conversation, and fascinates everyone socially, presents rather a sorry figure at bridge. She deliberates long over each move, and her worst plays are made after profoundest thought.

We had the most heavenly day to make the Bosphorus trip. Many of the passengers wanted to talk to us but could speak only these Eastern languages. The men all make use of conversation-beads, like rosaries. I was not sure they were not for prayer as I saw the Buddhists use them up in Darjeling. I made the motions indicating prayer, and one well-dressed man shook his head. For a joke I asked in English "You use those beads then on

account of the vacuity of your minds?" He smilingly nodded assent. It was a mean trick to play on that innocent, empty-headed man.

Admiral Bristol told me he went through Bulgaria in an automobile, and everywhere he had seen peaceful work, the peasants raising everything necessary on their farms, cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, vegetables and fruits. They seemed prosperous and happy in these labors. I thought it was because the Allies had lifted the burden of conscription from them. The Serbians had soldiers and armies marching everywhere we went. We saw long trains full of soldiers and the peasant's clothes were covered with patches. I never saw so many patches put on garments, and where they failed I could see the human skin. They had an awful time during the war when enemies were terrible. It is a pity they have not some good enemy now to impose disarmament on them. We were invited a few days ago to join a party going through the Seraglio. We were delighted to accept, and Miss Ruth Harrison went with us. At the Seraglio we were shown through all the buildings in the compound, except the Treasury. There is much doubt among those to whom we have spoken as to what has been done with that remarkable treasure. The views from the Seraglio Point, overlooking the meeting of the waters of the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, with Scutari on the Asiatic Coast and Pera and Galata on the European side, are absolutely unrivalled in the world. It is a vision of such ethereal beauty that it looks as unreal as the "baseless fabric of a dream." Of course I recalled

how Sedley and I had been met at the gate by the Aide de Camp of Abdul Hamid, of his unconcealed contempt for us when he found he was to escort two untitled Americans, of his stalking sulkily ahead to the open doors of the Treasury, and of the tall, strong Turk who at that moment opened his mouth and uttered a yell so piercing that when it ceased and I asked "Is this man compelled to make that fearful noise?" the angry answer came back, "He is the muezzin calling to prayer." I went into that Treasury so entirely a prey to indignation and humiliation that I saw absolutely nothing of the treasures there, though I admired Sedley for calmly observing every object of interest marked by a star or two in our guide book. And then of our being taken into a salon where coffee and rose leaf preserves were offered to us, and of my continued indignation at the neglect and contempt of that Turkish officer. I remember that to make conversation in the dead and oppressive silence, I said, "Last Friday, we were at the Selamlık and my son, who has made a study of the armies of all the countries he has visited, says the Sultan's body-guard, which we saw Friday, is the finest-looking corps he has ever seen." I have not forgotten yet the eager questioning of that young officer, and as Sedley could answer satisfactorily every question, he became full of zeal to show us attention. But I said coldly, "We are just from Russia and of course blasés for we have seen such treasures there as are not to be found elsewhere on earth." "Oh, I can show you at the Dolmabahçe Palace, a treasure unequalled even in Russia." And he hurried us to the landing where the



Sultan's caique, with a number of uniformed rowers, was waiting for us, neglecting the glory of the Seraglio Point, its unrivalled views over the waters and towers of Asia and Europe, unique in the world. But I enjoyed that rare treat when we visited the Seraglio a few days ago.

Nellie went on Friday morning to the Selamlık with Miss Herron, Miss Harrison, and a dear girl, Miss Shaw, of the Y. W. C. A. center, who was conducting a party of American sailors. When an American ship arrives, Miss Shaw takes charge of our sailors and guides them through all the interesting sights of the city. How much better this instructive sight-seeing of the marvels of Constantinople than to leave these young men, unguided, to fall victims to every kind of designing impostor who represents himself to be a friend of the American sailor. I consider those centers established by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. of a high moral and educational value.

SMYRNA,  
Nov. 1, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY :

I should have written a second letter from Constantinople as we were there fifteen days, but we were so absorbed in the peoples and problems of that city, the morning and evening newspapers so tempting, that no time was left for writing. The Sunday after I wrote we dined at the Consul-General's where we met the head of our Near East Relief who is much praised as a fine business man. We met also Colonel Castle, an extremely attractive man who knows the Bagbys of Coblenz.

Dr. Gates, President of Robert College, came in his car and took me to his home at the college. There I met Mrs. Gates. Her health was shattered some years ago by the horrors she saw perpetrated on the Armenians. I think it was in 1895, when Sedley and I reached Constantinople a few days after the fearful slaughter of Armenians near the Ottoman bank. At the time the same atrocities took place in many parts of Asia Minor. The Gates' home is beautiful with its wonderful flowers and marvellous views, for this point on the Bosphorus is the most picturesque of all. I asked Dr. Gates about the recent judicial murders of the leading Greeks of Pontus (that part of Anatolia which lies along the south coast of the Black Sea). He said seventy of the most prominent Greeks had been arrested there, given a summary trial and executed. He had sent a dispatch to Angora begging for clemency, to which no reply was given. I said, "Dr. Gates, if every officer and soldier in the Greek Army, which made that fatal aggressive movement against the Turks, had been warned that upon their conduct depended the honor of their country and their cause in the eyes of the Western World, do you think they would have been guilty of those massacres at Smyrna and during their campaign in Asia Minor?" The Doctor of course agreed with me that they should have been so warned. Kitchener furnished each English soldier with rules of good conduct when he disembarked in France during the War. That was worthy of the high name of England. What excites my indignation is to hear Greeks defend these atrocities. I consider such Greeks as enemies to their

country. To be a true lover of one's country is to deplore every wrong done by its citizens, so that redress may be found. We had another invitation to Robert College. Dr. Huntington and Dr. Damon are professors there. They are also brothers-in-law, for Mrs. Damon, whom I learned to know in Windsor, Connecticut, was a Miss Huntington. Mrs. Huntington was Miss Dodge, daughter of Cleveland Dodge of New York. We had a wonderful day with those lovely people. Such views over the Bosphorus! Such profusion of gorgeous flowers! If only I had time I should love to tell you more of this charming household. In the afternoon they sent us to the Girls' College, whose president is Miss Mary Mills Patrick. The trustees have named it Constantinople College. It is a wonderful institution and it seems to be highly appreciated by Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Serbians and all the rest of the peoples of the Near East. I had not been told there was to be a lecture at the college, so not being eager to leave the delightful society of the Huntington home, we were very late in arriving. We were ushered into the big assembly-hall where we took front-row seats, for I could hear nothing otherwise. The speaker was an officer of our Navy, and the conclusion of his speech made me appreciate all that I had missed. I must tell you this one anecdote: On an American warship a young sailor was brought before the captain who said to him, "I hear you refuse to work on Sunday." "Yes, Sir, it is against my religious principles." "Well, let me tell you, I am not only Captain of this ship, but I am bishop of this diocese. Get out of



here and go to work as fast as you can." The Huntington car took us home late that afternoon, in time however for rest and then to a big dinner at the Near East Relief Center. We met there many interesting young girls who are enthusiastic workers for the refugees. Miss Anthony of Berkeley, California, came next morning in her car and took us to the Hospital and to one of the many Armenian refugee buildings where they are crowded together, poor fugitives. The Near East Relief has bought extensive deserted lands in Thrace, not far from the Sea of Marmora, where they are settling the able-bodied Armenians as fast as possible. The first party of settlers was carried to the land where the ruins of former habitations stood. They were left with bread, cheese and canned milk. When the relief workers returned they found that these people had worked night and day, had used all the materials available and had begun on the land. To get away from the refugee camps with their stagnation of mind and body was such a joy to these homeless creatures that they had achieved the apparently impossible in their eagerness to provide themselves with homes. The Near East Relief is determined, as far as its means permit, to settle on this land all those able to work. It is a noble enterprise, that of providing homes and work for these outcasts. All that is best in our religion finds free expression here. A day or two afterwards that dear Mrs. Emerick came in her little Ford and took us to see her work. She too is in the Near East Relief and has five thousand women and orphans under her charge. They are in a state of semi-

starvation. Mrs. Emerick had been to see me at the hotel, and when she told me that she had missed only one day from her work when her dear boy died, we wept together, nor can I speak of it here without tears. She took us among her charges and had her hands kissed by that adoring, but filthy humanity. I try not to feel repulsion for these creatures, remembering the words of a great, good man, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Were my work to lie among them I should no doubt become accustomed to it as others do. Those poor women beg her to put their children in schools. They say, "Take away some of our bread, but let our children learn." All these refugees have been made homeless by the Greek War, that fatal war, fatal alike to the Greeks and to Asia Minor in general. To this war, and the way in which it has been conducted, can be ascribed the widespread misery of the inhabitants of the Near East.

I must not forget to tell you what John Randolph related to us of a Russian princess whom he saw often, before the great revolution, in Moscow. She was so admired at that time that it was hard to approach her. When Mr. Randolph came to Constantinople he found this princess one day in a Russian restaurant as a waitress. Hoping to earn more she asked Mr. Randolph to get her a place in a restaurant on the Bosphorus. He did so, but a few days later he found the poor princess back in Constantinople. The proprietor of the Bosphorus establishment is a negro from Mississippi who many years ago wandered out to Moscow where he made a fortune with his restaurant. The Bolsheviki destroyed his business

and seized his property. He then appeared here and seems to be doing well. He required his fascinating waitress to sit at table with his customers and entertain them by her conversation. This was so repugnant that she gave up the place. She is now, I hear, a pale reflection of her former self. We determined to go to this restaurant to see her. Mr. Randolph invited us, but as we had a prior engagement the opportunity was lost and we never got there. Nellie found a Russian girl she was very enthusiastic about, whom she took to dine at a Russian restaurant hoping to see the princess, but it was not the right one. As I had made an excursion that morning with Nellie to Eyoub on the Golden Horn, returning in a caique, I was too tired to accompany them.

We were invited to tea at the Embassy. Mrs. Bristol offered to invite other guests to meet us, but I preferred to see her and the Admiral alone. Unfortunately I got it into my head that we were invited for half-past five instead of five. Punctually at half-past five we entered the Embassy to find that Mrs. Bristol had been waiting for us for half an hour. I was really mortified, because the Bristols are run to death, as it were. They are called upon on all occasions and have to preside at many meetings so I felt keenly having kept them waiting. I am told that each employee at the Embassy supports one or more of the Russian refugees. The Admiral is a fine-looking man with determination written in every line of his face. He said I was mistaken in supposing he was pro-Turk, that he was pro-nothing but pro-American; that he could say truly that he stood neutral between the contending



racess and religions, that any one coming to Constantinople with a bias for any side was incapable thereby of doing any good, or of serving any useful purpose, that the question at issue was not a religious question, but a political one, that the Armenians and the Greeks respectively wish only to supplant the Turks in their dominant position, and that either one of them would be a more cruel taskmaster to the Turks than the latter is now to them. When I made the remark that the Koran decreed death to those unbelievers who refused to be converted or to pay tribute, he said the mass of the people could not read the Koran and were therefore not aware of its severe injunctions. Besides he doubted if I had read the best version of the Koran, "In point of atrocities, there was little difference," he said, "between Greeks, Armenians and Turks." He asked if I would put the Turks at the mercy of the Greeks or of the Armenians? Naturally I said, "By no means." I suggested a possible solution, the use of foreign Residents like those in the native principalities of India, where British Residents keep the peace between the different races and religions. Now the various populations over here all profess confidence in the non-partisanship of Americans. There could therefore be no reason why the League of Nations should not appoint American Residents for Turkey with the advice of our Presidents, as in the noted case of Mr. Shuster, who gave satisfaction to the Persians. Since our arrival in Smyrna I have heard the testimony of unimpeachable eye-witnesses of the fearful disorders that occurred when the Greeks took possession of this city in May, 1919.

Their long-repressed desire for revenge burst forth irresistibly and their officers did nothing to restrain them. How quickly do men, with arms in their hands, revert to the savagery of their ancestors, more especially in these countries where religion has been the standard of party and of race. As I do not speak these languages, or live among these people, I must simply take the historical attitude toward them, namely that the Turk has been a blight to every land he has ruled. When Greece took over her devastated territories and ruined towns she was fearfully impoverished, but within a few years brigandage had ceased and peace and plenty reigned. Athens, from being a village of ruins, became a beautiful capital. When Sedley and I rode over that country in 1895 we carried all our money for the trip in our pockets and we went north, south, east and west in security, finding flourishing towns and well-cultivated fields everywhere. As each of the Balkan States threw off Turkish rule progress began for its people, because at last they enjoyed the fruits of their toil. In our tour through Palestine and Syria in 1896, we found all travelers armed, and the country presented the aspect of universal stagnation and decay, save for the few Zionist settlements and one by the Germans at Haifa. Unfortunately over here everybody is afraid to speak openly even when they quit the country, for it would endanger friends they leave behind. We have been obliged to promise solemnly never to betray those who have given us inside information. They are persons who have been eye-witnesses of the excesses of the Greeks in their hour of triumph, persons who, behold-

ing the innocent victims of carnage, have become strongly pro-Turk. A reporter of a great newspaper, who came with all the authority of Greek protection and Greek sympathies and was allowed to follow the Greek Army, saw the bodies of Turkish families butchered near their burned homes with small Greek and British flags fastened near them. He left the war zone a "converted man," to use his own expression. Another eye-witness, who followed the Armenian army in its retreat, after the breaking up of the Russian army, says that not a Turkish man, woman or child survived along the pathway of those men, frenzied by the memory of their dead lying on the desert sands of Mesopotamia. I listen with horror to all this, yet when the words no longer ring in my ears, I return to my original point of view. The Turkish leaders during the great war adopted and carried out a policy of extermination, first against the Armenians whose territory lay contiguous to Russia in the Caucasus. Somewhat later the Greeks of the Coast towns fell likewise under suspicion and it was determined to get rid of them also. Great numbers were deported to the Islands, the remainder were driven into the interior, an acknowledged Turkish means of extermination. These Greeks were the most refined, cultivated and economically successful class in Asia Minor. With regard to the Armenians Talaat and Enver boasted that they had accomplished more in a few months in the arid sands of Mesopotamia than Abdul Hamid in all his reign, though he too was undoubtedly animated by the same purpose. More than a thousand years before Christ the sea-faring



Greeks peopled these coasts, introduced here their civilization, the best then known in the world. Homer, it is believed, was born a few miles from Smyrna. Here, at any rate, in a remote antiquity his poetry was recited and his memory revered. The Turks came, a horde of barbarian conquerors, under whose misrule the superior races have suffered during all these centuries. What people would not to be debased by centuries of thralldom to stupid and ignorant conquerors. The apparent anomaly that a Turk in his private life is honorable, but dishonorable as a functionary, is simply because the autocrat, the Sultan, took for his own use all the income of the state. It was brought to him and put into his private treasury. Officials and functionaries were turned loose on the public for a living. I am told and am willing to believe, that the Turkish farmers, the mass of the people, possess the simple basic virtues of primitive peoples. They are hospitable and frugal, but densely ignorant. It would be unjust to deliver them, without guarantees into the hands of those who regard the soil as their heritage. Six centuries of bondage have not effaced the memory of the ancestors who owned these lands and who had attained so high a degree of civilization. Were the League of Nations supported by America there could be little doubt that it would solve these problems. No race in the Near East wants to be under any other, for race in these lands means religion and the hatreds of centuries. We should never forget that had the Armenians and Greeks abandoned Christianity and adopted Mohammedanism they would have had nothing more to fear. I do not think

the Western world is sufficiently awake to the fact that the Mohammedan religion is the most dangerous of all others. A religion which can inspire its followers to die as willingly in defeat as in victory, sure that Houris await them with outstretched arms in Paradise. What other people would obey a command to massacre an unarmed population, or drive the poor victims over mountain and plain, a helpless multitude to end their agony on the burning sands of a desert? The sublimest genius the Earth could produce, the finest flower of its most enlightened culture would count for nothing in the eyes of a true believer in the Koran, strong only in his ignorance and fanaticism, a docile instrument in the hands of ambitious leaders.

Nellie got her candlesticks changed, but the quality is no better. I have put them in one of my suit-cases and feel strongly tempted to pitch them into the Ægean as a propitiatory offering to Neptune. At any rate I have told Nellie if she buys any more candlesticks save only the seven-branched golden candlestick which Titus took from Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem, that, to quote Letitia Miller, I should find out what the worm did when it turned, and do it. Solomon's Temple reminds me that Nellie and I had almost resolved to run down to Jerusalem while here in Smyrna. She has never been to the Holy Land. I went there with Sedley, all through it in fact, and found it the most interesting tour I had ever taken in my life, nor has my opinion changed since then, much as I have traveled. I should love to go again, at least to Jerusalem, because I am an enthusiastic Zionist.

I am always surprised when I am asked "Why are you a Zionist?" Was I not brought up on the Bible? Was not Christ a Jew? I cannot after such teaching associate Palestine with any other race than the Jews. Zionism does not force Jews to go to Palestine; it simply gives them a glorious opportunity to show of what they are capable. Let them make of that little land, which so many millions of men call "Holy," a land really Holy for humanity. Let them create there a model government where tolerance shall replace fanaticism, and where all the attractions of beauty, fruitfulness of soil and conveniences of life may abound. Let the creation of this beautified and purified Palestine be the answer of the Jews to their age-long persecutors, and then for the first time men shall see in the East all races and all religions dwelling together in peace and harmony. Should I be spared to see such a day I should go as a pilgrim to Jerusalem and feel that my most cherished dreams of human brotherhood and progress had been realized. Jerusalem would then be, for the prosperous and cultivated Jews of other lands, the goal of a pilgrimage and the object of their pride.

HOTEL "SPLENDIDE PALACE," SMYRNA,

Nov. 5, 1921.

Our boat trip here from Constantinople was most pleasant. We passed Gallipoli before day and did not stop there. That was of course a disappointment, but we saw the beautiful Dardanelles and the islands just outside. We were two nights on the way arriving very early in



the morning. Nellie went immediately to the Consulate, and Mr. Treat offered to send us in his car that afternoon to Paradise, the fine American college for boys a few miles from Smyrna. We did not, however, see the President as he was deeply engrossed in a very important matter. We passed two Roman aqueducts, one almost in the college grounds. Next day the President and his wife took luncheon with us and he made himself thrillingly interesting. He told us also of the important business of the day before. One of his students is a Turkish boy who has had little help from any source, as his family is very poor, yet he gained the big silver cup for scholarship as well as the prize for field sports. This was a subject of discontent to the Greek and Armenian students, who by their conduct, took all the joy of his achievement from the young Turk. This preyed on his mind to such an extent that one day in chapel he sprang up and seized a Greek student, pushing and shoving him about, calling out incoherent words from the scriptures after which he ran away. In a few days he returned half-starved and begged humbly to be readmitted. Then he went to the dining-room and begged pardon of the boys assembled there. These, however, could not reconcile themselves to his presence, so he told the President, Dr. McLachlan, that he would work as a servant over at the agricultural department. It was the momentous question that had assembled all the faculty the afternoon we arrived. The Doctor told us it had been decided to accept the boy's offer, and he had been sent to work in the fields. I thought this very wise as it was evident the boy's mind

had been overstrained. The other students, however, showed little generosity, no more, perhaps, than our own boys would have shown to a German during the war.

We took a carriage to go up Mount Pagus, on whose side ancient Smyrna was built. The ruins crowning the hill are very picturesque from the city, but after a short ascent the carriage stopped and we were turned out to make our way on foot. I soon lay down on a grassy spot, and refused to get up. Nellie would not leave me so after seeing nothing we returned. The carriage then took us through the narrow, tortuous streets of the Bazaar where everything is sold and which took away our appetite for the wonderfully fine grapes of this region, because of the flies which swarmed unmolested over them. The grapes of Constantinople were also most delicious and we consumed quantities of them during our stay there.

Miss Christie came to see us late one evening. She is head of the Y. W. C. A. here. These organizations are doing a superb work in Smyrna. Under their roof young women of all races learn the spirit of tolerance and of mutual service. The organization was able to purchase an old stable without windows in the poorest quarter of the city. There they made a social center for the factory girls. When they spoke of their desire to help the factory girls they were warned not to approach such utterly depraved creatures. In the stable, cleaned and renovated, they have brought some brightness into the lives of these girls, and of all the poor mothers and children of the neighborhood. They give them innocent

amusements, teach them what may be useful, and inculcate by example and precept that tolerance of other creeds and races of which they have such great need. Miss Christie is a great admirer of the Greek high commissioner, Mr. Sterghiades. He has helped them with money and in other ways ever since they came here a few months after Greek occupation in 1919. In 1920 when they had a formal official opening, to which they invited representative men of Greek, Armenian, Turkish, French and Italian nationalities, including besides some of the rich and poor among the ordinary citizens, it was with intense satisfaction that they saw Greeks and Turks fraternizing over their tea and cake. The High Commissioner permits all their supplies to come in without going through the customs, and watches over their work in the most helpful manner, conscious that it makes for peace and friendly understanding.

It was dark the evening we returned from Paradise when we reached the outskirts of the city. We found ourselves entangled in the march of hundreds of Greek soldiers just landed and going out to a camp an hour's walk from the town. When we reached the hotel we watched them marching by from our windows, and I felt my heart burn within me with fierce indignation against war and all its train of misery. The sky was heavy with black clouds. We had seen a Greek encampment almost surrounded by water from the recent rains on our way out. These men have been taken from field and factory alike, from useful work to be thrust on those fanatical armies of Kemal Pasha which, excited by suc-



cess and eager for battle against the unbelievers, are awaiting these poor victims of race and military ambition.

Day before yesterday we went out to Ephesus. It was a trip we dreaded, but were determined to take. Nobody seemed to know anything about the trains, except that some said they left at seven, some at seven-thirty. Nellie went to the station for information, and finding that there was a train every other day only we decided to make the trip next morning. We were up soon after five and a French lad here, who alone can talk freely to us in a language we understand, undertook to bring us hot tea at six, which he did. It was a blessing we arrived at the station with time to commit mistakes, for we committed a good many. While Nellie was busied elsewhere I spoke to a man who looked very intelligent. Nellie insists that I should not address strangers so uncere- moniously as I do, and when she is near she tugs un- mercifully at my arm and whispers "Now, don't speak to that strange man." But I feel responsible for pro- viding her with good, intelligent society, for naturally she gets tired of me. When I find the right kind of man, always against violent opposition, I then introduce my niece, and she is soon absorbed in his interesting conver- sation. When the find is a particularly fortunate one she declares "He certainly is the most interesting man we have met so far." Such a find I made in front of the railway station. He was an Italian born in Smyrna, but brought up in French schools, so that he prefers to speak that language. He entertained us most delightfully all the way to Ephesus. He said that before the Greek occu-

pation when he went out on his shooting excursions he often visited the small Turkish farmers, who would bring out a strip of carpet to spread before him, then whatever they had to eat, the best they could offer. He got attached to these simple, hospitable folk, who always refused money, but since the Greek occupation he has found only charred ruins of former homes, of the owners not one remains. He is, of course, filled with indignation, but remember that Italians are very unfriendly to Greeks because they are in possession of Greek islands which they refuse to give up. We arrived in Ephesus soon after eleven. The little hotel there belongs to a German who built it with modern conveniences and set an example of cleanliness which is still continued. The building is in a garden of fruit trees, flowers and shrubbery. I saw with pleasure a hedge of myrtle. Wherever the German goes he has myrtle, either in pots or in hedges, for that is used in weddings just as orange blossoms with us. After lunch we ordered horses for the ruins. The hotel keeper, a Greek, tried to impose a carriage, but I had Mount Pagus fresh in mind and demanded horses. As I mounted my nag and remembered how many times I had fallen from horses (Cook and Son's horses) all through Palestine and Syria, I was in considerable trepidation and charged the proprietor to enjoin on the guide to go at a snail's pace. I found, however, that I was mounted on a horse as gentle and docile as a lamb. When once my confidence was fully gained I cantered off leaving the guide to Nellie who was mounted on a rather perverse beast. I soon con-

vinced myself that my former painful experiences were entirely due to the horses themselves, and felt elated accordingly. We went everywhere among the ruins of the great temple of Ephesus, over the marble-paved "Via Sacra" leading to them, picturing to ourselves St. Paul's burning zeal as he, with loins girded, made his way along this street. We wished for the Bible, to read it all over again. Some of these excavations are most beautiful as well as interesting, the Theatre, the Agora, and the Gymnasium, but our guide did not take us to the different sites in the order given by our book. So we lost much time in trying to identify buildings which would have been simple with a horse-boy who knew a few words of another tongue than Greek. Then it began to drizzle and I remembered that the trimming on my bonnet dissolves readily in rain, so casting every other consideration aside I let my horse carry me home in fine style, very proud of being able to stay on his back. I went to bed while Nellie received a visit from the young Greek archæologist. She soon came to my room to tell me what a remarkable man he was, familiar with the history of philosophy from its origin, knew all about Heraclitus, father of modern thought, perhaps of evolution; and yet this young man was only twenty years old. I crawled out of bed, and as it was cold I enveloped myself in all my wraps, and with the rug for my knees, I went to the parlor to meet the youthful prodigy. He spoke French with some facility so I said: "Monsieur, you behold, if you permit me to make such a comparison, the grandmother of Heraclitus. I certainly feel old and feeble enough at this moment to



justify me in saying this." He was a modest young man and made himself very agreeable, disclaiming any particular knowledge of archæology or of philosophy. He had derived his erudition from a German pamphlet, describing the ruins, which he showed me. He is only the temporary head of the excavations in this time of change. He offered to guide us everywhere if the rain would only cease. I was eager to mount that kindly-disposed nag once more, but the rain came down steadily for the rest of our stay. I tried to get all the information I could from the hotel-keeper and from the archæologist. The former, in answer to my inquiry, said: "Ephesus has always been Greek. There were only fifteen Turkish families in the village; all disappeared now, perhaps in the mountains. Yes, they were brigands and their homes have been destroyed to get rid of them." This was all I could get from him. The young Greek scientist gave practically the same information: "There were brigands in the mountains, they cut off the Greek soldiers when they had the opportunity, and so forth." All of this is possible, but how many innocent have perished for every robber.

We had been invited to the Y. W. C. A. to dinner on the evening we were to get back from Ephesus. We did not arrive in Smyrna until nearly half-past eight in a steady downpour of rain. We did not know how to tell a Greek driver to take us to the Y. W. C. A. A man, who spoke a few words of English, on being asked "What is Christian women in Greek?" said he didn't know. It all seemed hopeless, in such a rain too, so we determined to

return to the hotel, but at the station we found Mike, Mr. Treat's chauffeur waiting to take us to the dinner. I liked Mike from previous drives, notably to Paradise. After having spent many years in America he speaks a pretty good American. I felt a desire, which I restrained, to fall on Mike's neck. He is very jovial, and has a large generous smile, showing fine teeth. We had a quiet, delightful family dinner at the social center. Mr. Treat was there. He lunched with us today and I asked him what he thought of the work of the Y. W. C. A. He is enthusiastic about the good they are doing. They have four hundred Greek girls enrolled as members, two hundred and fifty Armenians, one hundred and fifty Jews, thirty-five Turks and fifty-five of other nationalities. I asked why they had so few Turkish girls, "Because the social center being in the Greek quarter, the Turkish girls are afraid of the Greek soldiers." These ladies are extremely desirous of founding a social center settlement in the Turkish quarter, which would be very desirable. Mr. Treat sent his car this morning to take me to see what the Y. W. C. A. have done with the stable they had acquired. The workmen were just finishing off the interior in order to deliver it clean and in good order tomorrow. It is now entirely appropriate to its purpose. As the big carpet factory is only a few yards away I asked Miss Forsyth, who accompanied me, to take me there also. When I found myself in a large Oriental rug factory I bewailed the fact that Nellie was not with me. I have seen more than one of such factories in India and I am less interested in such things than she. The

manager, an Armenian, showed me everything. He pays the annual dues to the Y. W. C. A. for each girl in the factory, which shows his wisdom. He does not sell the carpets; that is done by the warehouse in the city, but he told me the price, nine Turkish pounds for twenty-six square inches, not quite five dollars. I asked if they made any rugs which could be used on each side. No, only rugs with the pile on one side. I said I had seen in Paris rugs that were very pretty, but were thin and cheap, having the look of silk. He said he had never seen any of that kind, but should judge them to be mercerized cotton.

Mr. Treat remained with us sometime after luncheon. He is very pleasant and entertaining, has promised to give us a letter of introduction to our Consul at Athens. This will be a decided advantage and I feel extremely grateful to this dear young American. His chauffeur, Mike, told me this morning, when taking me to the renovated stable, that all the consulates of Smyrna employ Turkish help only, because, Mike added, "they are so honest." Mike is a Greek, but also an American citizen. He is the only Greek employed in the American Consulate he says. Miss Forsyth told me that Turkish girls were by far the most charming they had. They possess, she said, all the charm of an American girl and are truthful and reliable. I could not but acknowledge that it was a great advantage to a people to have a religion which enjoins with clearness and precision the duties of truthfulness and honesty. The religion of the Turks does this, though its fanaticism makes it a danger to the world.



I cannot but believe that Christ inculcated truthfulness and upright dealing, but these precepts did not suit the state of mentality of the Byzantine, or the latter part of the Roman period, when pious frauds in miracles were thought praiseworthy, since they brought in a rich harvest of converts. The people demanded miracles to meet the competition of rival pagan religions. To judge these pious miracle workers by their motives one must be lenient. I spoke to Mr. Treat of the scandals of the war period, and even for some time thereafter. He said: "Yes, I myself have seen as many as fifty young people traveling for pleasure on funds provided by charity at home." It was an outrage, but all classes were taken then into the Y. M. C. A. and into that of the Y. W. also. He spoke of the work of the latter in the East with unrestricted praise. They reach the womanhood of the country, which the Y. M. could not do. I asked Miss Forsyth if young men were permitted at the amusements provided for the girls over here, I mean for the Greek, Armenian and Turkish girls. She said no, American boys and men could, however, come to them for the use of their books and newspapers. This saved many of them from the degrading night life of the city. Mr. Treat thought the Y. M. C. A. was also doing good, but their work was necessarily confined to men and boys. As for the boys the Y. W. take charge of them also.

We leave tomorrow at eleven. Mr. Treat says he is coming to see us again. We are well content to have come here, but eager to get to Athens. There is too little comfort in this hotel. At night such feeble light that we

can do nothing, and generally no electricity even of this feeble description, but only thin, short candles (with no candlesticks) lying on little saucers. Then the food is so badly cooked that I find it hard to digest. I believe we are paying as much as in the Pera Palace Hotel where the cooking was excellent and the portions double those served here. We have had guests here, and were ashamed of what was served them. In Constantinople this was never the case. Nellie laughs much at the name of this hotel, "Splendid Palace." It is because of the dancing-hall I suppose, nothing else warrants it.

HOTEL ANGLETERRE, ATHENS,  
Nov. 14, 1921.

We were charmed to leave Smyrna behind us, Mr. Treat of the Consulate, and those dear American girls the only mitigating circumstances. Our hotel had on one side "Crämer Hotel" and on the other "Splendid Palace." I could not allow myself in a letter to describe too accurately this "Splendid Palace." But the bills were strictly honest, even to taking off the price of the butter (from the early breakfast) which was uneatable. They treated us as well as they could, and now that we are away I am willing to feel grateful.

On the trip over I got acquainted with a Greek staff officer just from the front. We had some very animated discussions, and he was really eloquent in defending his people from the charge of massacring the Turks. "What were those few outrages compared to the systematic destruction of the Greeks and the Armenians by the

Turks? Those dreadful drives from the coast towns, those deportations to the islands; and of those many thousands how few returned! and to find nothing left of their possessions. From wealth to beggary, children and old people dead from hardships. If, when the Greeks entered Smyrna, some passionately aggrieved ones were excited to revenge, what wonder?" But he didn't believe it! He had reason to believe that it was the fanaticism of the Turks which started that massacre, which after all was a very small affair, and so forth and so forth. This young man is a grandson of Dr. Schliemann, and his grandmother, the widow of the great man, is living still in Athens. The American consul, who knows her well, told Nellie this anecdote which Mrs. Schliemann is said to tell on herself: When Dr. Schliemann came to Athens full of his idea of discovering Troy he let it be known that he longed to meet a young Greek lady who shared his ideals. The young lady who became his wife obtained books on archæology which she studied, then she memorized many pages of Homer, all of which she used so happily on the enthusiastic archæologist that his heart was completely won. She made him a most excellent wife, entering into all his plans and sharing his ambitions, thus contributing toward his success. Our Consul, Mr. George of Alabama, has a charming Irish wife. The two took luncheon with us Saturday. I talked mostly with the young wife as Mr. George was afraid to speak loud enough for me to hear him. One has to be very cautious in these countries. Mrs. George and I talked much of Ireland and deplored



conditions there. After lunch they took us in their car to the Acropolis, as far as a machine can go. Athens is startlingly clean after the filth of Smyrna and it has so many beautiful points of view. I always see the views from the Stadium and the Acropolis with renewed pleasure, for this is the fourth time I have been here.

We have a chambermaid in this Hotel who speaks German. She is not German, nor has she any love for that nation, but she speaks the language well. She is from Moravia which you know is a part of Czechoslovakia (Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia). She is an intelligent girl and very attentive to me. I got her this morning to bring me her last letter from her father, a cabinet maker who lives in the village of Buchlowitz where one of Count Berchtold's castles is situated. The father's letter was remarkably interesting. He began by thanking his son and daughter for the money they had sent him, described the dreadful drouth which is still unbroken and which will force him to kill, or sell, his cattle; then he relates that the old John Huss Church, which stands by the ancient cemetery and was in such a dilapidated condition, is now being repaired and will soon be ready for services; that meantime they have services in the school-house; that half the population have gone over to the new National Church, and he believes it to be a very good religion. Many priests have adopted it and married. He speaks of an acquaintance of theirs and says she got the Pope's permission to leave her convent where she was regarded as a saint, but once out of the convent she has gone over to the new Church and is now so gay and merry one

would hardly recognize her. She is seen everywhere, and always laughing and happy over her newly-acquired freedom. He mentions that Countess Berchtold has come over from Switzerland and is now at the castle, but her husband will not leave Switzerland. The Countess had been to see them, and asked about Fannie and Carl (maid and waiter in this hotel) and wanted to know if Carl is now a good cook. He says that his other son, after having served six years in the army has been called again to the colors because of the troubles in Hungary, and they are all much grieved over this, not knowing when he will be free from military service. He says preparations are now going on for the winter theater for the villagers, wherein the school children and their parents act, trained by the teachers. Fannie tells me her father acts comic parts and the four children who remain at home all act in the plays. The father, Petrick, speaks six languages. The language of the country is Slav; they can understand Russian, Serbian and any other Slav tongue. German was taught in the schools, forced on them by the Austrian government, which did not permit a Slav language in the schools. Fannie says her father, when he had finished his apprenticeship, went on a walking tour through many countries. He went as far as Jerusalem, always where possible on foot. She says the village people are firmly convinced that the war was decided on in Buchlowitz. They had seen the statesmen arrive at Count Berchtold's castle in the village, where they believe the fatal document, which precipitated the war, was signed. The Count became in consequence of

this belief very unpopular. He owns the village and an immense estate in that part of the country. He tries to combat the prejudice against him, by devoting a large part of his revenues to public works and for the public benefit. His wife and son often reside in the castle, but the Count, she says, is afraid to leave Switzerland. It would be hard to find a town in our country where the working classes are so intelligent as in this Moravian village. I believe the Slav language, furnishing a medium of intercourse between so many countries, and so difficult, makes the people who speak it more intelligent. It is almost an education in itself.

Mr. Hall, American Chargé d'Affaires, has called on us and has invited us to tea tomorrow at the Legation. Yesterday we met Major Schallenberger, Military Attaché at Belgrade and Athens, dividing his time between the two cities. When I was introduced, Mrs. Schallenberger asked if I were in Sofia this summer, and then said: "But where is your niece?" Mrs. Kemper had told her all about us. She is a great friend of the Kempers. When they found they would be charged \$500.00 to have their car brought here by train, they determined to make the trip in it. Now in Macedonia and Thessaly the mountains are infested by brigands, but the Schallenbergers believe these brigands are friendly to the Americans for it is said they spent some years in the U. S. before the great war and use the Americans well who fall into their hands. This is mere report, but the Schallenbergers believed it, and had not the slightest fear during their long trip. As they were nearing the



end of their journey they sent one of their children to a field, where a peasant was working, with some provisions they no longer needed. The peasant came to the car and told them in good American that he had lived for years in that blessed land, but had returned to his native country to remain. "Why did he not wish to go back to America?" "People had to work too hard over there." I certainly agree with that artless peasant. If one has to toil winter and summer with no time off except for sleep, what privilege is there in being a human being? Should not a man have a few hours each day for mental culture or recreation? But if these are considered the exclusive prerogatives of the upper classes should not the manual laborer have at least some time each day to work about his home for wife and children? Mr. Ford and a few others have shown that humanity and justice are not incompatible with good business. I certainly hope the day will yet come when it cannot be said of America that our workers have no leisure except when factories and mines are closed.

ATHENS,  
Nov. 19, 1921.

I shall only begin this letter as we leave this morning by train for Patras. The Schallenbergers turned out to be the most charming acquaintances. He was on General Pershing's staff the first year in France, but when the fighting began he went to the front. He is so modest and soldierly he will not speak of himself, but is an enthusiastic admirer of General Pershing. I think they resemble each other in bearing and general appearance.

The Schallenbergers' children are remarkably intelligent and very good. They already speak more than one language which I think develops a child's intelligence very much. When their parents took us driving they sat in front with the Serbian chauffeur and chatted gayly with him in Serbian the whole time. This language will introduce them to the other Slav languages of the Balkans as well as to Russian. Major Schallenberger says I am mistaken in supposing the Serbians to be particularly militaristic. I had said all the inhabitants seemed to me to be soldiers. He explained that they had nothing to wear except their uniforms, but they are engaged in peaceful occupations, mostly farming. He sympathizes with them in wishing for a frontier suitable for protecting themselves from Albanian raids. It would seem that the Albanians of the mountains are like the ancient Highlanders and replenish their larders by raids on peaceful populations within their reach, but if people are allowed to invade other lands to strengthen their frontiers where will it end? We took lunch with the Schallenbergers yesterday at the Grande Bretagne to which they moved from this hotel. We miss them dreadfully and feel almost as though we were kin to them. After the luncheon, to which Mr. Hill, head of the American School of Archæology, was also invited, we went driving and had a delightful afternoon. Mr. George, our Consul, recommended us to the Schliemanns, and the head of that family, old Lady Schliemann, immediately offered to invite some of her friends to meet us. The Schliemanns live in a superb house with a noble gateway leading into a

garden, on one side of which is the home of Venizelos. This question between Venizelos and the Royalists divides the Schliemann family, as it does so many others in Greece. The only son is a stanch supporter of the throne. The King's children and the Schliemann's were brought up in great intimacy. Among the pranks of these youngsters long ago was this: Alexander, the young king who died, placed himself under the Venizelos window while the Schliemann boy stood on his shoulders to cut off the Venizelos electricity. That statesman felt constrained to go over next day to see Madame Schliemann and expostulate with her on the conduct of her scamp of a son. We had a most delightful visit to the Schliemann home. The old lady (more than ten years younger than I), was most amiable, and took me from the salon to see some wall paintings and a beautiful tessellated floor with designs from Troy. She was so charmingly attentive that I felt emboldened to ask her about the truth of the story as to how she caught her distinguished husband. She was not in the slightest degree annoyed at my indiscretion, and offered to tell me the whole story, but asked "Why don't you read his life?" Why do I not read a thousand books which I ought to read? Well, a firm of London bankers sent Dr. Schliemann, then a young man, to California during the gold craze. He was very successful out there. He next went to Russia where he engaged in commerce making a large fortune. His boyhood dream was always to discover Troy. Finding himself with millions at his disposal, he began by learning ancient and modern Greek.



He was so much pleased with his teacher, he asked him to procure the photographs of his family and send them to him in Russia. Among these photographs was one of a young girl not quite seventeen, very beautiful I imagine, though the old lady was silent on that point. The Doctor telegraphed the mother that he was coming to Greece and not to affiance her daughter before he arrived. In his first interview he asked the girl; "When did the Emperor Hadrian come to Greece?" "In 123 A.D." This appeared satisfactory: "Have you ever read Homer?" This was the moment of the young girl's triumph. She began to recite the most eloquent passages she had learned at school. His heart was completely won. He was forty-seven, she nearly seventeen, but he was vigorous, youthful and enormously wealthy, the future belonged to him. She entered into his schemes with enthusiasm. They began with Troy. He had no trouble with the Turks. All, high and low were willing to take "backsheesh," and Troy was discovered. The next move was Mycenæ. Here, when he came to the tombs, he dismissed the workmen and piled the wonderful golden ornaments into his wife's basket. The government took possession of them, but he had wealth and fame.

I must tell you an absurd incident which took place at this reception. It was told me of a gentleman sitting near. "He speaks English." Assuming him to be Greek with imperfect knowledge of English and finding him silent, I began a very clearly spoken exposition on various subjects embracing the policy of England in Ireland and in the East, explaining every word I thought above his

comprehension, he answered in monosyllables when I asked; "Do you understand me?" At last exhausted I learned that he was a very cultivated Englishman, in fact the head of the Archæological Society of his country in Greece. I suppose he attributed my prolixity to approaching senility, but he was patient with age as an Archæologist should be. He talked very freely after I had exhausted myself. He thought the English had made the great mistake of giving a Western education to Indian youth. I thought any education which included English was bound to open the books of the world, with all their new ideas, to the youths of any country who had average intelligence. I thought there was only one safe and honest policy now for the great nations to pursue, and that was to cease exploiting the peoples under their care, to serve them and prepare them for self government, as I hope we are doing in the Philippines. The Georges have been perfectly charming to us. The pretty little wife, who is extremely intelligent, came to see us yesterday. To comfort Sedley over his losses in exchange while in France, let me tell him Mr. George's experience. The latter had many thousand dollars to invest and put the whole in drachmas at six to the dollar, an apparently favorable investment. The war in Asia Minor has already brought Greek money to twenty three drachmas to the dollar. A truly formidable loss to the Georges. He says whenever rent day comes he grieves afresh over his losses. Everything has augmented in price, but his finances were settled on the basis of six to one. His wife calls him Billy, and they are a fine-look-

ing couple. He is singularly like my boy Bill when the latter's face is in repose. To judge American Consuls by Mr. Kemper, Mr. Ravndal, Mr. Treat and Mr. George, they certainly belong to our élite. The Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Barton Hall, was taken ill and went to the country, promising to entertain us on his return. I think that gentleman needs a wife dreadfully, but I was too discreet to mention this subject at our first interview. I was introduced to the Armenian minister in this hotel and he gave up an evening to talk with me. I wanted, however, to hear of the present state of Armenia while he wanted to present the case of his country on historical grounds, going far into the past. I needed no convincing as to the wrongs of Armenia and how badly it had been treated by the great powers all these centuries when the Armenians could have enjoyed every right of the Turkish population had they only given up their religion. I am often told they are a poor lot whose word cannot be relied on. I think we have a lot of Americans whose word cannot be relied on, though they should all have a high sense of honor, never having been enslaved by any other nation. Why then be so hard on a people whose existence has been a long martyrdom?

I met a gentleman who followed the Greek armies and who returned only last July from the Asia Minor front. He said the Greek garrison was hurried to Smyrna without any precautions being taken to avoid a clash between the fanatical elements. Then on their further march into the interior, the town of Aidin was taken and retaken. The Greeks first massacred all the Turkish population and



burned their houses. The Turks, on re-entering performed the same service for the Greek inhabitants, thus reducing the town to a heap of ruins. When news of these events reached Athens all were heartily ashamed of the excesses of the troops, though the provocations to vengeance were extreme. A personal friend of Venizelos, Mr. Sterghiades, was then sent to Smyrna where he still remains and is bringing order out of the chaos in the relations between Turks and Greeks. I am told he punishes Greeks, convicted of outrages against Turks, more severely than the Turks for like offences, rightly holding that the Greeks belong to a higher civilization and a more humane religion and that they are consequently more responsible in the eyes of the world. This gentleman whom I am quoting says Smyrna has never been so well governed. He was in the interior of Asia Minor and said the words "the grass never grows where the Turk rules" came often to his mind. No trees, no grass. The peasantry scratch the upper soil merely. He missed the verdure, especially the trees, as the country had been denuded of them. To understand what Mohammedan fanaticism means, let one read the daily reports from India where the Moslems were roused against the English by inflammatory propaganda; but to them all unbelievers are alike, and not being able to get at the English, unoffending Hindus are being exterminated wherever they can be reached and their villages razed to the ground. When I said to my informant that he should not be so severe on the Armenians because many of them lacked a nice sense of honor, that we had only

to consider our own people, how far short many of them fell in this respect, he told me this story, for which he vouches: After a dinner party in a New York Hotel a bill was presented which contained an item for a sugar bowl \$6.00. When asked for an explanation the waiter whispered, "It is in the muff of the young lady." An American lady told me that one of her souvenir pieces of china was taken by her from an hotel. With such mothers can we wonder that our soldiers in France took souvenirs till the shops had to be closed at their approach? Yet we are so censorious in speaking of the failings of an unfortunate race. I could not get the Armenian Minister to tell me much about the present condition of that country. He says there is no Post to the outside world, only at intervals there comes to him a telegram. The Turks have taken about one-third of Armenia in the Caucasus, the Bolsheviki another third, and both rule rigorously. Those of his nation, who love freedom above all else, maintain a precarious existence in the mountains. He says: "The Allies owe a great debt to my countrymen because during the war an army of Armenians joined the Russian forces in the Caucasus, and when Bolshevism had destroyed the morale of the Russian soldiers the Armenians remained an armed force requiring a Turkish army to face them, which would otherwise have been employed at the side of the Germans. And now after all our sacrifices and all the promises made to us we find ourselves abandoned to the ferocious cruelty of the Turks and to the plundering fanaticism of the Bolsheviki, so that even in the small remnant of our

ancient domain, we are enslaved as never before." I reminded the Minister that the position of England in the East and Near East is a peculiarly difficult one, facing alone a furious wave of fanaticism all over the Moslem world. But does not America, too, owe a debt of humanity to this wretchedly oppressed race? And does our refusal to come to the aid of a suffering world do any good to our own people? In a League of Nations strengthened by America, how quickly could order be brought out of this chaos of crime and anarchy, and how little the experiment would cost us, for are we not told that we can enter the League on our own terms? If then the task proved ungrateful or unfruitful, could we not withdraw beyond the seas and resume our selfish isolation? Rome gave peace to the world by conquest. America could do so by good will. All the peoples of Europe are praying in their agony for peace as their only hope. Will History call this great Republic "The Peacemaker?"

PATRAS,  
Nov. 21, 1921.

We had a lovely journey from Athens here. The scenery all the way was exquisite, overlooking the Gulf of Corinth, and the country is the richest we have yet seen. Mrs. Schallenberger came in her car and took us to the station. We feel very near to those dear Schallenbergers just as though they were our own kin.

Mr. George gave us a letter to our Consul here, Mr. Stiles, whose wife immediately invited us to tea, her



husband coming for us. We were delighted with the family and Mr. Stiles is to come again today to take us out there to luncheon. Yesterday afternoon while Mr. Stiles and I were discussing in a corner the affairs of the world, Nellie and Mrs. Stiles made a discovery which was of far more importance to us individually. They discovered that we were cousins, not only cousins to Mrs. Stiles, but to her husband, for both are related to the Dabneys of Gloucester. That made us feel at home, and when we were returning to the hotel, Mr. Stiles said: "You can tell the people here that you are my cousins and they will treat you well." An American Consul is a power in these war-worn countries. We met some pleasant ladies there. The eighteen-year-old daughter is married very happily to an Englishman. The other daughter, Nancy, is just Mary Ware's age and is also very pretty.

Foreigners who come to the Near East to make fortunes, are met by the formidable competition of Greeks, Armenians and Jews, with which they find it extremely difficult to compete. But the Turks sell concessions with ease and have no scruples of conscience over the exploitation of their countrymen. All this makes Greeks and Armenians very unpopular. We leave tonight for Corfu, our faces turned homeward.

TIRANA, CAPITAL OF ALBANIA,  
Nov. 26, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

As we left Patras at night we were able to spend the day with our newly-acquired cousins, who were kind

enough to send for us. Mr. Stiles was confined to his bed by a serious carbuncle, but his wife, Beatrice, and their charming daughter, Nancy, gave us a very happy day. After so many months in hotels, where one has to order meals, the luncheon seemed to us extraordinary, fit for royalty.

We got on the Greek steamer at night, in darkness only lighted by the lantern of our guide. We reached Corfu next morning at nine and as Nellie was horribly seasick and absolutely helpless, I took a boat and went to the agency for information. I learned that there was a ship next day for the Albanian coast. I asked the Italian agent: "Is Valona worth stopping to see?" "No," he answered, "It is entirely modern and uninteresting." So Valona was given up. I had permitted a guide to attach himself to me. He conducted me to the agency and back to the ship, where I got Nellie packed up and off to the shore. The guide took us to what he represented to be the best hotel. The room was big and sunny with a lovely view from the two windows, but the restaurant did not suit Nellie's fastidious taste and she needed food sadly, so she went to the other hotel where she had a good meal, and came back herself again, to my intense satisfaction. I could never have traveled as I have done had I not early conquered this painful and torturing fastidiousness. I therefore ate satisfactorily in our hotel restaurant without giving myself the trouble to change, more especially as Nellie told me there was no such view in the other hotel as the one we enjoyed from our spacious and sunny room. We took a carriage for

the afternoon and went up to the Kaiser's palace, which belonged originally to the Empress of Austria. We were not allowed to go in, but the views were lovely. There are not only a great many statues in the grounds, but they are thickly crowded along one side of the building. A gigantic statue of Achilles, made in Germany in 1909, overlooks the sea. A point far down on the shore called the Canone, to which we went later, is marvelously beautiful. Corfu is certainly one of the beauty-spots of the world.

We went to see the British Consul, who acts for the United States. He could give us no information and was extremely pessimistic, thought it a pity Gladstone had ever been born (Gladstone returned the Ionian Islands, including of course Corfu, to Greece), quoted his son as saying when people had a comfortable home and something to live on, they were great asses to travel; was pro-Turk; said the Turks had never had a chance, as they came in contact mostly with the riffraff of the Western world; said his daughter had been for years in a German boarding school, but nothing would now induce her to shake hands with one of her former schoolmates. We bought our tickets from the Italian agent who was doing a thriving banking business. He discounted heavily our Greek money, though it was quoted at par with Italian. Guide and boatmen charges were exorbitant, so we found ourselves suddenly reduced from imaginary affluence to complete penury. On the ship we were informed that beds and board on the Lloyd Triestino were not included in the price of the tickets.



There was a wedding-party on board from Valona. As the bride's brother spoke English, we got acquainted with the whole party. He took us to the stateroom of the bride, whom we found extremely pretty. They were all Mohammedans and wanted to know why we did not stop in Valona. We answered carelessly that the Italians had told us that it was not interesting. This they repeated to one another with growing indignation, and at Durazzo yesterday the governor came to see us about it. We were most repentant and tried in vain to show how unimportant the matter was, but national feeling is very intense, and Valona, won from the Italians by the valor of the Albanians, is the pride of the new nation. The Governor, called Prefect here, is young, intelligent and intensely patriotic. All these Moslems assured us (for several came to see us in Durazzo) that religion played no political rôle in Albania, that nationalism was above all else. They all said they had cut loose from Turkey, not only politically but in religion, not acknowledging the authority of the Caliph. But to return to the wedding-party on the ship. Nellie soon became dreadfully seasick, though the sea was absolutely tranquil, so I talked to them, to each of whom I was introduced. One was the Mayor of Valona, which place looked so lovely from the sea I was really sorry we had not been able to stop off there. At midday the men of the wedding-party began to talk about getting out their baskets for luncheon and the bride's brother asked us to join them in their meal. Nellie was lying down and couldn't bear to hear about food, but I was curious to see what they

ate and how they ate it. The ladies, the bride and a female attendant, were confined strictly to their state-room. But now a question arose, and I had to be let into the secret. The party had boarded the ship at day-break. Only the bride and lady attendant had first class tickets; all the others had third class. They did not need beds, and expected to sit in the first class salon. Ships between Italy and Sicily are very lenient to such passengers, but the Lloyd Triestino was inexorable to these Albanians, who were forced to vacate the salon, where we were all assembled, and spread their banquet somewhere in third class surroundings. I was sorry; it would have interested me, and these Mohammedans were all worthy and honorable men, but the people of Valona drove the Italians out of their town, and there is no love lost between them. When we reached Durazzo, leaving debts behind us and with nothing worth mentioning in our purse, my spirits sank to zero. The boatmen demanded angrily their pay. I told them I had no money, but would pay in the town. They threatened to hold our luggage. At last I said: "We are going to the Red Cross." "Americans?" "Yes, Americans, we go to the Red Cross." Our words were loudly repeated from one to the other. Their faces, which had worn angry scowls, now changed to smiles of welcome; porters were called, our luggage loaded on their backs, and off we started, so happy to have found protection in our American Red Cross. At the end of the long wharf was the passport inspector, and here also were preparations to receive the bridal party. A female band of violins and castanets in

front, male violinists behind. I am told these were all Albanian Gypsies. A Ford automobile awaited the bride, (the groom remained at his home in Durazzo). The top of the car was covered with lace and embroidery, which made it look a little sheepish under such unwonted decorations, for it was a much-used veteran of the road. We wished to see the arrival of the wedding-party, but the porters came to say our things were at the custom-house, so we had to tear ourselves away from the gay scene. It was Thanksgiving in America and among Americans over here. All the inmates of the "Red Cross Nurses' Home" were in Tirana for the celebration. The servants received us, and well for us that the owners were all away. The head of the Red Cross in Tirana had given strict orders that no tourists were to be admitted. He says his employees, men and women, are busy, with plenty to do and have no time to entertain tourists, or other idle folk. Well, unconscious that we were unwelcome intruders, we took possession of the house and had a nice quiet dinner, which Nellie declared was the best she ever ate. It was really very simple, but she had eaten nothing on the ship. We had this Thanksgiving dinner in the sitting-room, with a fire in the open chimney, very happy at solving our difficulties so pleasantly. The house-boy, an intelligent lad, received a telegram from the nurses at Tirana saying they would return that night, and to have a good fire. This suited us entirely as it was very cold. I went to bed hugging a hot water bottle. Nellie tried to sit up, but fatigue drove her also to bed. Late in the night the party arrived. We got acquainted



with them next morning: Miss Trayan, an Albanian girl has studied much in the United States, and speaks serveral languages. Miss Warren, head of the house, the newly-arrived inspector of Nurses' Homes, Miss Schallenberger, and finally Mr. Tyler. These three ladies we found to be intelligent and efficient trained nurses. Mr. Tyler is transport agent, and stationed at Tirana. He gave us a drive around Durazzo, and lent us Italian lire until we can sell our English money. It was such a satisfaction to settle our debt at the ship agency. On our return we received a visit from the Prefect inquiring into that Italian indignity about Valona, also one from a doctor employed by the Red Cross. We had a long talk with these gentlemen. Meantime all the personnel were at their work, and a busy set they were, with the mothers and babies. Miss Warren had found it necessary to discharge the cook, and after the babies had been disposed of, had to get dinner. She is very pleasing and good looking and can turn her hand to any kind of useful work. Mr. Tyler, having freight to take back, found the machine which makes trips from Durazzo to Tirana and engaged places for us. We heard with sorrow of the Draconian rules of Mr. Ambrose Kelly, the youthful head of the Red Cross in this part of Albania. I must say, however, that I approve of his rules, though they happen not to coincide with our comfort; but was the Red Cross sent here to entertain tourists?

On reaching Tirana after a two and a half hours' ride over very bad roads, we called first at the Red Cross, where we were told that it was impossible to take us in.

We then came to this hotel, the most primitive inn I have ever seen, except the Khans of Syria. I did not see Mr. Kelly until yesterday the 27th, when he invited us to take lunch at the Red Cross Home. He seems to be a man of great decision of character, one who believes in efficiency and is determined to get things done. We enjoyed our meal immensely, so well cooked and well served. I was shown the school, the only high school in Albania. The youths are selected from all over the country, the best prepared and most intelligent from the primary schools. Great importance is attached to teaching English, which I consider a priceless boon to the backward peoples of the earth. After three months' study the boys are speaking it very creditably. A great deal of vocational training is also given, of which there is so great need over here. These Red Cross workers are bringing a civilization to this backward land which must have far reaching consequences, for these youths are to be the future teachers of Albania.

I have heard so many and such conflicting accounts of what is going on, and what has gone on, in this country, that I shall reserve any information on these mooted subjects till I feel I can speak with a little more assurance. The money used in Tirana is only gold and silver. We must purchase gold with Italian paper in order to pay our bills. We are told that the Albanians refused to sell to the Austrians during their three years' war time occupation, except for gold or silver payments, which the Austrians allowed, as they wished to conciliate the population. Austrian money was not affected so dis-

astrously till victory inclined decidedly to the Allies. The Red Cross finds its expenses far greater here than in surrounding lands with a purely paper currency. We hear dreadful things about the Serbian atrocities in Albania during the first Balkan war in 1912, when Serbia seized a considerable strip of Albanian territory and, so say the Albanians, exterminated, or drove away the inhabitants. To my mind the best thing this country has done is to cut itself entirely loose from Turkey. The different religions, Mohammedan, Greek-Orthodox and Roman Catholic, work harmoniously together. The Moslems are from 60% to 70% of the population, yet they have chosen a Greek-Orthodox prime minister. The war on the Tirana government by the Mirdites, who live in the northern part of Albania and are Roman Catholics, has no religious character. The Mirdites were subsidized formerly by Turkey and they demanded a like treatment from the present Albanian government. They are apparently not influenced by the same intense national feeling as the rest of the land. Their request having been refused, they went over to the hereditary enemy of their country and now take a subsidy from Serbia, at whose behest they have been fighting their fellow countrymen. I am told that Austria built and left a perfectly equipped narrow-gauge railroad between Tirana and the port of Durazzo, and that the Albanians let it go to complete ruin, the inhabitants along the line even pulling up the rails to make enclosures with them, but others tell me the Austrians destroyed the rolling-stock before leaving, to prevent the Italians who followed them,



from using it. There is no press in Albania except a very small, recently created one. I have seen no newspaper here of any kind. So each person tells his beliefs and reports what he hears. I have not read a paper since I left Patras and feel as though interned on a desert island.

Nellie has just come to tell me that the hotel proprietor took her to the money-changers and that each, after carefully examining our British paper money, decided to have nothing to do with it, conceiving insurmountable suspicions of its genuineness. If we had supplied ourselves with Italian lire in Corfu, or in Athens, many worries and losses would have been spared us. Mr. Tyler has been our staunch friend in this emergency. He wrote a note to our landlord saying he would guarantee our hotel expenses. Everyone here is ignorant of what is going on even a few miles from his home. The Red Cross is intent only on fulfilling well its work, and one does not hear any news from them. The days are too full of teaching and training.

TIRANA,  
Nov. 29, 1921.

Yesterday was the great national holiday of Albania, anniversary of its freedom from the Turkish yoke in 1912 during the first Balkan War. As this is the first year the people have been able to celebrate it in peace, great preparations, for such a simple, primitive people, have been made. We took tea the afternoon before at the Red Cross, where Mr. Kelly was most interesting and entertaining. That night there was much singing and

laughter in the hotel, but as there is no drinking among these Moslems everything was orderly and peaceful. Nellie had fallen asleep and I was almost so when I felt myself being scalded by boiling water which was meant to heat the bed. I was so well tucked in I felt as though I were in wire entanglements, but extricated myself at last and called for help. Nellie was dazed with sleep and both the bed and I were thoroughly inundated. We had expected to remain two nights only so had brought no change of clothing. There was nothing for me to do but sleep in the small, single bed with her, drenched as I was, but she had a rubber bag full of hot water, so with this between us we got closely wedged in. The whole scene then came back to me in all its ludicrousness and in rehearsing it we got into such immoderate fits of laughter that we were warmed up completely. Nellie is a fine laugher, but apt to lose breath, which leaves her voiceless. She soon fell asleep, wearied from the day's exertions.

Yesterday, the day of the fête, dawned cloudy, windy, and of course very cold. Our host came at nine to ask if we would permit a grand Moslem dame to come to our room to see the procession in the piazza below. We granted the request, of course. But before the room could be put in order the lady arrived, accompanied by fourteen other persons. We have only four chairs, which serve for wardrobe, closet, bureau and dressing-table. We have one very small, wobbly table besides. The ladies took possession of the five windows and the four chairs, our things having been piled in a corner. I

was in bed, but fortunately had combed my hair. Nellie soon left us but returned later with the news that Mr. Dako had come to take us to the Ministerial Reception nearby. She said: "You should have been dressed so as not to keep Mr. Dako waiting." I answered a little indignantly "How could I, or should I, with this room full of people?" But I sprang up to perform that operation under the eyes of the assembled company, my own being modestly cast down. Nellie told me afterwards that the ladies all ceased to look out of the windows, fixing their entire attention on me and my proceedings, for the time being far more interesting than the piazza, or the street. Now I am not accustomed to perform a complete toilet before a concourse of strangers, and it was extremely embarrassing to me, but it will serve them, I think, for winter evening entertainment, for as they neither read nor write, they have great need of subjects of conversation. We went to the reception, and the Prime Minister talked to me in French most affably. Nellie found an interesting young man in one of the ministers. Most of them spoke Albanian only. Wine and cake were served. The Prime Minister kindly permitted me to sit while the others stood. On our return we found our room still filled with our guests. I resumed my place in bed, till Miss Trayan came to take us to a nearby house, where we were introduced to many Mohammedan ladies. Some of them had suffered greatly during the Balkan wars. According to custom we were offered sweetmeats and water. One takes a teaspoonful of the sweets and a goblet of water. The young lady serving



us, by an excess of deference to the American visitors, waited till we had swallowed our portion before serving anyone else. The teaspoons, after one helping, are put in a special goblet. I talked to the company as I had Miss Trayan to interpret for me, and they listened with apparent interest. Again on our return we found the room occupied by the Albanian ladies, who were coming and going all day. We took, however, our midday meal here, while our self-invited guests dined elsewhere, most of them coming back immediately afterwards. They stayed, three of them and two children, till after we had eaten our supper and later had begun to undress. We had felt sorry for the shivering three long before this, and Nellie lent a fur wrap and I a cloak to them. They returned these when they left us for the night, but when we peeped out and saw the poor creatures huddled in the hall we restored the wraps to them. They were waiting for their husbands to take them home, and these remained downstairs over the feasting, speech-making and singing till after midnight. Late in the night these tired women brought the wraps back. Nellie received them, as she had not slept. She told me this morning that the singing which was directly under us was very good, and that everything passed off harmoniously and in perfect order (no drinking of course). We had several appointments for yesterday afternoon, one with that good Miss Trayan who was anxious to show us a fine Turkish house nearby. I wanted also to see the Red Cross boys' celebration at their school, but the weather got worse and I did not dare leave the hotel. I had tried to see the ceremonies

and the military display during the day, but I had two children on my small single bed and two persons before my particular window. However, I felt a genuine sympathy for these oppressed people who for the first time were able to celebrate in peace the anniversary of their deliverance from the Turks in 1912 under whom they had been drained of their revenues, which were taken to Constantinople, while they were left without roads or schools, for both of which they begged in vain. The history of their endeavors to educate themselves under persecution, the Albanian language being forbidden and their books seized, is most pathetic.

The greatest inconvenience I felt from the room full of ladies yesterday was the dirt. We have been three days in this hotel and the room has not been cleaned at all nor has anything else been done. I believe these people, without proclaiming themselves communists, believe that everyone should wait on himself and do his own work. They certainly act that way. Mud was tracked in till our floor resembled a pig-sty. I had wondered greatly why our little room had five windows, letting in the winter blasts, but no chimney. I soon understood. It was the assembly room for the host's wife, children and distinguished friends on those occasions when there was something going on in the square below. It had been arranged with its five windows for that particular purpose, and the Mohammedan ladies made themselves at home accordingly. As they spoke Albanian only, there was no conversation possible between us. This morning Nellie went down stairs and asked for a broom to

sweep our floor. There was none in the hotel, but the host obligingly sent out and bought one with which she cleaned the floor pretty thoroughly, and well it was that she did so, for we have had visitors most of the day. There is no running water in this house. All has to be brought from the town pump. I did not know this, and we have been calling on the servants for water at all hours. They evidently do not like such lavish use of so precious a fluid, and I cannot blame them. We now exercise a wiser economy in its use. The food here is about the poorest we have ever seen in our lives. They had turkey yesterday for the national festival, and we expected something good at last. But not wishing to go down to the men's dinner we ordered ours somewhat earlier. The host sent out to a restaurant and procured us some tepid soup, very tough turkey with no gravy or rice, and perfectly uneatable potatoes. Nothing, however, tastes good in this hotel anyway. We thought the salt served us the first day was mixed half and half with black pepper, but it had been scraped up from the earth and filled our teeth with sand and tiny gravel. We have not tried it a second time.

The ladies yesterday were mostly dressed in black, but two were resplendent in the most gorgeous colors. Shirt-waists of a violent pink, bloomers of various brilliant colors, a long sash wound around the waist, a long wide apron of a cloth unknown to me, of very pleasing variegated colors, a bright colored silk kerchief over a raised coiffure, two strings of gold coins around the neck, one much longer composed of very large coins, the other



shorter and of smaller gold pieces. Rows of still smaller gold coins ornamented the headdress, altogether a wealth of gold on each of them, and yet these were the ladies, dressed in all their costly finery, who sat huddled in a corner of the cold passage, near a pallet where the children lay. They couldn't go home without their husbands.

Mr. Charles Crane, our American diplomat, has done a great deal to help the educational movement in this country. He sends some of the young men and girls first to Constantinople and later to America to have them well taught. Many are now, I believe, serving their country as teachers. Mr. Dako, a great admirer of Mr. Crane, brought me a history he has written of Albania. It must be very interesting, for Nellie is reading it through as fast as she can, and can hardly be induced to leave it for anything else. Mr. Dako is a member of the Albanian Parliament and is a most intelligent man. His wife is in America on a lecture tour. The boys of the Red Cross made a splendid appearance yesterday marching by in their new uniforms. There were some exercises at the school in the afternoon, to which I was anxious to go, but the rain set in with increased violence. As the weather is bad today also, I fear I shall not get over to the Red Cross again before we leave. It is very near here, but there are no sidewalks and much rain. Some of the teachers of the girls' primary school came to see us yesterday. It is curious to hear them speak with such hatred of Serbia, but after hearing Mr. Erickson, who has lived over here some fourteen years, speak of the Serbian atrocities during the first Balkan War in

1912 and more recently, not many months ago, I can appreciate their feelings. The Serbians were so eager to get back territory which belonged centuries ago to their kingdom, that they are said to have partly exterminated, and partly driven away the inhabitants of those lands. These people are now homeless, we hear, with the winter coming on. I cannot but think that these Serbian attacks have united Albania as never before. It seems now a united nation, though deprived of much of its legitimate territory. Nellie and I have changed our sympathies a good deal since coming here. We formerly took the Serbian view that the Albanians were brigands and robbers, but we find them very human, attacked too on every side by neighbors eager to annex the richest portions of their heritage, Greeks, Serbians and Italians. The two former have possession of important Albanian lands and hope to acquire more. I still maintain, however, that the peoples are innocent, that their unprincipled and ambitious leaders inflame their minds with propaganda, and in the name of patriotism engage them in wars of aggression.

An American whom I met recently gave me an account of a three days' visit he paid to Fiume last year. D'Annunzio's Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose acquaintance he had made in Trieste, gave him the invitation. His recital of their journey from Trieste to Fiume was very comic. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had to disguise himself beyond recognition to avoid arrest, while the American had to employ all his native wit to enable him to slip through the lines. Arrived in the city

he was taken to a hotel and told that he must consider himself a guest of his friend the Minister, but no sooner had the generous and hospitable Minister of Foreign Affairs retired, than the landlord appeared to pour out his tale of woe. Everything commandeered, nothing paid for by the D'Annunzio gang. The young man took his meals at the Palace with officers and high dignitaries, but did not see the hero till the third day. Then news came that Prime Minister Nitti had ordered the arrest of all the D'Annunzio agents engaged in collecting contributions for the "cause" in Italy, and smuggling them into Fiume, their coats lined with banknotes. Great was the consternation in the D'Annunzio camp when this fatal news arrived. It was felt that a demonstration was necessary. This was most carefully prepared, and when the crowd appeared before the Palace windows, D'Annunzio, who had been working all day on his impromptu speech, appeared on the balcony, and after expressing immense surprise at seeing his friends gathered so auspiciously to his side, proceeded, by studied eloquence, to work them up to such a degree of wild enthusiasm that when at last he cried out, "On to Rome! to Rome!" the impassioned words drove the crowd to frenzy, and, not being able to swim the Adriatic to reach the city of Rome, they made a rush for the bridge leading over to the town of Sussak, inhabited exclusively by Jugoslavs, which they proceeded to pillage, incidentally killing some of its inhabitants before their patriotic ardor could be cooled. The Foreign Minister charged his guest not to leave the hotel, but the latter slipped out and visited various shops



and establishments of commerce, where he heard the groans of merchants and industrials; business dead, soldiers living by piracy, citizens in actual want, for nothing enters the town from the Yugoslav Hinterland. D'Annunzio finally received the American just before he left. He described the poet to me as perfectly bald, small, sallow, one eye only, bad teeth, very homely, but with a voice which could charm individuals as it could move the multitude. The poet was most affable, but the young man was very glad to escape from Fiume, which he did so precipitately that he had no time to obey his friend, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in having his passport viséed by him.

LUSSINPICCOLO, AN ISLAND TOWN OFF ISTRIA,

Dec. 5, 1921.

The day before we left Tirana we were invited by Mr. Kelly to dine at the Red Cross. He said two ladies were ill, and so there was room at the table for us. We had a charming evening. Mr. Kelly is a very cultivated man, whose motto would seem to be: "The Red Cross expects every employee to do his duty." They work very hard. Mr. Kelly allowed us to take the Red Cross mail car next morning for Durazzo. I waited in the motor, while Nellie went in to say goodbye to such of the teachers as she could find, for all were at work. A crowd of boys gathered round the car where I sat, and having a man to interpret, I talked seriously to them, first about the past sufferings of their country, and then of its bright prospects. Winding up I said (knowing that the bane

of the Far and Near East consists in implacable religious hatred), "Remember that true patriotism must stand first in the duties of our lives, even above religion, for that is personal, whereas true love of country is unselfish devotion to the welfare of others." Nellie says, "They all have already an overdose of patriotism." But it is aggressive, with a robber's greed. We were very glad to see the dear ladies of the Durazzo Red Cross again. We took a delightful lunch with them and were looking for our ship all afternoon. We went to bed that night in our clothing, expecting to be called at any moment, but the steamer never came till next day at four o'clock P.M. to our inexpressible relief. Of course we did not let our stay be a charge to those dear ladies.

Fortunately the sea was smooth among the many islands, for the weather had turned off beautiful. When we reached Ragusa, we went from the little port up to the town in a tram, taking a carriage to go over it. It is a most curious relic of the feudal ages with its massive walls. Nellie said she couldn't see any town at all for the immense walls. We had had a very early breakfast that morning and were hungry. As Nellie felt great repulsion to eating on board ship we tried to get a good meal at the big hotel of Ragusa, so fashionable before the war, now deserted and silent, but were told we should have to wait some hours, so we reluctantly returned by tram to the landing, where we dined in a second-class hotel. I was sure the dinner on the ship would have been better, as it lay quietly anchored at the pier. I have tried to tease and argue Nellie out of her self-torturing fastid-

iousness, but to no avail. I reminded her that she is the only member of our family who has made a profound study of philosophy, and I ask, "What good have all those studies done you? If any one mentions the word 'meat' at table, you lose relish for the beefsteak on your plate. I have never studied philosophy, but I am far more philosophical, and can eat in an humble cabin when necessary." This reasoning makes her laugh, but has no other effect. She says, however, that she is cured of one false idea she has cherished for years, namely that she was fitted for the life of hardship of an explorer. This coast is very beautiful and well worth seeing, but the days now are very short, and when cloudy or rainy, they are so uncomfortably cold that we could only huddle in the cabin. At Zara, the only Italian port on the Dalmatian coast, it was raining hard. I was told by a lady who came on board there, that the Italians had put such an oppressive passport system into effect against the Jugoslavs, who inhabit the Hinterland, that they have ceased to bring their produce to Zara. Consequently the poor city, which in Austrian times was very flourishing, is now pining away. Not only this lady, a charming Croatian told me this, but a most intelligent Italian said to me, "Zara is the only port we have on the Dalmatian coast, but it has very little commerce." We heard it had none. Hatred inflicts its own wounds. The Croatian lady proved a charming conversationalist. Her husband has been serving on commissions ever since the war ended. He is now on the Reparations Commission in Paris. She came over here to see her father in Trieste, and an Aunt



in Zara, where she was brought up. A bride and groom also got on at Zara. I have never seen a couple act so ridiculously in all the course of my existence. Everyone was looking at them in amused astonishment while they hovered over each other. The man's face was so unnaturally long that it looked like a horse's, yet these two, as though they were entirely alone in their own boudoir, put their noses together, and cooed and billed in the most absurd way. On the second day out from Durazzo, we were told the ship would reach Lussinpiccolo that evening at nine, but after waiting till ten-thirty, we went to bed in our clothing, to be waked at three A.M. to leave the ship. We lost our third umbrella in Albania. It had been raining very hard, but mercifully the rain held up, though the ground was soaked. We were of course taken to the custom house, where our things were opened and searched, and then to this hotel. Our porter had much difficulty in waking the hotel porter while we waited outside on the wet ground in a cold wind. Then when we were at length admitted our beds had to be made and more covering brought, but there was no hot water to warm the beds and the room was very cold, so we did not undress. As soon as people began stirring this morning we demanded a fire in our stove, and asked for tea and bread. A man had to be sent through the pouring rain for tea and breakfast bread. The one o'clock dinner was very satisfactory, but not quite so good as the one on the steamer yesterday. We had offended the Captain the day before by preferring to dine at a second-class hotel, so Nellie had to make the "amende honorable" by ex-

tolling his dinner. We devoted this morning to bathing and rest. The darkness comes on very soon and I am now writing by artificial light. The people of this hotel are Croatian. All the ports along the Dalmatian coast which belonged formerly to Austria have fine moles and quays, an example to the lands further south.

FIUME,  
Dec. 9, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

The day before we left Lussinpiccolo, the weather being fine, Nellie walked to the suburb of Cigale, a winter resort of the island. Not being able to find the place she asked a nice looking gentleman where it was. He laughed and said, "You are in it." Cigale consists of villas with gardens overlooking the sea. He then took her to all the beautiful points of view. The sunny bay was full of fishing boats, with colored sails, looking very lovely. The gentleman was cultivated and interesting. He was in the Austrian service before and during the war, but is intensely Italian in sentiment, "To get rid of the Hapsburgs was worth all the suffering the war has brought to my country, Istria," he said. Nellie was so pleased with him she asked him to call on me that evening. He came with a friend, who was also intensely Italian in sympathy. Both belonged to the most cultivated class. The friend had served at embassies before the war as an Austrian subject. I asked about Fiume, as we were going there next day. The first gentleman said, "Fiume is entirely Italian and should belong to Italy." As I had read that the Italians had expelled all the Jugoslavs I

answered: "I believe it is." I asked him if the Jugoslavs were prevented from entering Fiume as they are in Zara. He said of Zara: "It is the only port in Dalmatia allowed to Italy since the war. Of course we cannot permit the free entry of the Jugoslavs, as they would undoubtedly seize the occasion for propaganda." I observed "Propaganda is most dangerous where the people are miserable and poor. If Italy would permit free intercourse between the city of Zara and the Hinterland it would bring prosperity to the city." I then told him of the visit I have just described to Fiume during D'Annunzio's government, and of the ruined merchants who said, "If we could only get rid of D'Annunzio and have peace once more, it would bring us prosperity." He retorted, "Oh, the merchants of Fiume, they and their parents speak only Italian, yet they sympathize with the Jugoslavs, because it is to their interest. It is a money question with them." I was amazed at this admission, and said: "I think the business men of a city know what is best for its interests. I should rather trust to their judgment than to that of the military, or even to that of a poet." He could not see it in that light. I found him so narrow and prejudiced that it gave me no pleasure to talk to him.

Our boat was to leave at six o'clock next morning. The two servants promised to call us in time and have breakfast ready, and they were true to their word. They carried our luggage and put it on the little steamer. The day was fine and by insisting on Nellie's lying down while I stroked her head, she behaved pretty well. But



nothing could induce her to eat on that boat. She says our rôles are reversed when we are on the sea. As we neared Fiume, the little towns where our ship landed looked lovely in their quiet bays, and at each was a mole or quay. Austria did not put up with small boats to land her passengers and freight. It may have been militarism, but she deserves credit for those improvements. We are in the best hotel of Fiume and a very nice hotel it is. Our windows overlook the harbor where we see huddled together ships without sign of life, phantom ships, which slowly rise and fall to the heaving of the sea. No meals are served in this hotel. Our breakfasts are brought to us from a café, and we must go out in search of luncheon and dinner. On our journey here our ship put off nothing but mail at the landings. Trade is dead, for in this part of the world everybody across the border is regarded as an enemy. This morning during a drive we saw scratched on the walls in various places "Death to Zanella" (the President), but this was written during the election and was, no doubt, merely one of the amenities of that campaign, cruder no doubt than our propaganda of lies, but far less effective I imagine. When Nellie went to the Consulate for letters she found our Consul, Mr. Keblinger, a Virginian by birth and married to a Mississippi girl. He came to see us, and proved a very cultivated and agreeable man. He says until trade is resumed there is nothing for him to do. He lunched with us one day and we with him the next. He sent his clerk this morning to guide us in a drive through Fiume and over to Sussak. We asked our maid before starting,

"Is the Bora blowing today?" She answered, "No, there is no Bora today." The sun was shining beautifully, and the clerk, Mr. Dicklack, a Yugoslav, proved a very competent guide, though I found some difficulty in understanding him. Fiume and Sussak are separated by a very small stream, spanned by a bridge where toll is collected. On the Sussak side the houses cover steep hills. When we had reached the height where there is a parapet on the edge of a precipice we got out of our vehicle to enjoy the fine view, but just as we were regaining it, the Bora struck us with such violence that I was thrown against the side of the carriage and dragged, while it was pushed forward, horses and all, by the force of the wind. At the same time my bonnet flew off toward the parapet. I never expected to see it again, and as it had shared many years of travel with me I suffered pangs of mental anguish as well as of physical pain. When at last I was able to get into the carriage Mr. Dicklack found my bonnet clinging to the base of the parapet and saved it. I am told that in Trieste in winter ropes have to be stretched across certain streets to keep the inhabitants from being blown into their harbor. All Fiume stamps have D'Annunzio's head on them. As he is perfectly bald, they look like photographs of the top of a tombstone. It is very difficult now to get the post-office to sell certain kinds of stamps. They will soon be invalid, as this administration must give way to that of the new Free State of Fiume. The Post-Office refuses to sell the bright red ones, sells only those necessary for letters, which are dull and ugly.

I heard the story of the poor French soldiers, who were massacred here after the Armistice, and had the place pointed out to me. The English Admiral sent message after message to our American Admiral Andrews to come up to Fiume to help him keep the peace, but Admiral Andrews did not wish to involve the United States in any complications, so he refused to come. No doubt his conduct was justifiable, but we should have loved him better had he come and saved the lives of innocent men. Unselfish courage whether moral or physical is very lovable.

I found two letters here from Hedwig von Dorpowska. She writes with restraint, for fear of appearing to appeal to our sympathies. But those sisters must be suffering from actual want. I put two English pounds in a letter and got it off to them yesterday, but I fear it may not reach them, and blame myself now for not waiting till we get to Milan.

LAUSANNE, ROSIAZ,  
PENSION DE FAMILLE,  
Dec. 18, 1921.

DEAREST FAMILY:

It seems ages since I wrote from Fiume, that poor dead city, waiting for the League, or some other enchanter to bring the circulation back into its collapsed arteries. This miracle it could work, of course, for itself, if it were only allowed a free interchange of products with its neighbors. The idle ships huddled together in the harbor without sign of life, were mute witnesses to



the folly of human beings. Mr. Keblinger came to the station to see us off. We liked him very much. After the lovely climate of Fiume, we found it very cold in Milan where we were in a fine, well-heated hotel near the station. I wanted to do some shopping there, but whenever I spoke of a new dress, Nellie would say "Aunt Mary, you need nothing but wraps. Who can possibly know what you wear under those cloaks and sweaters and jackets and scarves." So letting Nellie dominate me entirely, I bought two cloaks and a shawl. A shirtwaist and a skirt were concessions from her. I have a fine joke on Nellie. She had lent me fifteen lire out of the common fund. Next day when I returned them to her she exclaimed, "You owe only half of that, for it came from the common fund." I replied, "I borrowed fifteen lire and I must return fifteen lire." She, much astonished answered: "I bought my watch in Fiume from the common fund and only put back half the sum, just as I have been doing all along." I was obliged to laugh at such bookkeeping for she has put on very superior airs about her business capacity, knowing that I count on my fingers, and could never learn the multiplication table. But I am a first-class business woman in spite of these trivial deficiencies. Nellie says now that even yet she does not quite understand keeping a common fund; there are mysteries about it, according to her.

We had a disagreeable experience the evening before we left Milan. A strike had been called in honor of the funeral of a Facist who had been killed. We knew

nothing of this, and when at 7 P.M. we wished to return to our hotel from the town, we were told that no vehicle of any kind could be had before next morning. The distance was fully a mile, I could not have walked it. Nellie tried vainly for some time to stop a passing taxi and engage the driver to return for us. Impossible! At last in spite of her opposition I approached a handsome car and appealed to the young lady who sat within. She seemed doubtful, but soon the owner appeared. He had lived for years in England and when he understood the situation invited me into the car. Nellie insisted on walking to the hotel, but the gentleman, with great delicacy, told us he was going our way and would be glad to take us both. He and Nellie had a lively conversation, and I felt grateful to the whole Italian Nation for his kindness. Strikes are hard on the old, the feeble and the helpless. I believe a few business men, experts in the questions involved and of known character and integrity, could solve almost any economic problem, but these Facisti are a political organization. We left Milan early in the morning, taking the Simplon route to Lausanne. Around Lake Maggiore the trees and foliage plants were encased in thin ice which the rays of the sun converted into a fairy scene.

I am in a boarding house near Mary Ware's school. That dear girl met us at the station, looking very fresh and happy. I have engaged passage to New York and am to sail from Cherbourg. I dreaded the North Atlantic route in winter and had hoped to sail from Genoa. It would have gratified me greatly to visit the Riviera with Nellie as she has never been there. San Remo offered

an ideal spot to pass the time while waiting for the ship, but as none sails to New York from Genoa, I had to abandon most regretfully that charming plan. The Lalaurette family would have joined us there. I have had a long letter from Madame Lalaurette inviting me to Bordeaux, where there is to be a reunion of the family to see the old father off to Martinique. They want me to meet this old gentleman.

Nellie of course has rejoined Alice Searby at Leysin. I miss her greatly for she waited on me like a daughter. When we unpacked our luggage, so as to separate our things, it would have been very sad but for those long, brazen, imitation candlesticks. I had never let a word of complaint escape me during the trip from Constantinople, where I was put in charge of those monstrosities. I had to treat them with extraordinary consideration, otherwise their angular bases would have whacked off the necks of any bottles in their vicinity, or played havoc with my modest wardrobe. I swathed them and surrounded them with soft and yielding articles. When I returned them to their mistress I could say at last: "Of all the souvenirs of travel that I have ever seen from the Near or the Far East, these, with your Turkish coffee grinder which weighs some twenty pounds, and your package of Turkish coffee to perfume your clothing, are the most remarkable. Where other people buy in those regions rich embroideries and fine tissues of silk for scarves, for which the Orientals are celebrated, you buy two unwieldy pinchbeck candlesticks and a twenty-pound coffee grinder. As for me, the smell of very old coffee



is repugnant, but of course that is a matter of taste. However I feel sure you will never use that coffee grinder, because our merchants grind coffee far better than the Turks, and as for your Turkish ground coffee, you will have to throw that away. In America where we use cream in our coffee no one will appreciate a cup half full of grounds, with only a tablespoon full of liquid." We got into a great laugh over this talk, and she retorted that I thought there was only one use for money, and that was traveling to get information. Well, everything necessary can be bought at home, and information does not get us into trouble with the custom-house officials or with our own consciences. After all, Oriental things look very forlorn and expatriated in our homes. People soon get tired of them. Nellie ended our conversation by saying she feared I was giving her a very bad reputation in my letters. I assured her that her fears were fully justified.

We read in the papers that a revolution had broken out in Albania, that the Ministers with whom we celebrated so auspiciously the anniversary of their freedom from the Turks, have fled from Tirana, each man to his tribe. Nellie says she cannot associate frock-coats and champagne with tribal life and uprisings. My history of Albania relates that blood feuds still exist, and what is more remarkable if a man's friend is killed, one whom he is protecting, it is considered the unpardonable offence. A father's, a mother's, sister's or brother's death can possibly be pardoned, but in the case of the murder of such a friend, a man's honor is too deeply involved, only

the life of the murderer can atone for such a crime. From all I could hear while in Albania I believe that a commission of disinterested business men, including an American, could conduct the affairs of that country, and make it prosperous and happy.

Nellie told me the following anecdote of Annie Marye when she visited them in Leysin: She went one day to the bathroom for hot water, but the pitcher leaked all the way back to her room. The maid followed to say she should ring the bell (*sonnez*) when she needed anything. Now, Annie Marye does not understand French, though she was able, in traveling, to guide other Americans who were in the same predicament. In the case of this hotel maid, however, she did not come off with flying colors. Like many ignorant persons, the maid thought, by loud tones and iteration, she could make herself understood. So, with a manner and a voice which appeared to Annie Marye to be decidedly threatening the maid kept repeating the word "*Sonnez.*" Annie Marye ran to Nellie to say the maid was calling her dreadful names. "What names?" asked Nellie. "She called me Sunny and even stamped her foot." The landlord nearly had a fit when he heard this story. Now that Annie Marye has learned such an important word in French, I hope she will continue to progress in that language. She could easily learn a half-dozen languages in as many years with her intelligence.

This afternoon I went out to post some letters. A bevy of lovely girls passed me, looking so charming, so stylish, so aristocratic, I was filled with admiration for them,

when all at once one of their number seized and embraced me. I was much surprised. It was Mary Ware. They came from Mt. Choisi. I have been invited twice to Mary's pensionnat. Once to see a French play acted by the girls, and again on Saturday afternoon to see the poor children of this suburb receive their Christmas gifts from a tree specially prepared for them. Nellie, Alice and Camilla Loyall were also invited but arrived too late from Leysin to accompany me. Mary and her friends provided me with a comfortable arm chair near the Christmas tree, and one of them, a Serbian girl, remained by my side. I was glad to be able conscientiously to compliment her acting in "Le Mariage de Figaro," and I explained to her the historical setting of the piece, which interested her very much; how at its first appearance at the Court of Louis XVI it was regarded as of such an incendiary character as to endanger the privileges of nobles, clergy and royalty, and the King was severely blamed for permitting its performance. Those sentiments, which today appear so commonplace as not to arrest attention, were regarded then as subversive of all authority. She wanted to know what I thought of Serbia. I could tell her I admired the energy of the Serbians in rebuilding so quickly their devastated towns and cities, but I felt impelled to blame them for their treatment of their neighbors. However, I could not be severe on the people themselves, who had suffered more than any other during the war. She said when I visited Belgrade again some day I was to come to her house and not go to an hotel. Alas!



When I returned from Mt. Choisi the Leysin party had not arrived, but they came in time for dinner. I had been very anxious about the impression this pension would make on them, especially on Alice Searby, who is accustomed to all the luxury of the Grand Hotel at Leysin. But that child is like me in disliking hotel fare, preferring the simpler table of a good pension. She enjoyed genuinely every meal she took in this house and praised it highly. I believe the visit here did her a lot of good. I read in my Swiss paper that "Androcles and the Lion" was to be given at a *matinée* last Thursday at the Pitoeff Theater. I had long wanted to see it acted, so we arranged to get the tickets Monday afternoon, as I had invited Mary and Anne Kent and the Leysin party to a tea in Lausanne on that afternoon. I inquired about the proper restaurant to please the girls, and heard that Madame Bovard avoided "Old India." So I determined to take them there, as I had no idea of boring them to death in a place where there was neither music, nor a crowd. But first we undertook to find the Pitoeff Theater to secure the tickets. The first person asked directed us down a steep street, which Nellie explored but found no theater. The second directed us down an opposite declivity, the exploration of which proved equally futile. Meantime I espied an intelligent-looking man who took charge of us and only left us at the door of the theater. We had to stir up a woman to open the office, and when I asked for tickets for Androcles she said they were giving no such play, nor was there a *matinée* on Thursday of any kind. "What *matinées* have you?" "We have one to-

morrow *Le Maitre des Forges*." I bought seats in the front row when it suddenly dawned on me that my daily paper was published in Geneva. No one had told us there was no such theater in Lausanne. Everyone wanted to help us find it, attributing the name no doubt to our ignorance. After we had left the theater Nellie had to hurry back to ask at what hour the *matinée* would begin. No *matinée* at all! It was an evening performance! What would Madame Bovard say? But when the girls heard the news of the evening performance, great was their rejoicing. We went to "Old India" which was so crowded we could hardly make our way into the hall. Mary and Anne were delighted. Camilla, too, lends herself to everything. She is a most charming young person and I have conceived a great admiration for her. When, after pastries and chocolate had been disposed of, I inquired of the girls: "Do you want to go now?" "Oh, Granny, just one more piece!" These two young creatures were so eager to stay that their eyes shone with pleasure. They considered that they were out on a lark and that idea was sufficient to banish sleep and fatigue. Next day Alice got off to Leysin by the mountain railway. Nellie promised to hurry back to accompany the girls to the theater.

I read the other day from a war correspondent that on one occasion he mentioned a chivalrous action of some Germans. The censor struck it out with the marginal note: "We do not want to hear of any good Germans." When war is on the fighting spirit must be kept up by hatred. A propaganda of lies undertakes this, which is equally and appallingly efficient in politics and in war.

But how much easier it is to spread lies than to combat them when their purpose has been fulfilled! I do not believe that any newspaper in our country could have lived had it undertaken such a task after the Armistice. Even now how cautious they all are when handling this subject, and who can blame them? Lloyd George, who knew all about this propaganda, took advantage of the hatred it had aroused in the English election of 1918, and it proved a boomerang. During the war, knowing the German people, I believed only what was ordered by German High Command. That, however, was sufficient to inspire me with a perfect horror of those who brought on and continued a war which has proved the greatest calamity ever inflicted on the human race. A correspondent of "The Manchester Guardian" writes from Washington: "The Americans are filled with a childish hatred of the Germans." This is not surprising as few people have the time to probe for truth, especially when truth is extremely unpopular. I hope Mary was gratified when Madame Bovard called on the class to "give three cheers for Mary Ware's grandmother."

BORDEAUX,  
Jan. 2, 1922.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I missed Nellie terribly during the lonely journey to Bordeaux. She wished to accompany me to Geneva, which of course I could not permit as it is a journey of nearly three hours. I was put into a clean compartment



all alone where I lay down most comfortably, but after a while a man entered. In Europe where the cars are separated into detached compartments it is impossible not to think of the opportunities this affords for robbery and even murder. Such things certainly do happen from time to time for one reads of them often. I was traveling too at night which undoubtedly facilitates criminal attempts. I looked about for a bell, or some other means of signalling, but could discover none. I got so frightened at last I could think of nothing but of self-defense in case the danger appeared imminent. The first thing necessary, I thought, would be to assure the criminal that I carried no sum of any consequence on my person, that I was too old to be trusted with money, too old in fact to be traveling alone, but members of my family were to meet me in Geneva to take charge of me (how quickly does fear make liars of us all!) With my eyes fixed steadily on every movement of the criminal while these thoughts flashed through my brain, I saw the dreaded man take out a large newspaper, spread it on the plush seat in front of him quietly and put his feet quietly on it. I said to myself: "This man has been brought up by good parents to respect public property." With confidence completely restored I fell fast asleep. At Geneva my unknown companion called a porter, carried my small luggage himself, inquired where I was going, looked at my itinerary, said it was the worst possible and advised me to give it up and take the sleeper to Paris. That, however, was too radical a change at the last moment, so I was put in the 9:30 train according to

program, where I was again able to lie down comfortably. At the frontier I asked the Conductor to excuse me from getting out for the Customs inspection, believing it would be done on the train, but two employees entered, demanded my passport and then without another word carried off my two valises containing my entire wardrobe. I remained outwardly quiet, but my mind was torn by conflicting emotions. What would be the fate of my little hoard of finery, packed with such tender care and now abandoned to the rude hands of those officials! I remained in a painful state of uncertainty till I reached this city where I was able to assure myself that nothing had been touched, the valises not even opened. French Customs are models for the rest of the world. At our first stopping place beyond the frontier the Conductor advised me to leave the train saying I should find an excellent waiting room at that station, so out I got and in my haste I took an elegant umbrella belonging to a lady whom I had welcomed most warmly into my compartment as I was alone. I fear she misinterpreted my cordiality and I regret extremely her loss. I found a long and commodious sofa in the waiting room on which I had no intention of going to sleep, but the Conductor had to rouse me when the train was due. It proved to be the Express from Milan to Bordeaux, but no one told me this and I was still trusting to my untrustworthy itinerary, which directed me to take this Express at Lyons. When we reached that city I asked a passenger if there were more than one station. He said there were two. I then asked: "Is this the one for the Bordeaux

Express?" He said "Yes." I got out taking my small luggage, for there was no porter in sight. I implored various persons outside to call one for me, and did so myself with such voice as I could command. I was terribly afraid the train would leave, carrying my valises, I knew not whither, and yet I could find no porter, and everybody so busy with their own affairs! I am sure the passenger I had questioned understood the whole situation for I caught a smile on his face. It was now that I needed Nellie. During our whole tour no matter what disaster threatened us, she would pay no attention to it, but on the contrary would concentrate all her thoughts on me, urging me to keep quiet, not to get excited, while I was longing for her to take measures to avert the approaching catastrophe. This became such a fixed habit that had our train plunged into a river she would have repeated mechanically: "Aunt Mary, don't get excited!" But Nellie was far away, at a moment when those warning words would have been conspicuously appropriate. At last, when hope had died within me, a porter came running up, calling out "Why, Madame, this *is* the Express for Bordeaux." I refused to believe him against my itinerary, and said; "I will pay you well to go to the office and get me reliable information." He was a strong, good-natured man, so off he went returning very soon to reassure me. He got me and my belongings back in the train, and I had just fourteen hours in which to compose myself, lying comfortably on the long seat, where I slept a good deal, only getting up for dinner. The Lalaurettes were all three at



the station to meet me, and are perfectly lovely to me. They are here with his old father, his sister and a brother.

January 3, 1922.

I had to stop writing for the evening meal. I have written with the family all around me and much interrupted by our big talks on every conceivable subject. M. Lalaurette was an officer in the heavy artillery during the war. I asked him if he had had any experience of American troops. Indeed he had! He was with the French Army immediately to the left of the Twenty-seventh Division of Americans. These had just wrested St. Christopher on the Arne from the Germans under Von Hutier. St. Christopher was the pivotal point of Von Hutier's command. If only the Americans could hold it, the French could advance, but the counter-attacks of the Germans were of such terrific violence the French could not persuade themselves the Americans would be able to hold out. It was in fact an "inferno," he said. The Americans did hold! How proud I was to hear this French witness to the cool courage of my countrymen under such desperate circumstances. M. Lalaurette went on to say that the French soldiers considered the Americans as raw troops on this occasion and did not believe that they could possibly withstand such storms of shot and shell; the French therefore, stood ready to retreat. That surely was military glory, unflinching tenacity and self-sacrifice in a righteous cause. M. Lalaurette related to me again and in more detail, the particulars of that awful catastrophe at St. Pierre on the island of Marti-

nique where the entire population of the city, including his mother, two brothers and many other relatives, perished. With the pictures of the mother and the two brothers hanging on the walls over my head, the recital was very thrilling. His remaining brother, his sister and a cousin sat near us and joined in the conversation, the father too deaf to hear. M. Lalaurette related his own narrow escape and that of this brother. Their college closed that fateful day because fine ashes from the volcano had invaded it. The college stood remote from his home, where the ashes were not annoying. The two boys decided to go over the mountain to join their father on the plantation. The sister was in a convent school in France. But some of their relatives, inconvenienced by the ashes, arrived, and the boys were so interested in their cousins that they gave up the trip. Finally, however, they telegraphed their father to send horses for them half way, the distance being twenty-five miles, and after renewed wavering and indecision they left the doomed city. I asked why more people did not leave when the volcano became so threatening. He said it had always been regarded as extinct, and for fear of an exodus the business men had appealed to the governor to quiet the citizens. The governor came with his wife and did prevail on the inhabitants to remain; they of course perished with the rest. I wanted to know what was the nature of the volcanic action which had proved so fearfully destructive. He said the volcano generated enormous quantities of highly inflammable gas which covered the city like a blanket. When this became ignited

it produced what was computed to be 4,000 degrees of heat in which metal, stone, glass and all other substances were fused or crumbled into dust, so that nothing remained of this flourishing city of 30,000 inhabitants. They must have been killed too quickly to have had time to suffer, their bodies reduced to ashes in a few seconds. The nearby water of the sea boiled. M. Lalaurette says that since the day the news came to the plantation that all the inhabitants of St. Pierre had perished, his father has been a broken man, but now he loves to help about the house and go to market, making himself useful to his daughter, who lives with him. It was in May, 1902, that the great catastrophe occurred.

M. Lalaurette was much interested in what I told him of Fiume and Zara. I have to be cautious in what I say of militarism as the French are very sensitive on that subject. Of course I cannot but believe that the statesmen of France are now entirely overruled by the military. It does seem singular that nations learn so little from past experience. Can they believe that Napoleon would have died on St. Helena had his statesmanship been equal to his genius for war? Would the Great War have taken place had Germany shown magnanimity in victory in 1871? And Italy, after having excited the sympathies of the world for more than a hundred years over the wrongs of her people under an alien yoke, now annexes foreign and unwilling populations. If Cavour were living would they listen to him? If Bismarck had counselled moderation and a far-sighted statesmanship could he have over-ruled the military? It



was he, in fact, who undertook to suppress the language, the literature, the national consciousness of a people of forty millions, the Poles. The inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine might have been won over at any time to the empire had the priceless boon of self-government been bestowed upon them. But unreason rules the world. There was a Russian refugee in Pension Moser, Lausanne, who hated Lloyd George fanatically because he wished the English to resume trade relations with Soviet Russia. He would never listen to me, but as a parting favor he agreed not to interrupt me for a few minutes. I then told him my belief that had the Soviet Government been recognized at the very start as the "de facto" government of Russia it would not have strengthened Bolshevism, but would have had rather the contrary effect, for trade carries with it foreign ideas as well as foreign goods. What, I asked, had kept the Communists so long in authority but the misery and privations to which the Russians had been reduced by the boycotting of their country, as well as by the misgovernment of the Soviets. They had not the physical strength to rebel. Lenin and Trotsky had come into power by giving the land to the peasants, but they had antagonized these same peasants by forced contributions and demands for all surplus products. Why then did not the enemies of Bolshevism guarantee to the peasants the possession of the land? A prosperous Russia, freed from the burden of armaments, could easily indemnify the former landlords for the loss of their estates. Lloyd George was the only statesman who sought to restore

trade and other normal relations with Russia, but he was opposed by the military party of France, and the world owes too much to France to disregard the wishes of its people. As soon as I mentioned Lloyd George, the game was up, and I had to listen to the usual torrent of invective. I do not believe that under any circumstances, save during the crisis of a great war, any combination of nations has the moral right to boycott another, because a whole people cannot be guilty, and the proportion of guilty to the innocent is very small, while the suffering entailed falls almost exclusively on the innocent. I have heard people blame the Russians severely for their Tzarist government as they now blame them for their Bolshevist rulers, but in the case of a big country like Russia it was easy for the Tzars to establish an autocratic government by large garrisons from remote parts of the empire not in sympathy with the populations upon whom they were quartered. It was only when raw recruits, not Cossacks, garrisoned St. Petersburg, that the soldiers refused to fire on the people in 1917. It was also the fixed policy of the old Tzarist government to keep the peasants ignorant and helpless. It is pathetic now to read of their great desire to have their children educated. In the main, no doubt, England, France and America have the governments they deserve, especially the Americans who have no formidable enemies across their borders.

I forgot to tell you of a Jap I met at the hotel in Athens. Nellie introduced him to me. I said, "I have just read of the assassination of your Prime Minister, Mr. Hara. Why did they kill him?" This remarkable

Jap answered in all sincerity, "Because we could not get rid of him in any other way." Evidently he belongs to that party in Japan which thought that Hara was sacrificing the interests of the army. I concluded that if I had any more conversation with that man I might lose my admiration for the Japanese people.

Nellie is extremely witty on the subject of my pacifism. She tells everybody that I am a pacifist for the army only, that my grandson, Bill, is to graduate from Annapolis this year, therefore the United States Navy should not be touched, only the submarines suppressed, as they would be unhealthy for Bill. Her Ned is an officer in the land forces, as you know, and at present stationed in Coblenz. My retort is obvious.

CHERBOURG,  
Jan. 6, 1922.

My visit to the Lalaurettes was really a very great pleasure to me. There was a family gathering to see the old father, his daughter and son off to Martinique on the 12th of this month. I feared very much at first that I should be an embarrassment in this family reunion, but such was the delicacy and politeness of each one toward me, that I was made to feel completely at my ease. I tried in vain, however, to convince them that a war between England and France was unthinkable, that England could not be so insane as to desire it, nor would a single Crown Colony sanction it. Our views on political questions were so radically different that I was forced to suppress my true sentiments. On one occasion only I



lost self control and exclaimed vehemently: "Had I the power I should disarm the whole world with the one exception of France. To her I should say: "Make a soldier of every Frenchman, turn your country into an armed camp, if such is your desire, for after having saved the world from German domination no one will gainsay your right to do so. Only one condition would be imposed; you should not be allowed to invade the territories of your neighbors. I feel sure, however, when your peasants found out that they alone were bearing the burdens of militarism they would quickly rise and make an end of it." I saw immediately after uttering these words (spoken impetuously too) that I had gone too far and might well have given serious offense, so next morning I brought out my letters acknowledging the receipt of the various sums coming from the sale of "The Old World Through Old Eyes," and from my souvenirs of travel. They were written me by the French Red Cross and the Society to Aid Blind French Soldiers, also one letter from the Mayor of Lille thanking me for a contribution to the destitute children of that city. I had not shown these letters before in Europe. I was keeping them for the children. Every member of the family, down to Simone, read them with eager interest and then M. Lalaurette turned to me and said, "You have earned the right to criticize this country and its government as freely as you like. You have proved your devotion by deeds." And then what I had done was so extolled, so magnified, that I was overwhelmed. I had always felt that the sums I had been able to send were so pitifully

small in comparison to the gigantic need, and also compared to the gifts of the wealthy in our Northern cities, that I had no illusions as to their importance. Of course after this generous invitation to criticize, I had no further desire to do so. I felt instinctively it would have been out of place. I had indeed lost the right to criticize. All the sums I had been able to send did not amount entirely to \$3,000.

S. S. KROONLAND,  
Jan. 12, 1922.

DEAREST FAMILY :

There are so few passengers on this ship that Milton's words arise in my mind: "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." There are indeed too few passengers to fee this horde of servants. I take both luncheon and dinner in the dining room in spite of the rough weather. I have a waiter all to myself, and I should feel quite a pride in the possession if we had any language in common, but he is a Flemish Belgian, who speaks a smattering of badly pronounced French and still less English. We cannot therefore converse. When I forget my spectacles he reads the menu to me. Today he stumbled on a word which sounded like the Italian for goat; I suggested capon, "No," he said, "Not that" "Is it goat?" I asked. He thought it was. "Well, if it's goat, don't bring it to me. It's too stormy for gastronomic experiments." It proved after all to be fowl. When I used to read the "Old Bible" more assiduously than time permits me now, I longed to test the "savoury meat"

made of kid (it played a tragic rôle in Esau's life), but whenever the occasion presented itself during my travels it seemed inopportune, and now I have a deep, sentimental regard for goats which would preclude any desire to eat them under any circumstances. When I was last in the Swiss Mountains I saw the goats coming in from pasture. The village children ran out eagerly to meet them and with arms about their necks caressed them lovingly. Of course each child expected a cup of warm, sweet milk for its supper, but the attachment between the child and the animal touched me deeply.

There is a charming American girl on board, Miss Bissell, who would be a delightful companion were she not seasick most of the time. She knows Ned Searby, which is naturally a bond of sympathy, and was much amused at the account I gave her of how the news of the Armistice was received at Nellie's home in Windsor. Ned had just graduated at West Point and came down wearing his new uniform, looking very proud and happy. Then came the astounding news of the Armistice which threw him into a rage, ending in black despair. He went out to buy a paper but the newsboy refused to take his money, "No, no, you risked your life fighting for us; we cannot take money from the like of you." Then, during a drive they took through the streets, he was acclaimed everywhere as a hero. So he shut himself up in the house, refusing the kindly-meant ministrations of mother and sister. What could women know of the feelings of a soldier, the thrill of the call to battle? Nothing! Into this unmitigated gloom came a dispatch



from Washington. He was to be sent to France to visit the battle fields, since which time he has been at Coblenz, then at Fontainebleau, and now again at Coblenz. He wrote his mother a short time ago that he would be very happy at Coblenz if Aunt Mary didn't come and get them all sent back to America. As a piece of fine irony this is inimitable. It expresses my sentiments too, for why should American soldiers be living at the expense of the hard driven proletariat of Germany? Cannot America provide for her small army whether at home or abroad? Had I the faintest shadow of influence I should certainly use it to rid those German workers, their wives and children and the peasants, of the incubus of debt caused by our army of occupation. I should think the upkeep of all those armies of English, French, Belgian and American could pay the German debt.

The bell boy has been quite useful to me, bringing my things up from the stateroom. He says he is 16 years old. One day I sent him back to my room to bring me my spectacles. I told him they were in a small black case on the foot of the sofa. He did not return. After some time the steward came to ask what I wanted. "My spectacles." He said the bell boy had never heard that word before in his life, so it seems this sixteen year old boy went to my room expecting to find something strange and startling. Had I never heard the word "spectacles," no doubt it would have startled me considerably, but as the black case lay on the foot of the sofa, as I said, it was odd he never thought of bringing it to me. I therefore made up my mind to give the youth some use-

ful hints for his future guidance in life. So seizing my opportunity I said to him: "You undertook to execute a commission for me without understanding in the slightest degree its purport. If you ever expect to emerge from the abysmal ignorance in which you are at present engulfed, you must not be afraid to ask such questions as are necessary to inform yourself. Shyness under such circumstances is a crime against reason." As I could hardly have been more tactful, I have great hopes of that boy, who took no offense at my well meant advice.

400 W. 160th St.  
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.  
Jan. 17, 1922.

DEAREST FAMILY:

I reached this city yesterday, twenty-four hours ahead of schedule time. Dick and Letitia Rogers barely got to the wharf in time to meet me. Martha Battle was to have sent her car, but heard too late of the ship's arrival to be able to do so.

Well Dick has bought that apple and peach orchard in Virginia. It is twelve miles from Charlottesville. He is giving up a highly-paid profession to embark on a perfectly new and untried business. I feel deeply anxious about the outcome, and yet I do not regret the move. They are both so tired of city life, and long for the freedom of the country. The country never gave me freedom, but they are differently situated and are as enthusiastic over the future as though twenty years had been lifted from their age. They simply rave over the Virginians. One would think, to hear these two

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Mississippians talk, that they were long absent exiles returning to their native shores. They say there is something marvelously exhilarating in the air down there, and they are extraordinarily proud of all their new acquisitions, of the cow particularly, which, with a couple of horses, some pigs and some chickens were thrown in gratis along with the place! Pure gain! And each of these animals is so interesting, so truly remarkable of its kind. Laura went down with Dick, and remained some days after his return as a guest of the Heath Dabneys. I am so charmed that she and Lily have met at last. They are now fast friends, of course. Laura says little Alice Dabney is a perfect marvel, she edits a magazine, writes all the articles, both prose and poetry, together with a comic column, furnishing also the illustrations, and this magazine she typewrites.

Mrs. Howard and Emily have been to see me. They invite me to come to California for another automobile tour through the state, and they are to have a brand-new car. It would be lovely! But I belong to my grandchildren this summer.



## Reminiscences of my Life



## PREFACE

These somewhat disjointed Reminiscences from my long life were begun in Sofia at the home of those good people, Graham and Aubrey Kemper. They were continued in Constantinople and in other cities of the Near East, then put aside to be resumed and hastily finished on this ship, "The Kroonland," which is bearing me back to America. They were written primarily for my grandchildren that they might not altogether forget their old grandmother. To die and be forgotten is the fate of all humanity. "Yet e'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries!" and we long to live on for a while in the memory of those we love. To this end have I penned these pages, hoping that truth, however humble, is not wholly without value and that my grandchildren may find, perchance, in these records something of guidance or of encouragement.





## REMINISCENCES

When I was old enough to become conscious of my surroundings I saw myself one of a large family of brothers and sisters, all of good normal intelligence and of really high character. I was perhaps the most stupid. It is certain that I could never learn arithmetic or spelling. My father for a few months, or perhaps it was only weeks, employed my oldest brother to teach us younger children. He was not what one would call heaven-born or gifted for the task. He would put questions in mental arithmetic to me: "If I pay ten cents for a pound of nails what must I pay for ten pounds?" Of course I was utterly unable to give any satisfactory guess, or any answer whatever. Then he would take me up and set me on a high narrow press called Brook's Press because a carpenter of that name had hammered it together and painted it a dark red. It was very wobbly and I terribly afraid, but it did not help me in mental arithmetic. One afternoon stands out in my memory. It had rained and the sun had burst out. Perhaps it was springtime I had been dismissed from the schoolroom after having been duly punished for my stupidity. I had never before thought of nature, whether it was beautiful

or not, but suffering had quickened to some extent my intelligence. As I walked in the garden I exclaimed to myself: "How beautiful the world would be without arithmetic." Those glittering rain drops still remain fresh in my memory. In those days there were no Public Schools. When a man died and left a helpless widow and children, the neighbors said: "Let her open a school." If a man had failed in all else they said likewise "Let him open a school." Of course there was no question of grading. We all recited in the village school-room.

At the closing hour all the children stood up, big and little, for a spelling competition. I of course was at the foot with another unfortunate called Babe. As sympathetic friends could whisper to us we were at length put in a class to ourselves, examples in the Spartan sense, and there we would stand before all the others, helpless, abject, rolling our eyes round to the four corners of the room, appealing mutely for help where none could be had. One day as I was debating whether to say "e" or "i" I caught my sister Nannie's glance and she put her finger over her eye. I answered wrong as usual, and on coming out of school my sisters called out, "You goose, didn't you see Nannie put her finger to her eye?" "Yes, I did, but I thought she got a gnat in it."

My mother gave us a great deal of religious instruction. We were sent to Sunday School in the morning, and in the afternoon she held long services at home. She read all the fearful denunciations for sin she could find from beginning to end of the Bible, so that when I heard the



wind rattling the windows at night I thought the Devil had come to take me off, and suffered great mental anguish. We were brought up in terrible fear of Satan, into whose hands God in His wrath seemed to wish to deliver us. Yet my mother taught us that whatever we desired ardently, if it were good for us, we could obtain by earnest prayer. Now we had dreadful storms in Mississippi. During one of these our stable was blown down and the servants came running into the house to tell us the terrible news, for our mule was in the stable. There was great consternation and grief in the entire household, but I determined to save our mule by divine intervention. I ran to my room, shut the door, and throwing myself on my knees prayed with all my heart and soul for our good mule. I told God how good and faithful he was and sobbed out, "Save our good mule, Save our good mule, this once," but the mule died after much suffering. I concluded then that it was useless to pray for animals, certainly not for mules. Now we children were told by someone that everyone had a verse in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. My birthday, as set down in the family Bible, was on the 27th, but the 26th verse pleased me greatly. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness." My mother, too, had told me that I was born between the 26th and the 27th, so I chose that verse, though I really had no right to it. I concluded then to pray for wisdom and goodness, which I did every night after the, "Now I lay me down to sleep" had been disposed of. I reasoned that as nothing could be better for people than

wisdom and goodness, God would surely grant the request. But this prayer, too, has remained unanswered, and my life has been full of regrets for things done which more wisdom and goodness would have averted. I suppose it is our duty to make ourselves wise and good and not expect the Lord to intervene, just as we should not wish our children to be eternally begging us for things which they should bestir themselves to accomplish by their own endeavors. My father was a lawyer and as he had been elected more than once Probate Judge, was called Judge Dabney. He had had a college education and loved literature far more than law. He was singularly devoid of shrewdness so necessary to a lawyer's success. He lost therefore what fortune he had inherited and most of my mother's. He had a passion for trying experiments, which was the subject of many a joke from my mother, for none of his experiments succeeded, but she had a profound respect for his literary attainments, and indeed few fathers retained to an equal degree the reverential attachment of their children. There were never any quarrels in our household. We had nothing to inherit after the slaves were set free, and we were always willing to help each other. My mother was a very busy woman, though we had a number of household slaves. There were so many children, nine of us. Then the servants and their children had to be provided for. When the day's work was over she would sit in the twilight with her knitting. Unfortunately for her peace of mind she attached too much importance to the differences between the Christian Churches. She was

ever conscious that straight and narrow was the way that led to salvation. She was ever fearful that she might have wandered into that broader way with its wide open portals leading to destruction. She longed for security. In Virginia she had been brought up in the Episcopal Church but when she came to Mississippi there was no such church in the little town of Raymond where my father settled, nor was there any prospect of one. She therefore joined the Methodist, but a few years later her Baptist friends persuaded her to come over to them. My father thought this change unnecessary, but in the case of religious exaltation obstacles only strengthen the will to overcome them. I believe that I was the only member of our family who accompanied my mother to the little stream near Raymond where the Baptists practised the primitive rite of immersion and I did so surreptitiously. I crept up on the little seat behind the buggy and made the trip, but I remember nothing else that occurred, as I was very young. Much later an Episcopal Church was established in Raymond and we frequently had the pleasure of entertaining our good old Bishop Green, one of the holiest and most beautiful old men I have ever seen. It is related of this saintly man, I do not know on what authority, that he was once in a town where Patti was singing. A ticket was sent to the Bishop, but because it was during Lent, he did not go to hear her. As Patti was leaving the town, her carriage met that in which sat the Bishop. He stopped and got out to make his excuses to the great singer. She on seeing that beautiful, saintly face and hearing that wonderful, musical



voice, sprang out of her carriage and begged his benediction, kneeling before him. After my marriage my father moved to Crystal Springs where my oldest brother resided. Here my mother fell under the influence of the Presbyterians. I received one day at my home in Jackson a hasty summons to Crystal Springs. There I found my father and my eldest sister Nannie much agitated. My mother wished to join the Presbyterians, though an Episcopal church was in the town, also a Methodist and a Baptist. They therefore thought it was not only unreasonable but a little mortifying for the family. I took a different view. If it were necessary to my mother's peace of mind, as it surely was, for she had taken to her bed, ill, was it not a small sacrifice for so priceless a boon! I persuaded them to my way of thinking and we sent for the Presbyterian minister, a most worthy man in spite of his peculiar name—Rowdybush. Mr. Rowdybush acted with wonderful tact. He offered my mother every privilege of his church without the formality of joining it, so I returned to husband and children leaving peace behind me. Later on some person, whose intentions I considered at least doubtful, sent my mother a periodical depicting the labors and hopes of the Reformed Episcopalians. This periodical, coming regularly to her address, was carefully read and digested till at last these would-be reformers took on the complexion of the early Apostles. She imagined them going from place to place with staff and sandals and in humble raiment intent only on their holy mission. It was the desire to be near this new church which led her to influence my father to take her

to California with me. I knew nothing of all this, but in Santa Rosa, California, she spoke freely of her intentions to my sister Martha. This sister was a woman of rare intelligence. She went down to San Francisco and had an interview with the Reformed pastor. She wrote an account of it in which, among other things, she mentioned casually "Mr. X made a very favorable impression on me. He is very gentlemanly, quite interesting and very well dressed." We heard no more of the Reformed clergyman, and so at last, after many wanderings, my mother found the peace she had sought so ardently. She had followed her conscience whither it had led her, and was never swayed by worldly considerations.

When I was still a small child my mother sent me, for reasons of health, to the country for some weeks to a friend of hers, Mrs. Summers, a cousin of my uncle's wife. We all called her Cousin Maria Jane, and a very good woman she was. I have never forgotten the first dinner in that plantation home where I was asked what part of the chicken I preferred. Never before had I been treated with such distinction. I answered proudly, "I will take the leg." I thought it was the biggest piece. My visit there was one of pure delight. There were many children, and I was permitted to play and roam over the big garden and nearby wood the whole day with my young companions. In the twilight we beat the shrubbery, that is the older children did so, we others picked up the poor little birds that had taken refuge there, and then hastening to the big nursery we picked and stuffed them with buttered bread crumbs and hung them

on strings in front of the great open fire-place. They were very small, the poor little birds, but we ate them ravenously though we had all the supper we could possibly swallow. The whole process of capturing, preparing, cooking and devouring them was thrilling. I had never been in such a children's Paradise before, and I must add that the superb health I enjoyed contributed immensely to my happiness. In Raymond during the cold months I suffered greatly from headaches and dyspepsia. There were in those days no ships bringing fruit to our shores, no railways distributing their precious cargoes throughout the land, so we only enjoyed an abundance of fruit in summer from our orchards. When Cousin Maria Jane took me home I was at first extremely unhappy. I had led a life of such freedom on the plantation, almost like a little savage, that the return to restraint and monotony was very painful. I remember distinctly that I was ashamed of the dinner my mother offered Cousin Maria Jane, and particularly ashamed that cabbage formed a part of it. I cannot remember anything about my brothers or sisters at this home coming. Cousin Maria Jane left that afternoon and when supper was over I sat in a low chair by the fire in my mother's room. She and my father were silently occupied at the table where the lamp burned. I listened to the far off barking of the village dogs and thought that my little world was too sad and dreary for words. That picture of utter misery is still clear in my mind associated with the barking of village dogs.

Our little town was very religious. We had frequent



protracted meetings in our churches. One day, during one of these revivals, a lady called to see my mother while I was undergoing punishment for some forgotten offense by being tied to the bed post. I felt deeply the humiliation and stood as close to the bed as possible to hide the cord while listening to the conversation. The lady related to my mother that the evening before her son had attended the revival services and had wanted very much to obey the call to come to the mourners' bench and get religion, but could not do so because he didn't have a pocket handkerchief. This recital threw me into a state of mental consternation. I felt that here was a boy much older and bigger than I, a really big boy, who couldn't get religion and save his soul from those terrible tortures, which awaited us all in the hereafter, because he did not have a pocket handkerchief. I do not remember ever to have been trusted with a pocket handkerchief when I was a small child. I had however an apron upon which I could always weep freely, but that poor boy couldn't weep on his apron, because he did not have any. If I had not been so stupid I might have thought that he could go to services next day with a handkerchief in each of his pockets, but we all had the feeling that when the "call" came you must respond. The case of this boy remained for a long time a tragedy in my memory. My religious ideals were so narrowly puritanical, it was only gradually and after many years that a higher conception of the relations between the Creator and His earthly children formed itself in my mind.

Raymond, where I was born and brought up, was a very small town, scarcely more than five hundred whites. My sister Letitia once said of it that its only immigrants were the babies and its only emigrants the dead, but this was hardly correct inasmuch as its young men went away in search of fortune.

I do not remember that my parents ever gave any evening parties except at Christmas time. Then they invited their friends to partake of eggnog and delicious home-made cake, before the introduction of baking powders. There were always two bowls, one for those who liked a goodly portion of liquor, though they were pretty silent about it, and one for those who explained at length that they could not possibly take theirs strong. All this caused much lively banter and merriment. Then the company would adjourn to our little parlor where they played on the piano and sang. My mother would call for different pieces, which caused in me both astonishment and admiration, for I could not possibly distinguish one tune from another. I would say to myself, "How wonderful my mother is! How can she know that the pieces she is calling for have not already been played? She is asking for the 'Battle of Prague,' we have already had a very noisy piece, perhaps that was the 'Battle of Prague.' " After the company were all gone my father and mother would linger for awhile over the parlor fire and discuss the evening. My father would begin: "I believe, old Lady (he always called her old Lady), our parties are the pleasantest given in the town. I think indeed that this is admitted by all our friends. How they

praised our eggnog and the good plum cake tonight! They feel at home in our house. They laugh and joke without restraint, no one is bored for a moment." Then my mother: "Yes, I have known all that a long time. When we go out to parties, how stiff and formal they are! I am sure that we Virginians are the only people who know how to make good eggnog. Everybody acknowledges that, etc." I would listen to this, my heart swelling with pride within me, and I would say to myself, "In all this great big town there are no such parties like those given by my parents," and I would become inordinately vainglorious.

My father was extremely fond of music and had all his daughters taught by a professor. He hoped that among us all some latent talent would be developed, but my sisters seemed to have little more taste for music than I. I had, however, a characteristic so strongly marked that it appeared in my early childhood and will follow me to my grave. I could never endure to have any task hanging over me. I had to get it done, to get it off my mind; then only I felt free. My father told me I must practice an hour every day. This duty was highly distasteful, as I had no ear for music, consequently I bestirred myself immediately after breakfast to get it off my hands. Then I could follow lightheartedly for the rest of the day my own inclinations. At noon when my father returned from his office he always asked each of us if we had practiced. I could always answer "Yes, Sir." I must say in excuse for my elder sisters, for I was the fourth daughter, that their time was worth far more



than mine. Nannie, the eldest, was fond of sewing. Elizabeth the second was even as a child one of the most useful persons I have ever seen. Gradually my mother put the housekeeping and much of the care of the other children on her, though she was still very young. She was a second mother to us all. She developed such skill in cutting and fitting garments that my aunt would send for her to come to the plantation to show her how to cut and fit her children's clothes. Indeed in every respect, in efficiency, in intelligence and in character she was far above the average. Her time was therefore never wasted and the stupid piano lessons were neglected for more pressing duties. My third sister Martha had really remarkable literary gifts. I have never heard Shakespeare or the Bible read as she could read them; no contortions of the body, or of the face like so-called elocutionists, but with such intimate appreciation of the meaning and with such simplicity of manner that she could make the dullest understand the noblest conceptions of Shakespeare and thrill them with the lofty eloquence of the Prophets. She had studied and found out every remarkable passage in the Works of Shakespeare and I often sat and listened to her reading in silent wonder and admiration. I am convinced she would have made a celebrated actress, but in our family and at that time no such thought ever arose in our minds. We children had never seen a theater or acting till long after we were grown. As for me I possessed neither practical usefulness in the house nor the slightest literary ability. What I learned I learned painfully, with much labor, and only through

a certain tenacity of purpose. I, therefore, having nothing else on my mind, hastened to get through with my hour at the piano. I learned the pieces the Professor taught me, but I could not learn without his aid. I saw that he sometimes corrected a note, I knew that I was perfectly incapable of doing this, so with confidence undermined, I was afraid of undertaking any new piece of music without help. I was, however, the only one of the daughters who played, and my father took great pleasure in hearing me.

When I was fourteen and a half years old two sisters from Jackson paid a long visit to Raymond. We became inseparable companions during this time and they persuaded me to urge my parents to send me to a boarding school in Jackson, where they were to be day pupils that autumn. I was too young to recognize the impossible in anything that I desired very much. My mother too pleaded for me and my father recalled to mind that there was a Virginia family in Jackson who always sustained him at election time. They lived very near the boarding school, so he rode over to that city one day and made arrangements to board me with them for \$8.00 a month. Three of my cousins were entered in this same boarding school. The eldest, Susan Dabney, afterwards Mrs. Lyell Smedes, was a parlor boarder. My eldest brother Fred took me to Jackson and gave me \$5.00 of his earnings. I adored this brother. He was so handsome and big and strong, and his heart and soul and mind were all built on a big scale. I put this precious five dollar gold piece away carefully. I found the lady of the house

where I was to live an invalid. She was in bed all the time I was there and turned over the housekeeping and her children to an unmarried sister of uncertain age. In a short time after I became an inmate of the household this sister manifested great hostility to me. This made me very miserable as I was completely in her power. I asked her if I had offended her in any way and begged forgiveness if I had done so. I never knew the cause of this hostility till some years afterwards. It seems she was very much in love with a young man, her junior by some years. He in his turn was much in love with my cousin Susan Dabney. When this young man learned that I was Susan's cousin he was very polite to me. This politeness was misinterpreted by the sister of my hostess, who quickly began to regard me as a possible rival, and from that moment on she made my stay in the house a torture to me. One day at the school the wife of the principal, Mrs. Ozanne, took me aside and said, "You have been looking so unhappy lately that I wish to know the reason." I broke down in a flood of tears as I told her how cruelly I was treated. She had my things moved over to the school house the same day and was one of the kindest friends I ever had. I had naturally expected that the two sisters who had visited Raymond would have greeted my arrival at the school with cordiality. They were indeed the cause of my being there, but they were cold and constrained in their manner. I was too unsophisticated to understand the cause. The family in which I was living did not move in the same social circle. Their enigmatical and apparently heartless conduct to-



gether with the unhappy life I was leading in my Jackson home made me a real object of pity. I worked very hard too without making progress for I had not the slightest preparation for the senior class in the school, except that I could read. I did not know even the rudiments of grammar or arithmetic. There were so many to go to school in our house in Raymond that most of the time my mother undertook to teach me herself. I used to follow her around in the mornings as she attended to her various duties begging her to hear my lessons, impelled by that ever-pressing necessity to get unpleasant duties off my mind.

That winter there came to Jackson a phrenologist who created a great sensation among us school girls. We heard from those who had visited him of the wonderful characters and intellectual attributes he had so freely endowed them with and we longed to possess those marvelous credentials to show our families and friends. Each girl who went to the wise man came back enchanted, till a perfect frenzy seized us to put our heads under the hands of the magician. I took out my five dollars, for that was the price, considering that I could not possibly spend it to better advantage, and betook myself to him. I was delighted to hear all the nice things he said about me as he passed his hands over my silly head, dictating to his Secretary. I handed over my gold piece and came away with my treasure. But when I opened it in my room to re-assure myself of all the flattering statements I was led to expect in it, to my horror I found that throughout the document I was given the masculine

gender, "This young man has a highly developed, etc. This man young man has such and such a bump of so and so." Now the bump of sensitiveness at fifteen is perhaps more highly developed than any other in a girl, and I was so profoundly mortified that I dared not show the document to my friends or family. I regretted too late my five dollars thrown away on those two impostors, who took my money and then treated me so ignominiously. My good friend Mrs. Ozanne asked me to teach her little children an hour a day, but at fifteen I had not the slightest idea of how to teach, and I can truthfully say they learned nothing, yet that was the price paid for my board, that and the hire of a slave girl not quite my age. Long afterwards when I undertook to teach my own children I was singularly successful. I put a tiny piece of candy on each letter that was called correctly. This made the alphabet highly attractive and exciting and I was begged for frequent lessons. The syllables were treated in the same way and reading followed rapidly.

At this boarding-school I practiced six hours every day. I got up at four in the morning and went to the cold music room where my fingers were so stiff I could hardly move them over the keys. Then I practiced two hours more in the afternoon. I wonder now how Mr. and Mrs. Ozanne stood being waked up at four in the morning, for their room adjoined the music room. I should never have been permitted to devote so many hours to the piano, to the neglect of everything else. My health was ruined by it for some time, and it absorbed all my

strength and energy. It was perfect folly too, as my music teacher told me long afterwards. He said two hours daily would have been better. I should have spent those wasted hours in making good my want of preparation for the senior class. I remained in that school for two years. Then after one year at home my sister Martha and I applied for and received a position in a girls' boarding-school in Claiborne County, Mississippi, she to teach the primary class and I to give lessons on the piano. Of course I was unfitted for such a task. I was not eighteen till the very end of that year 1860, and even had I been much older I had no natural aptitude for music, no ear for it whatever. I believe my sister became a very efficient teacher, but I had no such brilliant record ahead of me. It seems incredible to me now when I look back on that episode in my life. The one thing which consoled me and still consoles me is that I never received a penny for the winter I taught in that school. It is true I had board and lodging which I hardly think my services were worth. The most painful feature about the business was this: after all terms had been settled by letter (my sister wrote a beautiful letter and I left the correspondence to her), there came at the last moment a notice that I should be required to teach one young lady on the guitar. Now after years of study and all that painful practicing I could not tell when a piano was out of tune. What was I to do then with an instrument that required to be tuned every time it was used, an eternal winding up or down of its strings, all mysteries to me? My sister Elizabeth had an admirer who would often come to be-



guile the moonlit summer evenings in our garden with simple melodies on his guitar. He had been captain during the Mexican war, had commanded the Raymond Fencibles. The ladies of the county were so proud of their Mississippi heroes that on their victorious return to their homes they presented them with a magnificent banner of which the captain was the custodian. When he heard that I was to give lessons on the guitar he came forward with his own and presented it to me. He offered also to teach me as well as he could. I believe there was some pretense of my taking lessons from him, but the whole thing was such a farce that I was very miserable and lost all the joy I had felt in what had at first appeared a delightful adventure. The young lady who was expecting singing and guitar lessons from me haunted my imagination and I would have declared outright that I could not undertake it. But my father, who always believed that his children could do anything, persuaded me, as did all the others, that of course it would all be right. I imagined too that I had not been treated with entire justice in having those guitar lessons sprung on me at the last moment. In excuse for my father I must say he loved to hear me play on the piano, for we had very little music or musical talent in our village. When my sister and I arrived at the school I was much pleased with the appearance of things. There were so many big beech trees, also magnolias and a charming little stream in which I determined to wade where it wandered through the wood. The night before the first music lesson was to take place, I said to my sister: "Suppose I try to tune

that guitar now, I have plenty of time to do it in." She, trusting implicitly to my superior knowledge, assented. I then wound those strings up and I unwound them and I twanged on them till I saw there was no use in any further efforts on my part. But in the "dead waste and middle of the night" I was awakened by the sound of exploding strings. No signal guns booming their tidings of shipwreck over the sea could have sounded more dismal to my ear. All my strings broke at intervals. I saw I should have tuned them all down instead of up. All my hopes and confidence exploded with them and I determined that come what might under no circumstances would I ever again attempt to tune that intractable instrument. When next day the young lady appeared she was about my age, very gentle and very amiable. I said: "You will have to tune the guitar. You will find strings in the case." Then while I busied myself about the room she put the instrument in perfect tune, I presume, I took up her book of songs and asked which she liked best. She preferred "Mary of Argile." "Mary of Argile" suited me perfectly. I had never heard it before which was fortunate for me, for I was destined to hear it all that winter. After this had been sung and the young lady appropriately complimented I asked for another of her favorites, but I cannot remember the name of any other of them. They all became my favorites, but I have a poor memory for names. When the lesson was over this amiable and charming girl left me apparently perfectly satisfied. She certainly lifted a heavy weight from my overburdened conscience. During the course of the winter she even

took new songs into her repertoire, I paying the while such appreciative, flattering and undivided attention to the performance that she could not but feel grateful, I hoped. If she ever complained of her teacher I never heard of it. I believe indeed she was too amiable to do so. In the new year 1861 one of the Board of Trustees wrote us that as the school had fallen far short of the attendance expected, and as there were too many teachers for the number of pupils, some of them had to be dismissed. As we were the youngest it was thought proper for us to go. The gentleman concluded his letter by saying that his daughter had shed tears on hearing that she was to lose her music-teacher, whom she loved very much. She was my most advanced piano pupil and a very dear girl. My sister and I, instead of taking the four hundred dollars in gold offered us by the Board of Trustees, referred the matter to our father, who wrote that as the contract called for the whole school year it was bad faith to dismiss us sooner. He would therefore appeal to the courts. This was a legal decision, but hardly a wise, or even a just one. The war followed immediately and I have ever since had the satisfaction of knowing that I was not paid for what I could not have earned. My sister should have had her two hundred dollars and no more, I think, for the Trustees were perfectly right in what they wrote us. We returned then to our home in Raymond. The Secession movement which had begun before we left the boarding-school went on unchecked and soon the country was engulfed in a fratricidal war. Perhaps wars will never cease till the means for extermin-



ating the human race shall have attained such monstrous proportions that no people will be willing to submit to such inglorious and wholesale destruction, nor will wars long continue to satisfy the pugnacious instincts of mankind. My father and uncle were old line Whigs. They were against Secession and bitterly opposed to the leaders who advised it. They did all in their power to combat it, but young and fiery spirits were for it, and of course such politicians as hoped to benefit by the breaking up of old parties and of national ties. I was always, even as a small child, very fond of hearing my father and uncle discuss political questions, and would pull my chair close to theirs in our little parlor and listen with awe to what I considered to be words of purest wisdom. Then, all aglow with pride and enthusiasm, I would exclaim to myself: "Oh that the world could hear this! And learn what wonderful men my father and uncle are! Then they would be made president and vice-president, and our country would be the greatest and best-governed country on earth! And it would all be owing to the wisdom of my father and of my uncle!"

When I was still young enough to go barefoot in summer a young man was sent down from Virginia to Mississippi to cure him of the drink habit. It was an ill-advised move and his drunkenness killed him, but he exercised an influence over my life for many years. He saw me often with a book in my hand and easily persuaded me to promise him to read no fiction till I had finished with my school education. We had no public

libraries where books could be had. They were costly and difficult to obtain. I think the promise was detrimental to my mental development. I was continually going around asking people, "Is this a work of fiction?" Thus calling forth ever-renewed discussion on that subject, leaving me in doubt as to whether the Arabian Nights or Robinson Crusoe or the Pickwick Papers, when they appeared, were works of fiction or not. I dared not read any of them. There was a very good library at Burleigh, my uncle's plantation, but I stayed there very little. On a neighboring place was an only daughter and I was requested to spend my holidays with her. This young girl, exactly my own age, Agatha Moncure, afterwards married my eldest brother, Fred. The fact was I got very little to read and that little was in the nature of study, for I was slow and stupid and read very slowly indeed. It was at the Moncure home that I was thrown with the unfortunate young man who killed himself drinking.

When hostilities between North and South began Captain Elliot, the gentleman who had given me his guitar and who had tried to give me lessons on that instrument, brought me the magnificent United States flag of which he was the custodian, it having been presented by the ladies of the county to the Raymond Fencibles on their victorious return from the Mexican War. I was foolish and ignorant enough to cut it up for sashes for myself and friends which naturally I lived to regret. The blue center sprinkled with stars was made into a covering for a baby's crib. How beautiful it would have

been to send it to France in 1917, for no doubt its superb silk came originally from that country.

As the war progressed I began to have misgivings about the result and one day when my uncle was visiting us he, my father and I were alone in the parlor. I said to them that, as we were fighting for slavery, I did not believe that God would bless our cause with victory. This was like a bomb cast at the very feet of my uncle and father. It was considered treasonable to doubt our sacrosanct institution. I was severely scolded for what I had said, but I did not change my opinions, I only concealed them. When General Grant's troops passed through Raymond on their way to Vicksburg the Confederates, quartered in and about the town under General Gregg of Texas, were taken completely by surprise. The General had promised to take his midday meal with us that day. He was lucky if he got anything to eat on that occasion. When the firing began to be heard we were all intensely excited and rushed into the streets, especially into the one leading to the battle field. Soon some Confederates appeared bringing in a few prisoners. Some of the ladies upbraided these violently for invading our country. I, having obtained my ideas concerning the chivalry of war from Scott's novels, appealed to them in impassioned words not to disgrace our cause by mistreating unarmed and helpless prisoners. They were kindly women, only so terribly excited. From that day the ladies of Raymond had to nurse our wounded in the county court house for many weeks. When the news came of the fall of Vicksburg I went as usual to the hospi-



tal kitchen, but could not find the Irish cook. Hearing sounds from behind the door I found him hiding there and weeping over the fall of the city. I told him the Confederates would soon recover it. "It's not that, Miss," he sobbed out. "It's the boasting of 'em." I understood him to mean the Irish on the other side. In a friend's ward was a man wounded through the face. He was so profane my friend asked him to name his price. He said if he had red onions every day he would forego his profanity. The bargain was struck and red onions proved a moral influence of the highest value. One day loud screams of "Mary! Mary!" resounded through the halls. I was found and sent to a poor man who thought he was being devoured alive. I got my tin basin, warm water and soap and soon the wound was clean and neatly bandaged. That man was convinced that I had saved him from a loathsome death. When he was well enough to quit the hospital he sobbed over my hands as he pressed them in saying good-bye.

A neat ambulance drove up to our door one day and a stout negro man took out a young officer who had been wounded through both legs during the siege of Vicksburg. This was Willian Lynch Ware, my future husband. As soon as he was able to walk without crutches he returned to his regiment. Dreary weeks now followed. The country had been devastated in the path of the Union Army. I have often wondered how we lived at that time. My sister Elizabeth was housekeeper and she and my father always managed to find something to put on the table. I was very hungry in those war days

and I can never forget my sister's expression when I asked for more bacon, "Just a little piece." She hated to say no, but would whisper, "The servants must have their share."

We girls had a devoted friend of whom I cannot speak without deep and tender regret. Her name was Kate Nelson. She was about my age and when she came from her New Orleans school to join her family in Raymond, she was as beautiful a creature as I have ever seen. Nor was her beauty her sole charm. She had a voice in singing that went straight to one's heart, and her laughter was so fresh and spontaneous that it was irresistibly contagious. Kate came now into our family deliberations with an alluring proposition. She knew, I know not how, of a part of Arkansas where peace and plenty reigned, where the people were as warm-hearted and generous as their soil was fruitful and their climate genial. Let us go to this Paradise! We should be received hospitably and we could all find something to do there. Kate's enthusiasm was convincing. In the ardor of youth, impelled by the desire for relief from oppressive conditions and restrictions we adopted the idea enthusiastically. Our parents were won over. Three of my brothers were in the Confederate army. Business was stagnant. It was just the moment to welcome a change, as living conditions could hardly have been worse. I have never been to Arkansas, but an Arcadian vision rises in my memory whenever I hear the name of that state. The difficulty was transportation. Now Kate's home was a center for news; both soldiers and officers loved to go there. We

heard then that General Grant was giving away the wagons and mules driven into Vicksburg from the plantations on the route of his march. It was decided that Kate and I should go to Vicksburg and obtain transportation from General Grant in person with a safe conduct from him through the Union lines. One evening late, just as this decision had been reached, a lady of our acquaintance, Mrs. McCowan, came over to see me. She had heard that I wanted to go to Vicksburg. She could furnish a vehicle and a horse and would willingly take me if my youngest brother, John Davis, could drive us. She protested, however, that it would not be possible to take Kate, as there was positively no room for another person. She wished to start very early next morning and I must decide immediately. I felt that I could not afford to lose this opportunity, as time was worth everything to us if we were to secure the wagons and mules that were being given away. I was not happy, however, for I feared that Kate would be displeased with me. I could only urge my sisters to make it good with her. We got off very early next morning. My brother, though quite young, was an experienced driver, for it was he who made the weekly trips to Burleigh, my uncle's plantation, for meal, corn and an occasional piece of fine beef, or mutton when the family were there, but they were at that time refugees in Georgie, and that resource for us had been cut off. We reached Big Black station about the middle of the day. There was an important Union garrison at this point. We asked to see the Commanding General who assured me most courteously that our



horse, which needed rest very much, should be cared for and that meantime we were welcome to the hospitality of his tent. Soon after our arrival there, he invited us to dine with him. To have accepted dinner from a Union General would have been of course rank disloyalty, perhaps even treason, to the Confederate cause. We replied with thanks that we had brought our lunch with us. We partook therefore of this meager and unappetizing cold meal, while odors of the most alluring nature from that hot dinner came floating in to us. We were sustained, however, by the thought of our patriotic devotion to the Confederacy. While we were waiting there, women from the surrounding country began to collect in the tent. They came in all kinds of vehicles and told us they had come for the weekly rations which General Grant allowed them. I had not heard before that the Union army was feeding families in the devastated area. When the General came in from his dinner he said to the women that he had just received orders from Vicksburg to cease giving rations, as General Grant had been informed that they were used to feed Confederate soldiers. The women thereupon cried out as with one voice that they gave no food to Confederate soldiers, they had to feed their own children and the children of the negroes, besides the old people, they did not have enough to give away, etc., multiplying and emphasizing these asseverations. Hearing this and fully convinced that a great wrong was being done these poor women, I turned to the General and said: "Do you not believe them? I certainly do, and even if you do not, it would be more humane and more just to

give them time to make other arrangements instead of wasting it to come here for nothing." The General then told them that on his own responsibility he would furnish them rations for that week only, but that they must not return, as he could not possibly disobey orders. I wish I could remember the name of this dear, good man. I was blinded then by prejudice nor could I read the hearts of men. As soon as the General left us, to give orders for the rations, and was well out of hearing, the women again with one united voice exclaimed, "Of course we feed Confederate soldiers! We would share our last crust of bread with them!" My astonishment was too great for words, nor should I have known what words to use under the circumstances. It was a case for casuistry. Were they wrong, believing as they did in the sacredness of the Confederate cause? Still they lied with too much ease. I could not get over it. We, in Raymond, had never refused a Confederate soldier food nor a place at our table. These women then had acted right, but why couldn't they have said, "Can we refuse food to the hungry? It would be unchristian," or better still, when to speak is to confess, why not keep silent? Well I felt that I had gone surety for a falsehood, and I was aggrieved against the women. But more exciting events were to follow. General Sherman came over from Vicksburg to meet his wife and daughter who were arriving from Ohio. The two Generals sat and conversed while waiting for the Sherman ladies. General Sherman's "stock" cravat worried him. He took it off and was awkwardly trying to arrange it. I, quite naturally, held out

my hand, took the cravat, stuck a pin into it and returned it to the General, but no sooner had I done this than the enormity of my conduct became apparent to me. It was indeed nothing short of high treason to the Confederate cause and I believed that if Mrs. McCowan betrayed me to the people of Raymond I should be ostracized, the finger of scorn leveled at me. I had henceforth, too, a dreadful secret which I feared to confess even to my most intimate friends, or to my family. Nor was the Sherman conversation of a nature to allay my scruples. He said he was persuading General Grant that the only way to end the war speedily was to burn and devastate the country, for the men would not remain in the Southern army if they knew their wives and children were homeless and hungry. He was so intent on demonstrating to his tenderhearted host the correctness of his theory that he took no thought of the two silent women on whom his words fell like the doom of an impending fate. Until the war was over this Sherman cravat episode was a torment to me. The two Generals now went out to meet Mrs. and Miss Sherman. They soon returned with the ladies. Mrs. Sherman was eager to tell the latest news, and very important news it was. The two men listened with rapt attention. The Confederate General Morgan who had attempted a raid into Ohio, from which the South had expected great results, had been captured and he and his raiders put into the penitentiary. On hearing this tragic news Mrs. McCowan and I began to weep silently, and for fear of attracting attention we slowly moved around till our backs were pretty well turned to the group of



talkers. We mopped the tears rolling down our cheeks, wrung our noses noiselessly, not daring to use our handkerchiefs otherwise, and were very unhappy. We were indeed a picture of the decaying fortunes of our poor Confederacy. Our hats and clothes looked as though they had come from a museum of ancient costumes. Mrs. Sherman and her daughter were dressed in the latest style, hats and traveling costumes in perfect taste and very "smart." The young lady was still very young, hardly fully grown. We would have gladly escaped to our vehicle but feared to call attention to our wretched selves. At length the Sherman party got off and we were free to depart. When we reached Vicksburg Mrs. McCowan and I parted, each going to our respective friends. My brother John Davis and I were received most hospitably by Mrs. Creasy and her mother Mrs. Pryor whom we had often seen at our house in Raymond. Mrs. Creasy promised to take me next day to General Grant's headquarters. She said she knew one of his staff very well, Colonel Strong. This officer received us cordially as an old friend of Mrs. Creasy. We were taken immediately to General Grant. The General manifested, from the first moment of our interview, a decided inclination to make a joke of the whole business of the Arkansas move. Replying to his jests I informed him that we were going to a corner of Arkansas where he and his armies could not possibly penetrate. He promptly retorted that he intended going right there. He was inexorable as to allowing any kind of fire-arms to my father and brother en route, but was not averse to the safe

conduct through his lines. After many jokes which I have forgotten for I was only intent on securing those wagons and mules, he asked me to follow him. At the end of a corridor he opened the door of a large room where a young man was at work at a desk. Before addressing him the General asked me in a low voice if I didn't think the young man was very handsome. I suppose he was really handsome, but what did that matter to me, to whom he was simply an enemy of the Confederacy? Not wishing to lose time I replied carelessly, "I don't think he is as handsome as Colonel Strong." Of course Colonel Strong's beauty, if he had any, had made no impression on me, but I said what I did because it seemed at the moment the best way of disposing of the question of Rawlins' beauty and of getting down to business, namely, to wagons and mules. I had made my remark in a very low voice but now the General horrified me by calling out: "Rawlins, this young lady says you are not as handsome as Strong." Poor Rawlins, thus exposed to criticism on his personal appearance before his superior officer, got very red in the face. My fears led me to believe that I had decidedly jeopardized my transportation prospects, and I was far more unhappy than Rawlins could possibly have been. But the General ordered him to make out a paper entitling me to receive two wagons and four mules. When this precious document was safe in my hands my peace of mind was restored. In spite of deep seated prejudice I had to acknowledge to myself that General Grant was a very humane man, and I felt sure he could never commit a



cruel act, that he would inevitably err if err it were, on the side of clemency. In comparing the two men, Grant and Sherman, I felt and still feel sure that General Grant accomplished more by his kind heart than Sherman by his theory of ruthlessness. The latter took no thought of the soul of man which is not like that of any other of God's creatures. Men bend to force, but hatred smoulders in their hearts. All this, however, is only stating in other words the old truth that Christianity is true statesmanship in dealing with a conquered foe, that evil cannot be overcome with evil. That evening Mrs. Creasy took me to General McPherson's headquarters to get from him the order for two more wagons and four more mules for the Nelson family. Mrs. Creasy agreed with me that this was better than to ask General Grant for all the transportation. It occurred to me, however, afterwards, that one of these two Generals might well have mentioned my mission to the other, and then what would they have thought of a young woman who sought by deception to acquire more than a just proportion of the plunder of Southern plantations! This thought tortured me and I felt sure I could have confided to General Grant the whole story, and Mrs. Creasy was there to corroborate it, but it is my fate always to commit mistakes and repent of them when too late. When General McPherson heard my name, he said: "I read a letter from you to your brother when I was in charge of the prisoners on Johnson's Island." I said: "You should not have read a letter not intended for you." "But it was a duty enjoined on me to read all letters addressed to the prisoners. I should



not have allowed that letter to go through according to rules, but I did so notwithstanding." I remembered the letter very well. It was a denunciation of the Union army and, I am now willing to believe, both unjust and exaggerated, but my brother Fred told me after his release that it was a joy to his fellow prisoners when he read it to them. So, in spite of its faults it served the purpose of cheering those unfortunate victims who were expiating the folly and iniquity of mistreating Northern prisoners in Southern camps, the only stigma, I hope and believe, on the conduct of the war by the South. General McPherson now took out some letters he had received from Southern ladies proving how lenient he had been in carrying out his instructions, how he had sympathized with them in their unmerited sufferings, privations, etc. He wanted me to read them. Now if there was one thing I dreaded more than another it was to be asked to read strange handwriting in public. I was and am still singularly deficient in aptitude for reading script. My eyes are very weak, but that accounts for it only in part. I take more time to-day to read my correspondence than any of my family or friends. I was, therefore, unwilling to make a spectacle of myself before General McPherson and Mrs. Creasy and got out of it as best I could by asking him questions. Did he favor turning our slaves against their masters? Of course he could not discuss such subjects with anyone, certainly not publicly. Why he cared in the least for my conversation is more than I can tell. I suppose that being in an enemy country he was deprived of ladies' society. I am very sure that if

he had had cultivated women to talk to he would never have listened to me who had been born and bred in a town smaller than any Northern village; but whenever Mrs. Creasy would propose to go he would beg her to stay just a little longer, till that good lady, who took not the slightest interest in our conversation, got out of all patience and dragged me off. Next morning after breakfast, entirely satisfied with my two orders for transportation to that Arkansian Arcadia, I found in the parlor a trashy novel which was absorbing my whole attention. Indeed I was weeping freely over it, for one of my unfortunate characteristics was the easy flow of tears. My eyes had been weak from my earliest infancy and tears had the effect of making them positively unsightly. The whole careless happiness of youth had in my case been marred by this infirmity of the eyes. At this moment Mrs. Creasy came hurriedly into the room, calling out that General McPherson was on the front porch and I must come out instantly. No help in sight for me. I had to go on that porch, into the clear morning light which revealed pitilessly my swollen eyes. I was dressed, too, very badly, in a dress spun and woven in a small farmhouse near Raymond. Of course General McPherson was an enemy, but there was my wounded vanity whispering, "What a disillusion for the man who thought you worthy of his conversation and attentions yesterday evening." The General said: "I have ridden all over Vicksburg this morning, but I can find no harness anywhere." I had never thought of harness, but now piqued and mortified, I said: "So your gift was not a real one. You



knew I should not be able to get the wagons and mules to Raymond." Without appearing to notice this ungrateful and impertinent remark, the General said gravely, "I think I can give you some good advice. In the Confederate hospital there are some wounded men most anxious to leave. Give my order to them and if there is harness still in Vicksburg they will find it." He mounted his horse and rode away. I believe he was killed soon afterwards in Tennessee, one of the noblest and most chivalrous men produced on either side in that war. My one desire at that moment was to leave Vicksburg and get home as soon as possible. Without asking Mrs. Creasy to accompany me I started off immediately to the Confederate Hospital. There I was brought before the superintendent, a Northern man. I told him my business in few words. He looked at me with what appeared to be withering contempt, and said: "At your age young ladies in the North stay at home with their parents and leave business to men." I really did not need any more mortifications that morning, and this blow overwhelmed me. I handed him the two orders and said I was told to come there. I did not attempt to justify myself. I bowed to the storm, feeling very miserable and forsaken, with the one imperious necessity of getting home where everybody loved me and where I always had the feeling that I was a favorite, not that this was true, but there are families that have the gift of creating this impression in each member. When I reached home I found my uncle there, who had persuaded my father to rent out his Raymond house and move to Burleigh, my uncle's plantation.



The family were refugees and the slaves too had been taken away, so someone was needed to protect the property. My father was greatly elated by my success in Vicksburg for the wagons and mules would enable him to cultivate the kitchen garden and a field at Burleigh with the slaves who had not left us. Besides he needed them to move down to the plantation, ten miles distant over bad roads. The Nelsons, too, were easily reconciled to employing their two wagons and mules in hauling freight to and from Vicksburg instead of seeking adventures in far away Arkansas, so all praised me, especially when the first wagon arrived with the news that the other three would soon follow. It brought two Confederate lieutenants with gifts of flour, coffee and mackerel. Great was the rejoicing among whites and blacks in our household at tasting once more these almost forgotten delicacies. All four wagons were put to immediate use by both families. My father found no difficulty in renting his house and we were soon most comfortably installed in the plantation home at Burleigh.

One beautiful afternoon at Burleigh in early autumn, as I was returning from a short walk, I was perfectly amazed to find our garden invaded by Northern troops. I hastened to the house and learned that a company of soldiers had come from Vicksburg to get the cotton my uncle had sold to the Confederate Government. I was immediately sent to the Commanding Officer, a Colonel, I believe, to ask for a couple of soldiers as a guard for the house. I was to ask also that he do us the favor of having our mules and two horses put in the cellar for safety.

He granted both these requests. Later he came to the house and made arrangements with my sister Elizabeth for a supper that night for himself and his fellow officers. She told him we had neither flour, bacon nor coffee (true). He said he would send these articles and promised to pay fifty cents besides for each man's supper. My sister told the Colonel that our family did not own the plantation, we were only taking care of the house, that the war had greatly impoverished us and she asked him to leave us three bales of the cotton and have it put in the cellar, to all of which he obligingly consented. At the time of the arrival of the soldiers there was a large iron laundry boiler in the yard before the kitchen, in which a hog was being boiled to make soap. The animal had died and was considered fit only to utilize in that way. The soldiers without asking any questions of the servants helped themselves to the entire boiler full and consumed it. We only heard of this later. I hope it did them no harm for it was thoroughly cooked. We had constant alarms throughout the afternoon and night. The soldiers wanted to kill the deer in the park but with the guard we were able to protect them. We sat up the whole night on the front porch with the two soldiers who guarded us in order to keep them awake for prowlers came continually, trying to get the horses and mules from the cellar. We were six young girls in the house, my three sisters, myself, our faithful friend Kate Nelson, and our future sister-in-law, Agatha Moncure. Besides these there were our parents, my youngest brother John Davis and my little sister, Letitia. Kate Nelson sang her sweetest songs



throughout the night and we told anecdotes. The soldiers were highly entertained. When the day broke and their comrades left they too were anxious to be off, but we were so afraid of stragglers stealing everything from us that we persuaded them to remain long after the sun had risen, endangering their lives most certainly, for Confederate scouts would, I fear, have made short shrift of them had they been discovered. I have always hoped that nothing harmful happened to those two good men. When at length the debacle of the Confederacy took place those three bales of cotton were of immense help to our family. While we were still living at Burleigh word came that Lieutenant Ware was mortally wounded in the eastern part of the state. My father and a cousin of Mr. Ware's, my dear friend Anna Martin, now Mrs. Marion Douglas of California, accompanied me on the journey, in the hope that we might possibly find him living on our arrival. He had received a ball full in the chest, which, happily being somewhat spent, fell downward after piercing and shattering the breast bone. Mr. Ware asked that we should be married before my father returned home. With the help of his very capable body-servant, Norfolk, I nursed him slowly back to health. When he was able to walk once more we went to Burleigh where were gathered the two families of the Raymond Dabneys and the Burleigh Dabneys. My husband's only brother was there also recovering from a wound in the hip which left him very lame but apparently in good health. It was a gay household. The young people had been acting plays and when I arrived I was called on immediately to fill



the rôle of Mr. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," my sole fitness for it being that I could wear my husband's clothes. However, he would not permit me to appear on our improvised stage without his overcoat. To offset this incongruous costume I made with great care a jabot for the Hardcastle shirt, but in the confusion of the green-room it was lost. To my inquiries of the various actresses "Have you seen Mr. Hardcastle's shirt?" The reply was invariably "no." "Can't you help me find it?" "Too busy." I was in despair. Was I to forego the effect on the invited guests of the fine jabot I had made, or was Mr. Hardcastle in his own house to button up his overcoat as though he were exposed to the winter's blast on some highway? I felt the whole responsibility of the rôle but could see no help, so I sat down and sobbed. This drew the attention of the green-room to the seriousness of the situation and Mr. Hardcastle's shirt and jabot were soon found. I am ashamed of this episode but because it remains so clear in my mind I have given it. Not very long after this we paid a visit to New Orleans. There I was introduced for the first time to the opera and the theatre. The ballet fascinated me more than any other part of the performance and in my enthusiasm I exclaimed, "Oh what wonderful, what beautiful children!" Whereupon my husband hastened to inform me how far these fairylike creatures were from being children. I listened with horror, for my bringing-up had been strictly on puritanical lines. Springing up and turning to my aunt I said: "Aunt Martha, this is no place for us, let us go!" And in spite of the expostulations of my

husband we left the Opera house far more quickly than we had entered it. Mr. Ware followed much against his will, "a sadder and a wiser man." The ballet, after this somewhat stormy introduction, became later, a prime favorite, indeed the greatest attraction of the theatre to me. Graceful, rhythmic movements of dancers to the accompaniment of music charm me inexpressibly. As to the ballet girls I love to think they are as innocent and pure as they are graceful. They can be, then why shouldn't they? Those were carefree days, but others were to follow of a very different nature. My husband's brother, Sedley L. Ware, who was called by us Toby, one of the most beautiful young men I have ever seen, was taken with consumption and in spite of all the care lavished on him, died within the year. No one understood in those days the treatment of lung trouble. Mr. Ware took me to the plantation which was situated in the Yazoo River swamp on Honey Island. This place was of great value before the war as it was above overflow. But now the slaves were free and it was burdened with a heavy mortgage. As no interest on this mortgage had been paid during the war the original amount was greatly increased. The husband of the lady to whom it was due was most anxious for a settlement and came to the Island while we were there. I suggested to Mr. Ware that the cotton on hand at the prevailing prices would pay the debt and leave us free. But he hated this debt, said it was an unjust one and he would rather try a law suit than pay it. I pleaded that a mortgage on the land would have to be paid sooner or later, that the creditor was so

anxious for a settlement he would undoubtedly give the highest market price for the cotton delivered at our landing on the river. My arguments could not overcome his repugnance to the origin of the debt and his determination to consult his lawyer. This decision was fatal to our happiness and to our prosperity. The lawyer advised yearly payments over a long term of years and charged four thousand dollars for the advice. The price of cotton fell rapidly even before we could get it to the market. The rebuilding of the family residence near Jackson, which had been burned during the war, swallowed up a large sum of money. So many houses had been burned that building materials and labor rose enormously in price. We lived in that house near Jackson for twelve years, leaving the plantation to the care of overseers till our affairs became so desperate, that after giving up one piece of property after another, we finally sold the home place with its six hundred acres of land, mostly wooded, for less than half of what the house and furniture had cost us. The sacrifice of this home which had belonged originally to his grand-father and where he was born and passed his childhood was a great trial to my husband. His health was most wretched and he died the year after we moved up to the plantation. One year later I lost my second daughter, a child of six and a half years, of rare beauty and intelligence. I had lost my first daughter at Jackson when only one year old. Work was now my only antidote to grief. I hoped to clear the plantation from debt and to achieve finally financial independence. I had breakfast at four in the morning as an example to the



field hands. The place was in the greatest need of an enclosure. It needed also a new gin house and new machinery. I was able to get all these things done and put everything in complete repair. Freedom had given the negroes a great passion for litigation and numbers of them were in the habit of going fifteen miles to the county town to settle their disputes in court. I settled them on the plantation, and knowing thoroughly the character of my people I managed to satisfy them all. I made a superb vegetable garden in a spot left by neglect to weeds and brambles. In the midst of these varied occupations I received a hurried summons to Jackson from my creditor, Mr. Ned Richardson, from whom I learned that the judgment he held against the plantation had become barred by the statute of limitations. He wanted to know what I intended to do about it. I said: "You have changed the original interest rate from eight to ten per cent. Put it back retrospectively to eight per cent. and I promise to pay the whole amount." He agreed to this and having visited the place and seen the fine order in which everything had been put, he offered to rent it for a few years to settle the debt. I was so eager to get to California to my sister Elizabeth, to whom I had sent my son Sedley in the care of his Aunt Martha, that I could feel nothing but gratitude to Mr. Richardson for my freedom.

What a paradise was California in 1878 when I arrived there. I have seen many lands since then, but never one I thought the equal of California. It was before the time of insect pests, which came later to torment the fruit

grower. In the autumn the big wagons came into the town early in the morning fresh from the fields, heaped up with boxes of grapes, the dew still on them, and such perfect grapes! They have not their superiors in all the world. They were sold at one cent a pound. As there was no rain for some six months in the year the apricots in the gardens ripened to perfection and dropped one by one on the soft green sward under the trees, like a rich embroidery to the eye. The fallen fruit did not decay for a long time, but slowly dried. No one seemed to object to the passerby helping himself. When I stopped to ring a bell and asked for permission to eat a few apricots from the ground the answer was always "Why, certainly, madam." Then the cherries, the melons, the figs, and the prunes! These latter were new to me and most fascinating. Even before ripening they have no acidity. It is one of the sweetest fruits grown. I do not understand why the fresh prunes lose this sweetness by transportation to the east, for on the trees they are marvelously sweet.

But my poor boy was still suffering from malaria contracted in Mississippi, so we accepted an invitation to spend some weeks on a lovely fruit ranch near St. Helena, owned by Mrs. Heath. There my son threw off every trace of malaria. It was a regular grape cure, the fruit being eaten fresh from the vines. I too should have been strong and well with all care lifted from my mind, free from the bondage of debt and for the first time with a feeling of security for the future, but by my own want of good judgment and of moderation, I had brought on



spells of palpitation of the heart causing great weakness of the voice and a nervous dread of these attacks I could not control. One night I caused Mrs. Heath to be roused in the middle of the night. I said when she entered my room, "My friend, I feel that I am dying. My teeth are chattering, my heart is beating most irregularly. I believe the coldness of death is creeping over me." Without a word that sagacious lady turned and left the room. When she came back she had a very large glass of whiskey and water, mostly whiskey, and she commanded me to swallow it. I had never drunk so much before, but I obeyed. I was quite well next morning and I procured a bottle of whiskey, which I put on my night table. I had no desire to drink it; just to look at it quieted my nerves and gave me courage, for I said to myself: "What have I to fear when the remedy stands there close at hand?" It is with genuine regret that I bear this unwilling testimony to what whiskey did for me in those days, for I am a thoroughly convinced prohibitionist and bless the day when that beneficent measure was passed. We left the beautiful fruit ranch and returned to Santa Rosa on receiving the news that my dearest brother, Dr. John Davis Dabney was hopelessly ill with yellow fever. He had been riding out of his little town after midnight every night, not even letting his body-servant know of his movements, to a camp of refugees from Vicksburg, Mississippi. There he nursed the sick and helped bury the dead till one morning before day as he was returning home the fatal disease seized him. Happily, however, he survived this attack and was sent later by the govern-



ment as a yellow fever expert to Cuba during our war with Spain. There my dearest brother was of little service to the army, for he was taken very ill himself and suffered severely. Until that time, that enemy of the human race, the tiny but vile mosquito, had been plying undisturbed its "busy toil" of inoculating into the human family all the poisons it could collect. If that war served in any degree to unmask this insidious foe, it was worth all the disgrace of embalmed beef and the deaths from preventable causes among our soldiers. I had a feeling at that time that we should have been too proud to fight that war, but as in its consequences it did so much good I think it justified itself. I left California with my son in the late autumn of 1880, choosing the time just before he was twelve years of age. He was much overgrown, and like all boys under similar circumstances, seemed to take up much more than his share of room on the train. No conductor had uttered a protest against his half-price ticket till the night before we reached Vicksburg and then one, more vigilant than the others, eyed the boy narrowly and asked: "What age is that boy?" "He will be twelve tomorrow, the fifteenth of November." He gave an incredulous grunt and observed, "He'll not travel on a half-price again." "You are perfectly right, sir."

When the time came to take back my plantation, which had been rented out, I went up to my brother's home at Tchula on the Yazoo River, or rather on the Horseshoe Lake formed from it. When the negroes heard I was there, my particular and faithful friends, among them came to see me. "Miss Mary," they said, "that overseer

of Mr. Ned Richardson done opened that ditch near the corn cribs and the stable, and all night long when the water is high you can hear the ground tumbling in that ditch. It's so big and wide now, it's going to carry off your cribs and your stable into the river." After hearing this report from my good colored friends I could not sleep at night. I could hear the whole time the earth caving into that ditch and being carried off by the raging flood. My brother begged me to go abroad and put the ocean between me and Lynchfield. He promised to take charge of everything for me, a promise he more than fulfilled. My lawyer advised me to bring suit against Mr. Richardson, promising at least ten thousand dollars in damages. This idea I did not entertain for a moment. It was Mr. Richardson's confidence in me which caused his securities to expire by the statute of limitations. But even if it were true, as others said, that his confidence was in the improvements I was putting on the plantation, still he had lifted that burden of debt from me, given me freedom from care, thereby most likely saving my life. All that I could not forget.

I commenced in California the study of languages which suited me better than any other occupation. I found in Santa Rosa a French family and a German one where I arranged to spend four hours daily, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, talking and reading those two languages. I can never forget that wife and mother in the French family. There were no other French people in Santa Rosa, whereas the Germans formed a prosperous and happy community. I began



my lessons with Madam G. by asking her to recount the story of her life. It was a very sad one, and the first day she shed many tears over it. I gave her my unqualified sympathy, but I understood very little of what she said. Next day I begged her to repeat the story, which she did with fewer tears, and as day after day I asked as a special favor the same history, she learned to tell it with cheerful equanimity and great improvement of style. I learned a lot of French and this good woman became far more resigned. She had received much genuine sympathy from me, and things seemed to look brighter to her, just as the poets, singing their woes to a listening world, find consolation in the universal sympathy they inspire. They cast their griefs out of their own hearts while planting them in the hearts of others. The best German teacher I ever had was in Richmond, Virginia. She was far more cultivated than any of my previous ones. She and I read Goethe together. In spite of the great beauties of Faust I could not enjoy a tragedy. They always affect me painfully, especially when read for the first time, so one day I stopped reading and exclaimed, "I don't like this man Faust! He has taken Mephistopheles as his confederate and between them what chance, I should like to know, has this poor girl Marguerite?" I was in such dead earnest that I did not perceive the effect of my words on the classical mind of my friend and teacher. Next day she said: "I thought of your criticism of Faust in the middle of the night and got in such a laugh that I waked my husband, who asked in amazement, 'What on earth are you laughing about at this hour of the night!'"



But I really can take no pleasure in a tragedy unless the guilty alone are punished. King Lear is far too painful, whereas Macbeth is much less so to me.

My son and I went to Germany in May, 1883. The day before sailing, my friend, Mrs. Farragut, came to Baltimore from New York to tell us good-bye and to put us under the care of the Captain, thinking this would render our voyage more agreeable. Besides, going to Germany in those days was not such an every-day occurrence as it became later. On the ship she asked to see the Captain and said to him, "As the wife of a sailor," she wanted to ask him to take good care of her two friends. The Captain was far from being a cultivated man. He was in fact a plain, heavy German. I believe he had never in his life heard of Admiral Farragut, and being the wife of a sailor represented no element of distinction to his mind. I was, therefore, not a little mortified that the generous efforts of my friend in our behalf should have met with such scant courtesy and such indifference. She offered to give me an introduction to the great Von Moltke whom she knew, but I declined on the ground that my means were then too limited to enable me to be a credit to her. She had taken quite a fancy to my son in consequence of the following incident: While on a visit to New York my usual remittance failed to arrive. Miss Loyall, sister to Mrs. Farragut, pressed a loan on me. I had used it all and still no cheque had come, when one afternoon of pouring rain a messenger brought the sorely-needed funds. My son exclaimed: "Now I shall pay our debt." I remonstrated, saying that people would

think that I was mad to send him out in such weather. But go he would, and as soon as he entered the Farragut house he rushed into the sitting-room and threw the notes triumphantly into the lap of my friend, Miss Camilla Loyall. Mrs. Farragut, who was sitting near, was both touched and amused at the boy's earnestness, and from that moment she became his friend and admirer. She invited us to join her party at the Springs next season, and it was there that I became intimately acquainted with her. Instead of spending on display or in other forms of self-indulgence, she educated the children of impoverished relations in the South, and later watched helpfully over their careers. Her reverence and devotion to her husband's memory were profound. She loved to talk to me of him. When he was on his death-bed her Irish maid brought in a Catholic priest, but he said coldly, "You are not my pilot," and turned away his head. At the close of a cruise of three years he wrote his wife that he had been faithful to her every moment of that time. This letter was her greatest treasure, and it was only after a struggle that she permitted her son to publish it in the Life of his father. I never saw Mrs. Farragut after our parting on the ship, for she died the following year.

On our arrival in Germany we took the train to Bremen. This quaint old town with its varied architecture made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and I have always desired to return there in the same month of May, go to the same hotel and see again its rows of windows all decorated with trailing creepers and



brilliant flowering plants. This hotel was situated in park-like surroundings beside a placid stream flowing between green and level banks, with white swans, fed by little children, sailing lazily on its waters. White blossoms from over-hanging shrubs fell gently therein and floated away into the unknown. I still desire ardently to see that scene again but save in my memory I never shall. From Bremen we went to Hanover where we settled down for two years. During the first year and a half my son was in an admirable private school where he should have remained, but the principal having declared that he was prepared for the gymnasium, and our ambition coinciding, he was admitted to it the second year after our arrival. But the discipline was very severe and the studies very difficult, far too difficult for a foreigner of his age and imperfect preparation. He might, however, have held out till the summer vacation, had it not been for the fatal passion our hostess conceived for a certain Kapell-Meister, a young man who never deigned to notice her. Of course unaided I could never have discovered this love affair, but there were two charming German girls in the house, our fellow-boarders. In Germany it is very much the custom after a girl has finished her studies to board in a family where the mistress understands cooking and housewifery, the which our hostess understood perfectly. She was not in the slightest degree mercenary and the table was most excellent. Everything in fact was favorable for us except that unfortunate love affair. She was no longer young, but age in her case was no antidote. The girls came



daily to my room to inform me of what was going on. Just before my arrival in the house they had been forced to subscribe funds to buy a gigantic wreath with heavy satin ribbons on which were printed in letters of gold the names of the donors. It was presented on the occasion of the fête of the Kapell-Meister and ever since then, they said, the members of the orchestra would smile at them in the most significant manner. They hated to be dragged every afternoon to the public garden, to be seated in front of these musicians in order that the poor old infatuated woman could be soothed by the sight of the obdurate object of her devotion. There was nothing in all this to harm my son, but at the other extremity of the city stood the Governor's castle where at twelve o'clock every day the Kapell-Meister had to be present when the guard was relieved. There were no street railways in those days in every direction. Our hostess could not resist the temptation to be present on each and every one of these occasions. She went and she came on foot, returning late, all breathless to rush into the kitchen and complete the preparations for dinner. My son had to swallow this meal half masticated and then run all the way to school, quite a distance from us, to avoid punishment. His health gave way completely and he had to be taken from school. Years afterwards when I went to Bayreuth and saw the theater which Wagner had built there, I was struck with the sagacity of that great composer. He concealed his Kapell-Meister under the stage where he could do no harm. Wagner apparently was the only man in Germany who knew how to deal with

this dangerous class. But alas! there was only one Wagner and many Kapell-Meisters. They are men of great musical talent and train marvelous orchestras. Some are very celebrated and have hosts of devoted admirers. They stand in immaculate attire, waving their magic wands with Olympian authority, causing fatal perturbations in the hearts of their women hearers.

The doctor ordered my son to spend a year in the mountains of Switzerland, without studying. From that country we went to Paris, but his health was never finally restored till he began daily fencing lessons, followed by hot and cold showers. These made a strong man of him. From France he went to Oxford in England where he studied three years in Magdalen College.

During our long stay abroad I saw the Passion play at Oberammergau three times, twice in 1890 and again in 1900. In the ten year interval I forgot entirely the name of the family where I was twice lodged in 1890, so that when I returned in 1900 with my nieces I was obliged to ask for a new address. When the door of this house was opened to us, a woman threw herself on my neck, calling at the same time to her sister who went through the same performance, both assuring me they knew I was coming and had been looking for me daily since the public began to arrive. Of course I could not confess to those kind-hearted souls that I had forgotten their address, that I had come to them by the purest accident, and I trembled to think of their disillusion had they discovered me in someone else's house. Their attachment to me was occasioned by a service I had been able to render



them, a service under somewhat ludicrous circumstances. The night before the play there was such loud and persistent talking in the passage before my door that I could not possibly sleep. I waited in vain for it to cease, and at length in despair got up and peeped out. On one side were ranged our hostess, her sister, the son of the latter, who played the rôle of the Archangel, and the little maid who acted in the tableaux. Opposite this German battalion stood a solitary representative of the hereditary enemy, in the person of a young French woman of uncertain age. She had left her bed so precipitately that she had only time to throw a flannel petticoat over her night gown. The gown had been caught perversely in the placquet-hole of the petticoat and protruded behind in the form of a white tail, which wagged unceasingly, responsive to the violent movements of its owner, who was terribly excited as she faced first one and then another of her adversaries. I listened silently for a while. The young French woman accused the Germans of putting her, a young lady, in the room with men! Absolutely inexcusable in her eyes. The Germans explained that she had bought a single bed in their big room where a German family of father, mother and grown son had bought the other three, that moreover there was no other bed free in the house, and that the German family were honest people, who would do no harm to anyone. But the young woman's point of view was very different. She whispered to me "Madame je suis demoiselle!" and I understood that her fears were very genuine, for if it were told of her that she had



slept in the room with two men, Germans at that, where would have been her chances of matrimony not too brilliant at best? I translated for both parties, but that could not solve an insolvable difficulty. So seeing there was no other way to have peace, I gave my bed to the damsel and went into the dormitory, where I might have slept very well had there been any quiet. The Germans slept profoundly under their feather beds, but the father never ceased to snore at high pressure, thereby making a fearful volume of sound. Then the young man, much too warm under his big round feather bed, pounded it with open palms at intervals, which produced such startling eruptions of noise, that it was nerve and brain racking. It was a frightful night, with not a moment of sleep or repose. Could I have anticipated it, I might have had another bed put in the room which I shared with an American girl friend.

It is a mistake to witness the Passion Play at Oberammergau more than once. On my first visit I had with me my niece, Nellie Porter, afterwards Mrs. F. W. Searby, a very congenial companion. On that occasion rain and a thunder storm accompanied the crucifixion. Most of the theater was open to the sky, and people protected themselves from rain by blankets and shawls. It was terribly realistic, and the Mary of that time was a most marvelous personage. The tones of her voice alone thrilled every heart, and her appearance was in harmony with her voice. One could not have desired a more saintly earthly mother for the Savior. But not again could I experience that profound and overpowering

impression which caused me to exclaim: "Never before was there such acting on earth!" One becomes involuntarily critical at the second visit. On my third, there sat in front of me a German girl, apparently from the country. Whenever Judas Iscariot came on the stage she was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which kept her silently shaking. Now Judas was quite a celebrity in the world at large, but he certainly over-acted his part. When our Savior handed him a morsel of bread he snapped at it as a dog would do. He could not be natural even in that simple act. He was too conscious that his rôle was that of the traitor, and felt impelled to call attention to himself continually. A more thoughtful and natural attitude would not have excited laughter in that unsophisticated girl. She reminded me of the child that discovered to the people that the Emperor of China was naked, in Hans Andersen's well-known fairy tale.

I think it was in the summer of 1892 that we were received in audience at the Vatican. Leo the 13th enjoyed a very high reputation and under him the Papacy attained great moral authority throughout the world. He was a born aristocrat and an experienced diplomatist. He was said also to be a poet and a writer. All visitors to Rome were eager to be received by him. It was Bishop Stoner who procured us this honor. He was an Irish Bishop who had studied at Oxford, and on learning that my son was to enter Magdalen College that autumn, he took an interest in him. When I read the dress-regulations prescribed to those who were to be



received by the Pope, I felt satisfied that I should have no trouble on that score as I possessed a black lace dress and veil, but the case was very different with my son. I had pleaded in vain with him to put his evening suit in his luggage, but he seemed to think that it would, in a measure, destroy the freedom and enjoyment of his summer vacation if he had to carry that evening suit around with him. We had little time for preparation when we were ordered to present ourselves the following day at twelve o'clock at the Vatican. We were staying at the well-known Michel-Castellane pension where I had already spent a winter with my niece, Nellie Porter, in 1890-91. When our two hosts learned of my son's predicament both offered to lend him their dress suits, as did a Harvard student, who excused himself for not having a fresher suit to offer, as he had brought his second best only with him. At the weekly dances during the winter in the Michel-Castellane pension these two gentlemen always appeared in the most fashionable apparel, so I thanked them for their generous offer. Each of them had, however, a figure apart and peculiar to himself, also entirely different from that of my son, who was very tall, very slim, and with shoulders so sloping that they appeared to be almost effaced. M. Michel had an extremely long, heavy body with short, stout legs and long arms. M. Castellane was not tall. His legs were short and his body had the shape of a huge pear, the well rounded stem pointed naturally to the front. Next morning the three packages were brought to my room. I took them immediately to my son, whom I found sound asleep and



somewhat inclined to be irritated at my sudden irruption. When I opened the Michel-Castellane contributions I found to my dismay that they were very ancient dress suits, kept doubtless for carnival occasions, where one is liable to be a target for all kinds of missiles. But they had certainly been made originally for their owners, as they presented all the peculiarities of their physical structure. The suit of the Harvard student was quite decent, though lacking in freshness and somewhat worn. It proved, however, to be too short in the sleeves and in the trousers. When the Castellane suit was tried on, I had to pin the trousers' band over in such a big bunch behind, that under the coat it presented the most absurd resemblance to a woman's bustle, so incongruous and altogether ludicrous, that I simply had to throw myself on the bed in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. At this my son, who was viewing his face in a small dressing-table mirror, hearing me laugh turned abruptly to demand the cause of my hilarity. I could not, of course, answer, so he continued to hurl his inquiries at me, "What on earth are you laughing about? Can't you say at least what you are laughing at?" accompanying his words with such violent and jerky movements that he looked more ludicrous than ever. It was some time before I could speak, for I was nearly suffocated with laughter. At last when his patience was entirely at an end, I was able to get up and proceed to business. I chose finally the Michel waistcoat because of its length. I pinned the lower edges to the Harvard trousers so as to let them fall as nearly as possible to the ankles. I then folded the

back of the waistcoat in a deep plait all the way up the spinal column. Then the Harvard coat was chosen because the Michel coat would have fallen in drapery around his form, as M. Castellane's had already done. I then admonished my son earnestly, to keep his head erect and his shoulders set back and lifted just a little, else the coat was likely to fall off, as there was no way to fasten it on him. I trusted to my voluminous lace veil to conceal, in a measure, the shortness of the sleeves, or one of them at least. We took the carriage and arrived in time to spend hours waiting. We really could have eaten our luncheon before leaving the pension, but of course we had to obey orders. There were many before us to be received by His Holiness. When at length we were admitted into his presence we found a French Count still lingering to receive some final messages to the Countess and the children. This glimpse into an intimate and cordial friendship with that family over in France, had the instantaneous effect of humbling my spirits, and I began to ask myself: "What right indeed have I to be here? We are taking up the precious time of the venerable Pontiff, now so old and feeble, when so many devout Catholics have sought in vain for such an interview." Our Minister had told me of his fruitless efforts in their behalf. Yet I had dragged my son from his books, from his beloved studies of ancient, historical Rome, inflicting upon him that ignoble costume, and all to gratify my curiosity and pride—was that right? We knelt at the feet of the man before whom the proudest potentates of Europe humbly bent their heads. His piercing black eyes



contrasted strikingly with the startling whiteness of his face. Those wonderful eyes were all that retained the appearance of youth and vigor in that frail body, clothed in spotless white. He asked me of my family, of the husband, and children I had lost, till the deep emotions agitating my mind rose tumultuously and I fell to sobbing. I answered the Pope's questions in Italian. I knew French infinitely better but because I was taking daily lessons in Italian the French refused to come to my tongue. My son, of course, spoke French. When at last I recovered my composure I glanced side-ways at Sedley. His head was bent low, the Harvard coat had fallen down his back, revealing all the ghastly shabbiness of that waistcoat with its deep fold pinned up to the base of the neck, and the bulging front where no vestige of the original silk lining remained, only the stiffening which resembles so nearly certain kinds of coffee sacking. I could only hope that His Holiness didn't notice, or perhaps he was accustomed to boarding house clothes and didn't mind, but the two high dignitaries standing on either side, what did they think? We returned late in the afternoon hungry, tired, depressed, laughter dead within me.

After an absence of about fourteen years we returned to the United States. This should have been the most joyful event in our lives, but I was overwhelmed by the discovery that an agent whom I had trusted had speculated with and lost all the capital confided to his care. This money represented what my brother had earned for me on the plantation, the life insurance left by my hus-



band and my own economies during the fourteen years we spent abroad.

It was more especially the thought of those economies, the privations I had voluntarily endured in order to found a home in America to which my family could come, as of right, and where I could also gather my friends about me, which filled me for a while with bitterness, but again my brother came to my rescue. The plantation was still there and no debts. By his wise management and very happy investments I was again put on my feet financially. I have suffered much in my life but to have had such a brother has been my compensation and my consolation.

Ludlow Simmonds, only child of Major and Mrs. A. P. Simmonds of New York, died in the summer of 1921 of typhoid fever, at the age of seventeen and a half. The following letter was written by one of my grandsons to Major Simmonds on hearing of the loss of this precious and gifted boy. Written in the first moment of spontaneous grief, his letter touched me so deeply that I introduce it here that the names and memories of those two dear boys may be associated together in these Reminiscences :

HOTEL FLEURUS, PARIS,  
August 7, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. SIMMONDS:

Your letter about the death of your son, Suds, has moved me beyond words. He was not only a friend of mine but my best friend, the finest lad I ever knew. He was really a brother to me. At camp he and I confided

our inmost secrets to one another. We often discussed such subjects as religion and marriage, and I might well say that I never knew a purer or more wholesome-minded lad in my life. One day Suds came up to me and told me a simple confession of how he had forgotten, or rather let slide by, an affair about a bicycle which he had checked to school, but had not paid the bill on. The latter had been forwarded to you and he showed me the letter which you wrote him to explain the bill. Suds was not the kind of lad to let things slide by, any old way. His intimate confession went straight to my heart and one of my most beautiful thoughts is the fact that I advised Suds to confess everything to you which, of course, he did. A few days later your answer came. I was out playing "catch" on the front porch. The lad called me aside and with trembling fingers he tore open the letter. A few moments later he was hugging me and leaping around for joy. "Good old Dad!" he exclaimed, "There was never a better father in the world!"

All my best camp memories are centered on Suds. He was the whole spirit of the camp, entering into all its activities and always the leader in whatever the work or pleasure may have been. Everyone who approached Suds felt the love of good fun which seemed to radiate from him. No midnight feast, no game, no trip was complete without him. Always taking the chief rôle in the Saturday night entertainments as well as on the hikes, where boys' real character is shown as nowhere else. It is last year's Mansfield trip that I have in mind. Unable to take the Senior trip, Suds had gone on the second trip with

the Juniors. We all remember how he carried the smaller boys' packs, and kept up the spirit with his good humor, although he had a big blood blister on his heel.

A thousand memories of similar acts and incidents crowd into my mind at the mention of Suds' name.

You spoke in your letter of giving us a token in remembrance of Suds. I should like to tell you, Mr. Simmonds, of a verbal token which Suds gave me himself. It was the day of the final banquet at camp. We were cutting down a spruce tree for the decorations. Suds stopped chopping and said to me: "John, do you know, if my parents were to die, whom I would choose for my guardians?" I replied that I could not imagine. "Your Father and Mother," was Suds' answer.

I can only send you and Mrs. Simmonds the deepest heartfelt sympathy.

JOHN.



## MY FINAL WORDS

As I am now more than eighty years of age and of feeble health, I feel it my duty, in view of my approaching end, to leave to my descendants some simple rules for the bringing up of their children, so that they may become worthy men and women. "Make your children repeat each day in their evening prayer the request that God may make them truthful and honest. This gives a religious sanction, the strongest of all, to the virtues of truthfulness and honesty. Never deceive your children, nor fail to keep scrupulously every promise made to them. Exact from each child a rigorous respect for the property of his brothers and sisters, nor force him in any way whatever to share his possessions with them, for it is our first duty to teach justice in the nursery, from which alone true generosity can spring. Never permit cruelty to animals, nor allow a child to treat servants with disrespect."

MARY S. WARE.

NEW ORLEANS,  
March, 1923.









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